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# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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## HIS VANISHED STAR.

### I.

IT was a great property, reckoned by metes and bounds. A day's journey might hardly suffice to traverse the whole of his domain. Yet there was no commensurate money value attaching to these leagues of mountain wilderness, that bore indeed a merely nominal price, and Kenneth Keniston's was hardly the temperament to experience an aesthetic gratulation that his were those majestic domes which touched the clouds and withstood the lightnings and lifted up an awesome voice to answer the thunder, or that his title-deeds called for all the vast slopes thence down to the unimagined abysses of the abandoned mine in the depths of the gorge. It was the spirit of speculation that informed his glance with a certain respect for them, as he turned his eye upon the mountains, and bethought himself how these austere craggy splendors were calculated to impress the shallow gaze of the wandering human swallow. He even appraised, in the interest of possible summer sojourners, the rare, pure, soft air with which his lungs expanded. Science was presently set a-prying about the margins of rocky springs, hitherto undiscovered and unnoticed save by oread or deer; a few blasts of dynamite, a great outgushing of exhaustless mineral waters, a triumphant chemical analysis, ensued, and an infusion of enthusiasm began to pervade his consciousness. Such resources — infinitely smaller resources — elsewhere in the world meant a fortune; why not here?

He was an architect by profession, and the aspect of the world seemed to him parceled out in available sites. It cost his imagination, trained by study and enriched by travel, no conscious effort to perceive standing in fair proportions, turreted and terraced, finished to the last finial, the perfected structure of his projected summer hotel, on that level space above craggy heights, facing the moon and the valley, with the background of still greater heights, ever rising, heavily wooded, to the dome towering above. He saw it, as a true architect, in completion; as the wren sees his builded nest, not as the single straw or wisp of hair. Yet the day of small things must needs be overpassed, — of straws and wisps, of struts and purlins, plates and tie-beams. His day of small things was full of wrangling and bitter bafflings, heart-burnings and discouragements. His partners in the undertaking had not been induced to cast their lot with his save by the exercise of infinite suavities of crafty eloquence, overpowering doubt and fear, and indisputable demonstrations of disproportionate profits in the very air. One was a seer in a commercial sort, an adept in prognosticating unexpected expenses for which no covenant of provision had been entered into, and he beheld full-armed disaster menacing every plan save that of his own preference. The other had no imagination whatever, architectural or otherwise. He recognized no needs which required adornment, and measured the taste of the public by his own disposi-

tion to spend money to gratify it. That Kenniston's plans should have come through the ordeal of their councils, with the ever lopping-off incidents common to the moneyed non-professional, retaining any residuum of symmetry or grace or beauty argued much for their pristine value. He regarded them for a time with a sort of pity and affronted tenderness for their maimed estate, but little by little the original intentions faded from his mental view, and he could see with renewed satisfaction the flag flying from the tower without remembering that he had held this octagonal gaud upon the building by main force, as it were, against the iconoclastic grasp of the practical men.

Nevertheless he was relieved to be free of their presence. He felt that it was well that their legitimate business — one as a stock broker, the other a real-estate agent — held them to their desks in the city of Bretonville. The manifest purpose of their creation, he thought, was fully served in their furnishing forth their quota of the sinews of war. He was much younger than either, but he had learned something beyond their knowledge in this internecine strife, and when it became necessary to provide for them occupation, to prevent further interference in the venture which had come to be of most hopeful interest to both, he wrote to them touching the finding of a suitable man to keep the hotel when built, certain that in this quest for a Boniface he had set them by the ears, and relying on their different temperaments to keep them wrangling together and to leave him in peace.

Every sylvan detail of the scene pleased his artistic and receptive sense, as he stood on the great natural terrace, the site of the future building, and surveyed the landscape. It was a phenomenally felicitous opportunity. This plateau projected from a lateral spur of the Great Smoky chain, and faced the south-east. Thus the main body of the moun-

tain range, diagonally across the Cove, seemed strangely near at hand; one could study its chasms and abysses, its jungles of laurel and vast forests, as it were from mid-air; it was the point of view of a bird. Through a gap lower down, the parallel lines of the eastern ranges became visible, elsewhere hidden by the great boundary ridge, — a wonderful fantasy painted in every gradation of blue, from the slaty grayish hue near at hand under the shadow of a cloud, the velvet-like tones of ultramarine beyond, and still further the metallic hardness of tint as of lapis lazuli, till the most delicate azure outline of peaks faintly obliterated its identity against the azure eastern sky. All unflushed the sky was here, although to the left the clouds were red above the western mountains. They closely hemmed in the Cove, heavy, massive, purple and bronze and deeply green, in such limited latitude of color as their lowering shadows would lend. Far down their slopes the river ran, threading the deep forests with elusive glimmers of silver. He could not hear its voice, but from great cliffs hard by the silvery melody of the mineral springs beat upon the air with a rhythm inexpressibly sweet and wild and alluring. So definite it was that it seemed odd that one did not "catch the tune." In an open space some scattered sheep were feeding, — the effect pastoral and pictorial. The whole scene, with its blended solemnity and beauty and dignity, would well accord with the castellated edifice his fancy had set in its midst. It might indeed be a mediæval world upon which the windows should look, instead of the prosaic nineteenth century, so far it would appear from sordid to-day, so well would the fashion of the building aid the illusion, were it not for a section of the foreground immediately below the cliffs of the terrace, where there stood, bare and open and unsheltered, a primitive log cabin, a stretch of cornfields, a horse-lot, a pig-

pen, and all the accessories of most modern and unimpressive American poverty and ignorance. Being near, and bearing human significance, the prosaic little home seemed the most salient point, in its incongruity, in the whole magnificent landscape. The methods of the mountaineer furthered, too, the effect of antagonism. Along the side of one of the ranges near at hand, a great gaunt blackened area bore token of a "fire-scald." Kenniston's eyes rested frowningly on this deep burnt scar upon the face of nature. It came from the pernicious habit of "setting out fire in the woods" in the autumn, to burn away the undergrowth and dead leaves, in order to give freer pasturage to wandering cattle. Here, as is not unfrequently the case, the fire, instead of merely consuming leaves, twigs, and shoots, had gathered strength and fury, burning the giant trees to great blackened, deadened skeletons, bleakly standing, and had devastated some hundred acres. He could see in the sparse shadows the cattle feeding on the lush herbage, and he ground his teeth to reflect upon the alarm any future conflagration would spread among the autumnal lingerers of summer birds, or the catastrophe that might ensue to the chateau on the rocks.

"We *must* buy him out," he muttered. "He *must* be made to go."

Kenniston's heart was as heavy with presage as if his flimsy chateau stood on the cliffs behind him; for it was not to be mediæval in point of strength of materials.

The project of buying out Luther Tems seemed hardly so feasible as when first presented to the minds of the company. Their proposition to this effect had already been made to the astounded mountaineer, and rejected with a plump No. A second and better considered effort, coupled with a disproportionately large pecuniary consideration, had fared no better. There Luther Tems was, and there he meant to stay, as his father and

his grandfather had before him to a great age, till Death bethought himself at last of these loiterers in so obscure a corner of the world, and, although belated, gathered them in. The company was now at its wit's end. The place was an eyesore, a trail of the serpent in this seeming Paradise. It was, too, a source of danger and discomfort, and to seek to remove it was one of Kenniston's errands here, as well as to confer with the contractor, in his dictatorial character as one of the company rather than the architect. His visit was so timed that he was on the ground a day or so in advance of his coadjutor, and in furtherance of his project had asked for quarters in Luther Tems's house.

Far was it from Luther Tems, the fear of being over-persuaded. He was a lugubrious presentment of obstinacy, as he sat at his hearthstone. The immovable determination expressed in the lines of his face and the curve of his lips was incongruous with the other characteristics of his aspect. He was not of the gigantic build common among the mountaineers. He was singularly spare and alert, and there was something in his movements and in the lines of his figure which betokened that when endowed with more flesh it had expressed an unusual grace. His features were absolutely regular, and although the eye, sunken amidst a multitude of wrinkles and half hidden by the beetling eyebrow, no longer showed the fine lines of its setting and its pristine color and brilliancy, and his jaw was lank from the loss of teeth, and his well-cut lips were contorted over his quid of tobacco, he still exhibited to the discerning gaze of the architect enough traces of the beauty of his younger days to justify the feminine sobriquet of "Lucy." A good joke it had been in the Cove forty years before, but custom had dulled its edge and hallowed its use, and now he would have had to think twice before he saw aught incongruous in the appellation. It was a convenience in

some sort, too, and averted misunderstandings, for his son bore his name of Luther. Although inheriting a share of his father's good looks, it had been admixed with the "favor" of the Tates, his mother's people, who were a tall, burly folk. He was heavier far than his father, and slower at twenty-four than "Lucy" Tems would be at eighty. The strong resemblance in their faces ended there, for naught could be more unlike the elder than the meditative composure with which the younger man sat and smoked his pipe, and now slowly rose and replenished the fire and seated himself anew. He had nothing in look or motion of the panther-like, dangerous intimation that informed the old man's every gesture and glance. But this expressed itself with a certain supple, feline effect in his daughter, a tall girl, in whom the beauty of his youth was duplicated. She had the chestnut hair, the exquisitely fair complexion with its shifting roseate suffusion, the large beautifully set dark blue eye, the high narrow forehead from which the hair grew backward, but lying on the temples in delicate fibrous waves, — all the fine detail that had graced her father's youth, and that had seemed so wasted on the wild scapegrace boy of the mountains, merely attaining the recognition of ridicule among his fellows, and valueless to its possessor. She wore a dark blue homespun dress that enhanced her fairness, and she sat in a low chair in the firelit log room and busied herself, with a monotonous gesture and a certain sleek aspect, in carding cotton. Kenniston had seen her previously, and in his preoccupied mind she roused no interest, neither then nor now.

He sat down by the fire, among them, much nettled to observe that there was a stranger, a man whom he had never before seen here, ensconced on the opposite side of the hearth. The shadow of the primitive mantelshelf obscured his face, and even when the fire flashed up

it barely sufficed to show his burly figure in an attitude of composed waiting and observation.

His presence added an element of doubt and difficulty to the already troublous negotiation, and Kenniston, accustomed to civilized methods, and having expected to carry all before him, felt a sinking of the heart out of proportion to the value of the property he coveted. He had, in his experience, conducted delicate and difficult negotiations, involving large considerations, many parties in interest, and conflicting claims, to a successful issue. And yet, what enterprise so unpromising as to buy from a man who will not sell! So did the half-masked presence of the stranger in the shadow shake his confidence that he did not at once open the subject nearest his heart. A short silence ensued upon the greetings, and he was fain to lay hold upon the weather as a subterfuge.

"It holds fair, colonel," he said.

He used the title in secret derision, as the usual sobriquet of men of dignity and substance in the lowlands. He had scant faith in the existence of any discerning perceptions and delicate sentiments in the minds or hearts of people in homespun; it had served to amuse him at his first meeting with old Tems, when he had not dreamed that so uncouth a character had a part to play upon the elaborate stage of his own future, which was a-building with such care and thought and hope, and he had laughed in his sleeve to observe the simplicity and acquiescence with which the fine title was accepted. He intended its use in no military sense, and he did not learn till afterward that old Tems carried a veritable title, which he had earned on stricken battlefields, and had later commanded a band of guerrillas whose name was a terror and a threat.

Tems took his pipe from between his lips. "It holds fair," he echoed drawlingly; then, "Dunno fur how long," as if to admonish any speculator in the

weather to be not too happy in a vale of such incertitude.

"All signs favor!" A sudden singing feminine tone pervaded the conversation.

Kenniston glanced up. In one corner, a stairway from the attic above came down into the room. A young girl, whom he had not before noticed, was sitting on the steps midway. From this coign of vantage she overlooked the room, and participated in the conversation when moved to do so.

Kenniston fancied that from some real or affected rustic shyness because of his presence she had sought this retirement, for she flushed deeply at his glance, and bent her head over a piece of rough mending which she seemed to be perpetrating on a jeans coat with a gigantic needle and a very coarse thread. She could hardly have seen very well to set the stitches, and as her side was toward him he could ill distinguish her face for the shadow and her industrious attitude and her falling hair.

Julia Tems looked up at her with a laughing glance, half railleury, half sneer. But the brother took up the question with an air of contention; he wanted rain for his corn crop, and he believed the clouds must surely hold it in trust for him.

"The fog war a-getherin' along the mountings this evenin', an' I seen 'bout a hour ago a thunderhead a-loafin' round over Piomingo," he averred with a certain bitterness, as if to protest against the arguing away of these prospects.

"Waal," the singing voice, curiously vibrant, broke forth once more, "we air likely ter git a good full rain, ez would help up the crap 'fore long, but we ain't goin' ter hev no steady set o' bad weather now. Signs don't favor it."

The old man again took his pipe from his mouth.

"Ye-es. An' a body mought b'lieve from yer talk that ef Satan war ter catch us by the right leg this week, he'd be mighty likely ter turn us loose by the

lef' leg nex' week." He laughed sarcastically. "All of us air s'prisin' apt ter be suited, no matter how things turn out." He replaced his pipe, adding, with the stem between his teeth, "That's Ad'licia's notion," and then smoked imperturbably.

The little optimist looked at him with an indignant, affronted gaze for a moment, then bent once more to her sewing.

She had forgotten Kenniston, and her face was fully revealed in the moment that she had turned it on her critic, — an oval face, with a little round unassertive chin, a thin delicate aquiline nose, a small mouth with full lips, the indentation in the upper one so deep as to make it truly like a bow, and widely opened gray eyes that resembled nothing so much as moss agates. They were veiled by long, reddish lashes, and the hair that hung curling down about the nape of her neck was of a dull copper hue. Her complexion was exceedingly white, and she had that thin-skinned look which is incompatible with freckles as annuals; in those milk-white spaces about the eyes were sundry tokens of the sunny weather which even the dark days of winter would not obliterate. Her figure was slender, and she did not look strong. She wore a brown homespun dress, and she bit the coarse thread with a double row of small perfect white teeth as she addressed herself to threading her big needle anew.

"Studyin' 'bout the weather, an' gittin' onhappy 'bout yer buildin'?" demanded old Tems of his guest.

There was a slight twist of the lips suggestive of covert ridicule on his part, as he asked the question.

Kenniston was totally unaware of furnishing in his proper person amusement to the mountaineer, but to his host he seemed a fool more bountifully endowed with folly than any other specimen of the genus with whom Tems had ever been brought into contact, and the projected hotel he accounted a ludicrous impossi-

bility. It was his secret persuasion that most of the population of this country had been slain in the war; he had himself seen much slaughter in its grim actuality. The idea that there were people who would wish to come long journeys to fill that vast projected structure seemed the most preposterous vamping of imbecility.

"Ain't they got nowhar ter bide?" he would demand, in incredulous pity for the homeless summer birds.

He had come at last to treat it in his own mind as a bubble, a mere brainless figment, and only his courteous instincts prevented this from becoming apparent, although now and again it was perilously near revelation.

"Well, no; I think the weather won't affect my building for a good while yet," answered Kenniston. Then, with a sudden afterthought, and perceiving the opening, "I'm troubled, though, about the blasting for the coal cellars and wine cellar. There will of necessity be quite an avalanche of fragments of the rock falling into the valley, and I wanted to give you warning of it before it begins."

The look of attention deepened on the old face. The thin old head suavely nodded.

"Thanky, sir. I feel obligated." And old Tems relapsed into silence.

Kenniston was baffled for a moment, but presently he returned to the charge.

"You and your family could leave the premises while the blasting was in progress. It might be inconvenient, but" —

"Yes — ye-es — ef so minded," the ancient householder acquiesced.

"By all means," Kenniston pursued with more energy, stroking his brown whiskers with one hand, while he looked, keenly interrogative, at his interlocutor. "There might be danger, positive danger, in remaining." Then, seeking an ally, and taking hope from the quiescent silence of the stranger in the corner, "You agree with me, surely?"

The stranger laughed, a round, vigorous, elastic tone.

"Waal, I reckon ole Cap'n Lucy is about ez good a jedge ez ter the dangers in dealin' in gunpowder ez ye'll meet up with this side o' Jordan. I'd be willin' ter leave sech ter him."

"Of course — of course," Kenniston agreed hastily. "Only I am anxious to have no sort of responsibility, — moral responsibility, I mean, — in case of an accident to any member of his family."

He reflected that two of these were feminine, that the sex is to a unit a coward by open confession, and he sought to play upon their fears.

But once more Adelia interfered to show the more hopeful side of things.

"It's toler'ble fur from hyar, a right good piece," she turned her head to say before she again bit the thread.

"Not from the site of the first blasting; the wine cellar will be under the billiard-room, which will be in the pavilion at this end of the bluffs." He had waxed warm, excited. "The rock could easily be flung as far as this, and even if no human life were endangered might kill horses or cows, or crash through the roof, or break down the chimney."

"Waal, the comp'ny is a good, solid, solvent comp'ny, ain't it?" said the man in the corner unexpectedly, — "respons'ble in damages?"

Kenniston recoiled suddenly, and Tems pricked up his ears, like the old warhorse that he was. The prospect of conflict in whatever sort was grateful to his senses, and he snuffed the battle from afar. In this, too, he saw his defense and his opportunity. Kenniston would hardly have conceived it possible that, with such inconsiderable adversaries, he could be routed in diplomacy. It was not, however, to bring matters to this point of view that his schemes were designed.

"I hope there will be no need for a demand for damages," he said stiffly. Then, driven back upon his last resource, the simple truth, he continued, turning



toward the man in the corner, "It has been partly to avert all dangers and troubles that the company has been trying to buy out Mr. Tems, at his own price."

"My h'a'thstone hain't got no price," said old Tems acridly.

Kenniston had thrown himself back in his chair with a dogged exasperation of manner. His hands were thrust into the pockets of his short flannel coat. His square chin, glimpsed in the parting of his full beard, was deeply sunken in its lustrous fibres. His lowering blue eyes were fixed on the fire, all aglow, for at this altitude the chill summer nights cannot dispense with the smouldering back-log. His legs, in their somewhat worn integuments of dark flannel and long boots, — for there are penalties to foot-gear and garb in clambering about these rough mountains, — were stretched out before him, and Adelia's cat found them convenient to rub against, as she arched her back and purred in the dull red light. He felt at the moment irritated beyond measure. This idea of a lawsuit, craftily interjected by the stranger whom he himself had called into the conversation, might seriously embarrass the proceedings of the company. It could be held *in terrorem* at every point. Nay, it might incite Tems to seek out occasion to make a pretext of injury. It added a prospect of indefinite discomfort and jeopardy to the already harassed present.

"I kin b'lieve that, Cap'n Lucy, — I kin b'lieve that," said the stranger, with a sudden outpouring of his full, mellow, rich voice. Its sonorousness and sweetness struck Kenniston only vaguely then, but he remembered it afterward. "Ye want yer *home*, an' the company wants yer *hut*."

"I don't want thar money, — ain't got no cur'osity 'bout the color of it," old Tems said tartly.

Neither of the younger Temses uttered a word. Luther smoked imper-  
turbably, and Julia, as sleek, as lithe, as

supple as a panther, bent her beautiful, clear-cut, distinct face above the cards, which she moved with a flexible elasticity that made it seem no labor. Every line about her was sharply drawn; the very plaits of her glossy hair showed their separate strands, over and under and over again, in the coil at the back of her head. Against the dark wall she had a fixity, a definiteness of effect, like a cameo, in contrast with the somewhat tousled head which Adelia held back to observe her completed industry. She lifted the mended coat in both hands before her, and contemplated the patch, set on indeed as if it should never come off again, but with what affront to the art of fine needlework!

She was not so absorbed, however, as to be unmindful of the disaffected state of feeling in the room below, and she must needs seek to improve it.

"We ain't so mighty easy tarrified, nohow," she remarked, suavely addressing the information more directly to Kenniston's pretended fears for their safety. "An' ez ter rocks fallin', an' sech," — she turned her head askew to better observe the effect of the flagrant patch, — "I hev tuk notice ez trees streck by lightning mostly falls whar thar ain't no house."

"'Kase thar be mighty few houses whar the trees be lef'," observed old Tems, whose contradictory faculties were called into play every time she spoke.

"Waal, fower hev fell, lightning-streck, sence we-uns hev been a-livin' hyar, an' nare one teched us," she argued.

Kenniston caught his breath. "How long have you been living here, colonel?" The secret gibe came back to him with the sudden secret renewal of his hope.

"Five year, or tharabout," growled old Tems.

"Five year this comin' fall," put in Adelia, with exactitude. "We-uns lived then nigher sunrise, on the flat o' the mounting, over thar." She nodded with her wealth of bronze curls toward

the east to indicate the direction of the locality.

"And if you would move then, colonel, why not now?" demanded Kenniston.

It seemed as if old Tams would not reply. So deep a scowl had corrugated his face that in its wizard-like aspect not the faintest vestige of his famous ancient beauty remained.

"Burnt out," he growled at last.

"The fire-scald, ye see," explained Adelia, turning her oval face upon Kenniston.

It had an old-fashioned, even a foreign cast, was his superficial thought, as he gazed up at her in the dusky shadows of the staircase; it reminded him of some antique miniature. But his recognized idea was expressed in the words, echoed in surprise and with a touch of dismay, "The fire-scald!"

"Fire war set out in the woods ter burn the bresh; but the wind sprung up, it did, an' the fire tuk the house an' fence an' all. Ye mus' hev noticed the fire-scald over yon?" Once more she nodded her head in intimation of the direction. "Then we-uns moved down hyar an' raised this house."

Old Tams's surly, disaffected look caught her attention. "But this hyar house air a heap better 'n the burnt one; that war old, fur true, an' I tell ye the wind used ter shake it whenst stormin'. Roof leaked, too. Roof war so old that the clapboards war fastened on with wooden paigs stiddier nails. My great-gran'dad — Cap'n Lucy's gran'dad — did n't hev much modern improvemints, leastwise in blacksmith's gear, when he kem hyar ter settle from old Car'liny."

She glanced down, smiling. Her strangely old-fashioned little face was lovely in smiling, but Kenniston did not heed; he did not even hear her words; he was absorbed in a train of thought that came to him as she talked.

She looked slightly ill at ease for a moment, perceiving the defection of his attention; then, as if to make the best

of it, she turned her head and glanced over her shoulder at the man in the corner.

"Ye hev hearn that?" she said.

He nodded. She saw the gleam of his full blue eye. "They called East Tennessee the 'Washington Deestric'; arter them days," he said, his big voice booming out. Then he went on to tell of an old house which he knew, in which wooden pegs also served as nails, as a set-off, it might seem, to the ancient dwelling that perished in the "fire-scald," and presently he was wrangling with old Tams as to the precise route that certain early settlers were said to have taken through the mountains, in which discussion even the silent Luther joined, and Kenniston was left undisturbed to his thoughts.

These thoughts were significant enough. He had seen this vast property of his only once before in all the years that it had been in his possession. It had descended to him in due course, with the rest of the paternal estate, at the death of his father, who had been a successful merchant of Bretonville. He had had some little but well-restrained inclination for speculation, and these miles of mountain fastnesses were a single instance of it, looking to the future development of mineral resources. The abandoned mine in the gorge expressed the failure of hopes of silver and lead, which had led him only for a little while and only a short distance. He himself had never laid eyes on his purchase; but once, in a college vacation, the son, on a pedestrian tour, had stretched his legs to some purpose up and down these steep and across the line. Kenniston remembered now for the first time how the face of the country had impressed him then, for the fire-scald had so altered its aspect. The slope where the quaint little ante-Revolutionary house was perched had then seemed high and steep. In building anew, Luther Tams had selected a site on more level ground, considerably removed from



the area of the burnt district. Possibly the fear of disaster when those blackened and decaying trees should finally complete their doom and fall, or the vicinage of springs for the essential water supply for man and beast, had served to influence his decision; but he had certainly made a very considerable journey from his former situation, and cut a large cantle out of the Cove in his present settlement.

Kenniston's mind was hard upon the trail of the boundary lines, as his absorbed eyes dwelt on the red fire. They were ill defined in his memory, for when the great body of a man's land, numbering thousands of acres, bears a merely nominal price, a few furlongs amiss here or there in the wild jungle of the laurel are hardly worth the counting. In this particular instance the accuracy of metes and bounds made a difference all apart from actual values. It was his recollection that his lines included all those slopes to the "backbone," a high craggy ridge that ran like a spinal column adown the mountain mass. If this were the case, old Tems had inadvertently set up his staff of rest on his neighbor's land, was himself a mere trespasser, and might be ejected without difficulty in due process of law.

Kenniston stirred uneasily as he contemplated this possibility. In its extreme unpopularity there was a very definite menace. He could ill afford to antagonize the whole countryside. The lawless, illogical mountain population would be arrayed as a unit against his interests. Even single-handed, old Cap'n Lucy seemed formidable, when active aggressions were contemplated. And he could appreciate, too, the seeming injustice, from the rustic standpoint, that, for the frivolous and flippant desire of keeping the landscape slightly for the fastidious gaze of the gentlefolk, an old man and his family must be turned out of house and home. Kenniston knew that although he might pay the full value of

Cap'n Lucy's improvements, the popular censor would account this naught if the mountaineer were forced to quit his home against his will.

Nevertheless law is law, and Kenniston could easily forecast the triumphant result of a legal arbitrament. Tems had not been ensconced here, within his own inclosures, claiming as his own, long enough to acquire any title under the statute of limitations, even if he could establish adverse possession. The property was his own, and he would satisfy even every moral claim upon him in paying the interloper the full value of his improvements. At all events, he would have the line run out, and perhaps the land formally processioned.

At the idea of prompt action in the matter, his full red lips, only partially visible through his beard and mustache, were pressed together firmly; his teeth met with a certain stiffening of the jaw into a hard, determined expression; his eyes were cast up suddenly over the primitive humble interior of the cabin with a certain impatience of its uncouthness, so at variance with the gala trim of modern comforts, so homely, so American, so hopelessly, desperately, the presentment of the unprogressive backwoods. Built five years ago, said they! It might have graced the "Washington Deestric'." His white teeth showed, as he half sneered and half laughed. He would, if he might, with a wave of the hand, have swept it and all it represented out of existence; nay, into oblivion. As his eyes came once more to their former point of rest, the fire, they suddenly encountered the intent gaze of the man in the corner. It discomfited Kenniston in some sort, although he could not have said why. His glance fell; he nervously uncrossed and recrossed his legs, and thrust his hands deeper into his pockets. A vague sense of sustaining covert enmity had begun to pervade his consciousness. He could not say whether this were induced

by the mere inception of the unpopular idea of eviction, or whether it were a subtle perception of something antagonistic in the mental attitude toward him of the composed, watchful man who sat in the corner. It was not a furtive observation. It dwelt upon him openly, deliberately, steadily. It held no element of offensiveness; it was so calm, so incidental, so apparently, so naturally, the concomitant of the thoughtful, contemplative pipe, which now and again his hand steadied, or removed to release a wreath of the strong tobacco smoke which pervaded the apartment. Yet Kenniston felt, oddly enough, that it was not an incidental observation. It was charged with much discernment. A discriminating analysis was, he instinctively knew, coupled with it. He began, on his part, to more definitely gauge the two or three fragmentary contributions which the stranger had flung into the talk. The allusion to the solvency of a company and its responsibility in damages savored of a knowledge far beyond the ken of the Cove, this region of primitive barter, where there is neither currency nor commerce; where the operations of far-away courts are but faintly echoed, as of retribution overtaking some reckless and unwary criminal, and the provisions of the law seem merely futile and disregarded devices of lawyers who seek to live upon the people by their enforcement. Then the crafty contrast of the differing estimates of the house, the one as a home, the other as a hut, intimated some definite capacity to play upon the springs of human emotions. He wondered if he had ever before seen this man. He had a good memory, but he did not charge it with the various mountaineers he met, and sometimes he forgot their names, and occasionally their personality. He was restive under this slow, reflective gaze, and he pushed back his chair suddenly and walked away to the door. It was open and widely flaring, and he

stood there as if scanning the weather signs.

For so long he had seen the castellated walls of his new building rise upon the great natural terrace of the mountain, above the series of crags, that he experienced a sort of subacute surprise to mark the loneliness and melancholy of the landscape. Only the pinnacles of the mists glimmered in the moon, as unsubstantial as the turrets of his fancy. Below were all the darkling spaces of the night-shadowed forests. Above, the heavily wooded slopes loomed vaguely in the dim light, for the moon was in her first quarter, here showing the gaunt face of a crag, and there a ravine made visible by thronging spectre-like vapors. The stars were bright. Near the great dome he marked the scintillating circlet of the Northern Crown; its splendors seemed enhanced, he thought, by the vicinage of that towering, densely dark mass beneath. So still it all was! He heard the silvery tinkle of the liberated mountain springs near his own site sounding with such freshness, with such elfin spontaneity, with such flexible fantasies of cadence, that one would have imagined he must surely have bethought him how fealty the chorusing oreads were singing; it only brought to his mind anew the chemical analysis, and the hordes of valetudinarians waiting to bring all their ills, real and imaginary, to lay them, with more valuable considerations, at the shrine of his Spa.

His sense of difficulties and discouragements took on a new lease, and as he turned impatiently away from the door he almost ran against young Luther Terns, who had come to gaze upon the clouds with that humble, expectant wistfulness characteristic of those votaries of the weather, the farmer class.

"Would you-uns jedge thar war rain in that batch o' clouds settin' ter the south?" he drawled seductively, as if he sought to influence favorably the unprejudiced opinion he asked.

"I'm no judge of weather signs," Kenniston returned succinctly, although in another mood it would have suited well his satiric bent to invent and promulgate a formula of fictitious barometrical science.

As he glanced loweringly toward the fireside group, thrusting his hands into his pockets and advancing with long steps to his former chair, he was quick to observe that the man in the corner seemed to have determined on a leisurely departure. He had risen, and was returning to his pocket a brier-root pipe, taking the sedulous pains to knock all the ashes out of it on the jamb of the fireplace, which betrays him whose pocket linings have more than once been the scene of an incipient conflagration. Kenniston regarded him, as he stood in the full light, with a disaffected interest, a sort of responsive enmity. And yet there was nothing of itself inimical in this man's bearing. On the contrary, suggestions of good fellowship predominated in his open manner and clear blue eye. He was exceedingly tall, not judging by Cap'n Lucy's elegant and slight proportions, nor by the burlier Luther's height, but by actual measurement. It had been long since he had shaved,—his full yellow beard hung like a golden fleece far down over the breast of his brown jeans coat; his long, straight yellow hair, of the same tint, had its edges upturned in the semblance of curl by the obstacle of his collar. He had a large, bony, hooked nose, which gave a certain strength to his countenance. The fashion of the feature was such as to suggest sagacity in some sort, as of keen instinctive faculties, but its expression was as ferocious as that of an eagle's beak. His mustache hid his lips and was lost in his beard. He wore great spurred boots drawn high over his brown jeans trousers, and a wide-brimmed black wool hat. A faded red handkerchief about his neck now and again showed amidst the hirsute abundance, for he turned his head quickly

and vigilantly. He had an air of self-confidence which was somewhat imposing. It constrained in his interlocutor a sort of reluctant acceptance of his own estimate of himself. Kenniston, looking at him with an unacknowledged respect for the untrained natural forces his personality expressed, felt him to be formidable; how, or why, or when, it was not manifest, nor in what sort his conciliation might be compassed, nor how it should be worth the effort. His bland phrases of departure set the man of etiquette ill at ease. Kenniston was accustomed to uncouthness in the mountaineers, even to lowering looks and open expressions of enmity when he or his plans impinged on their prejudices; polite duplicity, the native of drawing-rooms, seemed strangely out of place in this region of paradisaic simplicity of feeling and manner. His own acute social sense and his valued commercial acumen had given him an intuition of this man's aversion to him or his projects, or both; but his hand was feeling yet the stranger's cordial grip, and the sonorous invitation, "Obligated ter hev a visit over at Lost Time," was ringing in his ears.

"Who is that man?" he abruptly demanded of his host, as soon as the jingle of the spurs and the sound of the horse's hoofs were silent on the air. Then, seeking to make his question more incidental, he added, "Seems to be a friend of yours."

Cap'n Lucy and Luther looked at each other, exchanging a grin of derision. The two girls seemed unaccountably embarrassed.

"Waal, stranger," said the old man, "he's a widower, a sort of perffessional widower."

Luther broke out laughing with a hearty joviality. It surely was not he who had been deluded by the clouds and made the sport of the winds; it hardly seemed possible that he could take so much pleasure in aught save good prospects of the fruits of the earth.

"He hev gin me an' Luther a heap o' trouble, an' we-uns hev tuk a power o' counsel tergether ez ter what we-uns war goin' ter do 'bout it," old Tems continued.

Kenniston, conscious that he had roused some standing joke, cast his slightly satirical glance from one to the other, and with a sort of scornful patience waited their pleasure to enlighten him.

Adelicia, with heightened color and an affronted aspect, was making a great show of inattention; while Julia, with her sleek, deft grace, went on impassively carding cotton.

"He kems hyar a-visitin' the whole fambly, an' thar he sets an' sets; an' Luther loses his sleep, till, follerin' the plough nex' day, he dunno the share from the ploughtail, nor Gee from Haw; purty nigh fit ter fall in the furrow, jes' walkin' in his sleep."

Once more Luther's crude boyish laughter rang against the rafters; this was at all events no somnambulistic demonstration.

"Ef thar was jes' *one* gal in the fambly, Luther an' me would git off gyard jewty; but ez fur ez he lets on he jes' kems ter visit us all, — *all*; an' hyar we hev got ter set, an' watch him cast sheep's-eyes fust at one gal, then at t'other, till Luther an' me air plumb cross-eyed, looking two ways at once."

It was a great mutual possession to have so witty a father and so appreciative a son.

"A' fust," continued the old man, when the filial hilarity had somewhat subsided, "I jes' felt like I could n't spar' either o' the gals. Whenst my darter was born, the fust thing I done war ter buy me a shootin' iron, express fur the fust feller ez kem a-sidlin' round, talkin' 'bout marryin' her, an' takin' her away, an' tryin' ter make her b'lieve ez he was a finer feller'n her own dad; an' I did n't know — the insurance o' some folks is powerful survivigous — but he *mought* set up ter putend ter be *better lookin'!*"

His daughter might seem to have shown her appreciation of his famous good looks by adopting them all. As she lifted her eyes and smiled upon the narrator, the brilliant and spirited beauty of her face might indeed be a welcome reminiscence of the time when he, too, wore so fair a guise, and impart a zestful relish of the resemblance.

"An' then Ad'licia, she kem hyar when her mother, my sister Amandy, died. My sister hed married a second time, a mighty mean man, an' whenst I tuk Ad'licia — she war 'bout three year old — I jes' said, 'Yer mam did n't hev much jedgmint in marryin', an' I reckon ye'll take the failin' arter her; an' ye'll show sech jedgmint ez ye kin l'arn in marryin' nobody.' An' she agreed: she war n't very young at three, jes' sorter youngish; an' though people mought think she hed n't hed a chance ter view the world on sech a p'int, she hed her senses powerful well in hand. So we made a solemn promise. An' I felt plumb sot up till lately. I don't want nare one of 'em ter marry. A fust-rate man ain't wuth a fifth-rate woman, much less a fust-rate woman," he declared chivalrously. "Leastwise, ye can't git the gals' daddies ter think so. An' now, jes' ez we air all so sot an' stiddy in our minds, hyar kems this widower, this *perffessional* widower; fur he don't show no signs o' bein' nuthin' else! An' we dunno whether he kems ter listen at Julia hold her tongue, or Ad'licia talk, or hear Luther praise God fur the weather, or ter git my best advice on politics. We'd do ennything ter git shet o' him. He mought hev air one o' the gals, ef he'd only say *which*."

And he chuckled as he gazed into the fire.

"What's his business? Farmer, I suppose?" suggested Kenniston.

"Naw; he hev got a leetle store, — powerful leetle trade, 'count o' the cross-roads store at the settlement, though he trades right smart. Liberal, too. He'll

take ennything, — load o' corn, load o' wood, sech like heavy truck ez thar ain't no sale fur ginerally, 'count o' the wagonin' an' roads bein' so heavy. Whenst you-uns git yer railroad put through," — he gave him a rallying wink at this aberration, as he esteemed the projected narrow gauge, — "ye 'll mend all that."

"Oh, yes; you 'll be in touch with the markets of the world then," said Kenniston, with his satiric laugh. "Only a little question of freight rates between you and New York."

This sarcasm did not cut so deeply as one might imagine. It would have been impossible to insert the idea — save with an axe — into old "Lucy" Tems's brain that New York was more important and metropolitan than Colbury, or essentially more remote.

"This Lorenzo Taft ain't been so sociable till lately. That 's what makes me call him a *perfeessional* widower," old Tems went on, with a peculiar relish for the designation. "He hev two childern, gal an' boy, an' the gal hev been with her gran'mam down in Blount County till the old woman died; an' now he hev got 'Sis,' ez he calls her, with him, an' he wants a step-mammy fur her! He ain't a-courtin' a wife fur hisself; he's courtin' a step-mammy fur 'Sis.' An' in course his sheep's-eyes would go corno'sider'ble furdur with the gals than they do, ef they did n't know that he air jes' out a-trappin' fur 'Sis.'"

"Waal," said Adelia suddenly, "I dunno ez folks oughter think hard of him fur that, 'kase 'Sis' did look powerful lonesome an' pitiful, settin' up all by herself 'mongst all the men at the store."

"Thar, now!" exclaimed Cap'n Lucy triumphantly, "makin' excuses fur folks agin! I told ye ez ye could n't hold out till bedtime 'thout excusin' this one fur that, an' t'other one fur which."

"Waal," said Adelia, "it's a mighty late bedtime."

She was rolling up the coat as carefully as if a first-class triumph of needlework had been accomplished upon it.

"'Sis' did n't 'pear ter me ter need enny lookin' arter whenst I seen her," said old Tems heartlessly. "She 'peared ter be some fower or five hunderd year old, an' stiddy an' settled ter accommodate."

"She be 'bout ten year old," said Adelia gravely.

"I wonder," said Cap'n Lucy, with a twinkle of the eye, "I *do* wonder ef that thar pernicious way o' makin' excuses fur folks's faults would hold out ef Ad'licia war ter set out ter be somebody's step-mammy!"

Luther suddenly held up his hand with an intent look, bespeaking silence. The rain was coming. From far away one could hear the steady march of its serried columns, now amongst the resonant woods, and now through open spaces, and again threading narrow ravines. A bugle blast of the wind issued suddenly from a rocky defile, and was silent again, and once more only the sounds of that resistless multitudinous advance pervaded the mountain wilderness. Already the influx of air from the open door was freighted with dank suggestions commingled with the odor of dust. For a panic was astir in the myriad particles that lay in heaps in the sandy road; they seemed to seek a futile flight in some inadequate current of the air, and were wafted a few paces along, to fall again upon the ground, and finally to be annihilated by the vanguard of the great body of the torrents. A tentative drop here and there on the clapboards of the roof, increasing presently to a brisk fusillade, and then all individuality of sound was lost in the tumultuous downpour under which the cabin rocked.

Perhaps it was because he had seldom been brought into such close intimacy with the elements that Kenniston found little sleep that night under the rever-

berating roof. He could touch it by lifting his hand in the tiny shed-room beneath the eaves, which was devoted to his use as a guest-chamber. At arm's length, too, with but the thin barrier of the clapboards intervening, was the wild, riotous rain. He seemed in the midst of its continuous beat and thunderous splash, as its aggregations swept from the eaves into the gullies below, so entirely did its turmoils dominate his senses. Now and again the shrill fanfare of the triumphant wind sounded, and a broad, innocuous glare of sheet lightning illumined the little apartment through the multitudinous crevices between its unplastered boards; for this addition to the house was not of logs, like the main structure. He could see, too, at intervals, as he lay in indescribable discomfort on the top of the big feather bed, the landscape without through the open door; for the heavy, close air had induced him to set it ajar. He found a certain interest for a time in these weird illuminations: the great mountains, slate-tinted in the searching yellow glare, with clouds of white vapor hanging about them; the rain, visible in myriads of fine lines drawn perpendicularly from zenith to valley, apparently stationary, as if it were some permanent investiture of the atmosphere; the little porch, low-browed, on which the door of his room opened, and which leaked with a heavy, irregular pattering; and half a dozen dogs lying there, having taken refuge from the storm. A scraggy cedar-tree close beyond held down its moisture-freighted branches, and amongst them he saw once a great owl, business interrupted for the nonce, staring at him with big yellow eyes, as it ruffled up its feathers against the rain.

He was conscious of sustaining the steady, sedate gaze of the nocturnal fowl even when the whole world would disappear as with a bound into the depths of darkness. As if the sound had been restrained by the presence of light, the

tumult of rain would seem redoubled upon the roof. The unmannerly elements evidently disturbed no one else in the house. It was as silent as if no life beat within the walls. The very dogs were still. One of them, a fat, callow fellow, with an ill-appreciated sense of a joke, roused them once by facetiously snapping at a sleeping confrère's tail, set wagging by the propitious happenings of dreamland. Whether it was that he had interrupted the gustful gnawing of a visionary bone, or simply that his elder was of a vicious temperament, he was soundly cuffed, rolled over on his fat, round sides, and sent shrieking under the house. He came out after some indulgence of vocal woe on a piercing key, and, perceiving Kenniston, sought to make his acquaintance. Being a shaggy shepherd, his rain-laden hair diffused a peculiarly canine odor throughout the little room; he was used to rebuffs, and it required but a single tweak of the ear to send him, depressed and discouraged, to prosaic slumbers among his kindred.

The lightnings failed. The world was plunged into unbroken gloom. The hours wore on into the deeps of the night. Once, as Kenniston was on the point of losing himself in sleep, he heard a shrill blood-curdling cry, searching out every nerve of repulsion in his body, — a panther shrieking from the terraces of his castle in the air. Even the fierce dogs, lifting their heads to listen, only whined and huddled closer together. When at last he dreamed, his mind clung close to the theme that held his waking thoughts. It was of processioning those wild acres of mountain fastnesses, and the serpentine lengths of the surveyor's chain seemed alive as the chain-bearers dragged it writhing through the grass. And again he was taking off the hospitable roof beneath which he slept, and riving off the doors, and somehow Cap'n Lucy was curiously helpless to resist this desolation of his roof-tree. But the man in the corner was plotting against him, and seek-



ing to excite public animosity; and while he was busy in counterplotting, suddenly Julia appeared, with a strange face, subtle and insidious and sinister, leading the panther which he had heard filling the night with terror. And he was frightened, and awoke.

## II.

Lorenzo Taft met the rain halfway to his own dwelling. He pulled his hat over his eyes and bent to his mare's neck before its fury, and although the animal now and again swerved from the bridie path at the glare of the lightning, she carried her master steadily and fleetly enough; and it was not far from his reckoning of the hour that they should pass the Lost Time mine when a broad illumination of the skies revealed the great portal, gauntly yawning in the side of the range, where a tunnel had been made in the search for silver, and abandoned. He pulled up his dripping steed and seemed to listen. Water had risen within, evidently, from the infinite enmeshment of the underground streams and springs that vein the great range; he heard it lapping upon the rocks, as it came pouring along its channel in the tunnel. It played around the mare's fetlocks, and now and again the animal fretfully lifted her forefoot. Another flare of the weird, unearthly yellow light, more lingering, brighter, than the last, showed the swift clear flow of the current, the great bleak beetling rocks of the oval aperture, the trees on the mountain side high above it, and beyond, three hundred yards or so, a little log cabin set upon the slope, which was a gentler declivity here, surrounded by a few acres of cornfield, and the appurtenances of beehives, hen-house, and rickety barn common to the humbler dwellings of the region. He could even see, between the house and the steep ascent immediately behind it, the far-away crags, as the range rounded out,

glimmering in the lightning down the vista thus formed.

It seemed the simplest of domestic establishments, and a forlorn little family group met his gaze as he opened the door and stepped within. The fire had dwindled to a few embers; a flickering flare from a handful of chips flung on in anticipation of his return, heralded by the sound of the mare's hoofs, showed the unplastered log room of the region, more unkempt than is usual, and betraying the lack of a woman's hand. The slight preparation for his reception was not the work of a boy of twelve, who sat soundly sleeping in a splint-bottomed chair, his whole attitude one of somnolent collapse, as if he had not a bone in his body, his round face white and freckled, his curly red hair growing straight up from his forehead, his slightly open red mouth of a merry carelessness of expression even in unconsciousness. On the opposite side of the fireplace a little girl was staidly seated. She had a narrow, white, formal little face; thin light brown hair, short and straight and smooth, put primly back behind her ears; a small mouth, with thin, precise lips; a meek eye, with a gentle lash. Her father looked at her with a sentiment of awe rising in his stalwart breast. "Consider'ble older 'n the New-nited States, an' I hed ruther keep house for a regiment o' pa'sons," he commented silently.

She wore a checked homespun dress, spotlessly clean, a dark calico apron, high-necked, buttoned to the nape in the back, shoes and blue stockings, which are rare among the children in the mountains at this season; and despite her limited inches, she was as formidable a spectacle of perfect precocity and prim perfection as ever a man who liked to go his own gait had the pleasure of looking upon. Miss Cornelia Taft was entirely competent to see all that might be going on in her small world, and she had brought her own unalterable standards with her, in her pocket as it were, by which to judge.

There was a little unacknowledged weariness in her expression, and a certain stiffness as she got down out of her chair, which intimated that she was not quite equal physically to her intention to sit up for him. He was about to requite this after the usual manner of those favored with this feminine attention, but she had begun to rake out some Irish potatoes roasting in the ashes, and Lorenzo Taft's remonstrance was subdued from his original intention.

"Look-a-hyar, Sis," he said, "why n't ye go ter bed? Ye must n't sit up waitin' fur me this time o' night. I don't eat no second supper, nohow."

But he was presently disposing of the refectation of potatoes, corn bread, and buttermilk in great gulps, while she looked on with her inexpressive, unastonished eye.

"Why n't ye make Joe go to bed?" he demanded, his mouth full, as he nodded at the sleeping boy.

The vaguest expression of prim repudiation was on her face. "He 'lowed he war n't sleepy," she said, with some capacity for sarcasm. She would have mended Joe as if he were a rag doll, but for his stalwart resistance. She did not expend herself in vain regrets. She had cast him and his tatters off forever, unless indeed he should come some day and sue to be made whole.

"Waal," said Lorenzo Taft, bending a perplexed brow upon her, "jes' let him be, an' ye go on upsteers an' go to bed. Ye 'll never grow no higher ef ye set up so late in the night."

The child turned obediently toward the stairs, or rather a rude ladder that ascended to the loft, while Lorenzo Taft paced back and forth in the room with a long, elastic stride, troubled and absent, and only conscious at the last moment that it was a look of the keenest curiosity that the little maid's placid eyes cast down upon him just before she disappeared amongst the shadows of the loft.

He stood still, disproportionately per-

turbed, it might seem. Then he sought to reassure himself.

"I reckon I ain't much similar ter ole Mis' Jinaway, nohow; an' ez she air useter a quiet, peraise ole 'oman's ways an' talk, I mus' seem toler'ble comical, bein' so big an' hearty, an' take big bites, an' talk loud, an' ride in the storm." He paused in the midst of his sophistry. Her look was so intelligent, so keenly inquisitive. "She 's mighty leetle, but" — his caution had returned — "a ca'tridge o' giant powder ain't so powerful bulky. I hev got ter git somebody ter take keer o' her, — or ter take keer o' *me*, sure!"

If the small Cornelia Taft's curiosity had been excited by what she had already observed, she would have thought his subsequent proceedings very strange indeed, could she have supervised them. But her placid little eyelids had closed at last upon her calm little eyes, and a very few gentle homesick tears for a place where they washed the dishes, and swept the floors, and slept in an airy room with the firelight flickering, and mended their garments; if amusement must be had, what gay times she and her grandmother had enjoyed, to be sure, when they raced as they knit their stockings, pausing twice or thrice in the evening to compare speed and measure the accomplished hose! A very strange man she thought her father, and she would have thought him stranger still if she could have seen him presently take a lantern and cross the open passage to the other room of the log hut, which served as store. There were embers here as well, and as he barred up the door again they showed the array of gear needed for a country trade, — knives, shoes, shears, saddles, harness, rope, a little calico, sugar, coffee, salt, and iron. There was a counter at one side, on which stood the scales. It seemed a very commonplace structure, unless one should see him open a door into it on the inner side. This was not a cupboard, which might have been convenient; it gave upon a door in the



puncheon floor, which, lifted, showed a ladder leading to the cellar. He went through, feet foremost, closing the counter door after him as well as the other. He lighted his lantern, not with a coal or flint, as is usual, but with the more modern and progressive match, and then down the ladder he went very warily, for it was a somewhat slight structure, and he was a heavy man. It could be removed, too, in a moment, which added to its insecurity.

And still there was naught apparent which could justify so much caution. The lantern, now fairly alight, revealed empty boxes and barrels, and a scanty reserve of stock similar to the goods which the shelves above showed. He pushed a few boxes aside, took down a board or two of the wall in the rear, and in another moment was in one of the tunnels of the abandoned mine, the wall replaced behind him, and all his traces covered.

Surely, a man was never more ingeniously secure, he thought, as he went at a brisk pace into the depths of the mountain, and it would all be jeopardized by the influx into the Cove of a horde of tourists and summer sojourners that the projected hotel might bring. No exclusive aristocrat was ever more jealous of his seclusion from the roving of his kind than Lorenzo Taft. And then this danger of his own household, his own hearthstone; this silent, disapproving, prying, perfect little primness!

He crossed water once. He never crossed it without remembering the instinct of the deer pursued to put a running stream between its flight and the hunter. The rivulet, very narrow here, flowed in a rocky bed at a swift rate. This was a tributary of the larger torrent that had flooded the mine, and, together with the small output and the inadequate prospect, had caused the work to be abandoned. Two of the miners had been drowned in the catastrophe, and this circumstance had doubtless con-

tributed to the solitude of the locality. It was a place of strange sounds, with the forever-echoing rocks, and few curiosity seekers had ever ventured farther than the great outer portal of the Lost Time mine. Into this tunnel, with which Taft had joined a tunnel of his own secret workmanship, the water had not risen, albeit the lower excavations were all submerged; and as he went dryshod, he heard the deft patter of his tread on the well-beaten "dirt" path multiplied behind him by the echoes into the semblance of many a following footfall. This illusion might have jarred less accustomed nerves, but Taft had heard this impalpable pursuit so long with impunity that he was hardly likely to heed it now. Something, however, that he sometimes heard, and that was oftener silent, he had learned to watch for, to fearfully mark the sound when it came, and to note its absence with a shuddering sense of vacancy and a chill suspense. It was like the sound of a pick continually striking into the earth, not with a hurried or fitful stroke, but timed with a composed regularity characteristic of the steady workman. Sometimes it seemed far away, sometimes immediately overhead, and again just underfoot. Those who heard it accounted for it readily enough. Who had set the ghastly superstition afoot none might say, but the belief widely obtained that the two lost miners thus wrought continually in the depths of the mountain, digging the graves that had been denied them on the face of the earth. To Taft, the familiar of the dark, the weird, and the uncanny, it seemed a likely enough solution of the mystery, and he nothing doubted it. He could not account for another phenomenon, not so frequent, but often enough forced upon his contemplation to bring him to an anxious pause. Sometimes he heard, or thought he heard, voices, loud, resounding, distinct, — hailing, hallooing voices; and again so uncertain, so commingled, were these vi-

brations, so repetitious and faint, that he could not be sure that they were not merely echoes, — echoes of the talk and mirth of the group of moonshiners whom another turn of the underground passage showed him at their work in the broader

space of a chamber of the mine, where the great timbers still stanchly supported the roofing masses of earth, and the walls of sandstone bore freshly the gaunt wounds that the blasting had wrought in their rugged sides.

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*

### WITHIN THE HEART.

BUILT as in dream, yet firmly wrought,  
The starry, shadowed temple grew;  
With flowering columns high, of thought,  
And heavenward span of arch, wherethrough  
Fair visions, with sweet color fraught,  
Like angels lightly hovering flew.

By day, by night, it rose aloft, —  
From firm resolves within the brain,  
Like chiseled stone, though murmuring oft  
At toil, the toiler might complain;  
For Meekness, with her whisper soft,  
Aroused him to the work again.

None saw the sanctuary reared;  
Even to the builder it was veiled;  
And he, in prayer low bending, feared  
His effort worthless; still bewailed  
That, longing for a shrine endeared  
Within his heart, he yet had failed.

But every flash of light from dark,  
And every little deed well done,  
And every supernatural spark  
From the pure world beyond the sun,  
Lent to his outline clearer mark,  
And lit the pinnacle well-nigh won.

For all the fibres of his mind  
Sprang upward in strong lines of truth;  
And all the splendor God designed  
Was mingled with his human ruth,  
Till his whole being seemed entwined  
With him who giveth joy to youth.

So grew the fane his heart within.  
The Presence dwelt there: holy fire

Burned where a wreathing incense thin  
 Like yearning souls rose higher, higher, —  
 The utmost altar of heaven to win,  
 And quench, in God's will, man's desire.

Each thought of his, a buttress strong,  
 The inner temple's wall kept whole.  
 His heart was roofed with scorn of wrong;  
 His faith like steepled bells would roll  
 Alarm. His words were like the song  
 And organ-music of the soul.

This is the story of a man  
 Humble and striving, worn and faint,  
 In whom his fellows did but scan  
 His faults, and touch the human taint.  
 He died, and showed the spirit's plan.  
 We saw the man; God saw the saint.

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

## IN THE HEART OF THE SUMMER.

### A CONTINUED CALENDAR.

THERE is still a lingering blossom on the quince bush, its breath as sweet as narcissus' own; indeed, the two odors are strangely alike, considering that there is no family tie between the two flowers. The quince blossom perhaps waited, a-tiptoe on the highest branch, until it could see its far-away cousin, the rose, which blooms to-day. It is an unwise love that gathers in this first harbinger of the full-hearted summer, whereas the last token seems to invite fate at our hands.

You thought to possess the first rose?  
 Ah, but possession was brief;  
 So fresh as it was, so frail!  
 At a look, you beheld it turn pale;  
     At a touch, it recoiled;  
 At a kiss, from the lip of the leaf  
 (Consumed with anger and grief)  
 The glow and the perfume fail!  
 You thought to possess the first rose, —  
     See how you are foiled!

Enter Summer, on the seed wings of

the maple. All day these pairs of yellow keys have been falling with an indolent twirling motion; the wings, being set at an angle with each other, simulate the butterfly with parted fans. Falling, they soon wither, and then suggest dead insects of the grasshopper family, with frayed deciduous wing tissues. The position invariably taken by the seed on reaching the earth is as though it would hug the ground. The part containing the embryo, being heavier, alights first; however the wind may move the seed about, this part is still directed downward, acting almost like a magical entering-wedge, if chance send it to any smallest crevice in the mellow and welcoming ground. So, I remember, did the "cups" of the acorn disappear into the earth, in an incredibly brief time; while the unconsidered "saucers" remained scattered around beneath the tree. "Nature's germins" descend, as

if impatient to have done with the dark sleep that leads up to the resurrection and the life.

What are the conditions required that the dew should be beaded, as this morning, at the tip of every grass blade? What conditions of temperature, of moisture, or of the blade itself secure this result? It is of the spring and the early summer rather than the later time. Here 's your true dewberry, fruit of a night, of flowerage ripened by morning light; round or oval; white or gray, or sometimes flecked with the colors of the prism, as though belonging to a species that had "escaped from cultivation,"—say from the gardens of the rainbow. Contemplation of the dew alone, among the marvels of nature, might suffice as food for a day's wonder.

Hast seen the constellations of the morn,  
That sparkle in the meadow grass unshorn?  
Hast seen, in liquid guise, the model small  
Of the great crystal sphere that circles all?

It was only yesterday that I lived in a world of sweet wayward promise, of tantalizing betokening and suggestion, to be fulfilled or not, as the genius of the year might list. The season was a babe in arms but yesterday. A thousand infantile pinkish little hands were reached out tentatively and helplessly as the old branches put forth their young foliage. Then I was impressed with the subtlety and delicacy of the shadows which this scant foliage cast upon the ground; they were infused with light, as it seemed to me, as though the leaves were not yet opaque, but allowed the sunshine to be strained through them and fall upon the earth beneath,—beneficently tempered by their medium. Then, too, I noticed how the little cottonwood leaves, on the very first day of their enlargement, while yet short of stem and moistly tender, began quivering and flickering,—the characteristic thing for them to do, just as young ducks, on emerging from the shell, run for the

water. And how beautiful were the oaks with their soft, rosy-gray young leaves and tassel-like blossoms! I have seen no unfolding leaf-buds so delicate and evanescent in appearance. They seemed designed to last scarcely beyond a flower's term of existence, much less to grow into the tough and vigorous green of the civic spray. Of the grapevine that clambers about the porch and eaves I may say,—

All the young leaves of the vine  
Ruby are,—as if good wine,  
Coursing through the woody stem,  
Rose to warm and gladden them.

Among these flower-like masqueraders, the leaf-buds of the black walnut and hickory strike me with special delight and wonder. With the colors of the Turk, more pertinently the colors of the tulip, they well suggest how flowers may be but "modified leaves," as the botanists tell us. Or, truce to Science and her truths, these party-colored leaves show us what the poets have always tried to teach us, in their own divine faith: that there is a transcendent premium put upon the spring of the year; that then mere leaves have the beauty of flowers, while flowers undergo a translation that juggles our human senses, as though, for the time being, we sojourned

"Where the daisy is rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not."

So many leaves! At first I had a half impression that I must count them (in order to keep up with my notations and numerations of the untarrying season!); but we soon come to think of these myriads not as so many leaves individualized, but as foliage in the mass. They still appear somewhat tender, somewhat drooping, as though the stems were draped with them. A few days more of this June sun, and the tension and firmness of the leaf will be so increased that it will then have assumed its permanent summer habit.

What at first sight appeared to be a bit of amber honeycomb, hung among some weeds, turned out a nursery of young spiders. When I disturbed this yellow agglomeration, it underwent a strong centrifugal shock: immediately a myriad little globular bodies scattered themselves along radiating webs in every direction, like a shower of gold in miniature; each individual facing towards the circumference of the webby tissue. Repeated disturbance induced additional retreatings from the centre, until the entire nursery was pretty well dispersed through its ancestral halls of gray film-work.

Clover begins to show the blush, the wind to bring fragrant advices from its territory; and the bees know their Mecca, by the pilgrim hum that makes thither.

Where is the poet's Mount Parnassus  
 'Mid cloudland heights sublime?  
 Where now his fountain Helicon,  
 His Hyblan bees and thyme?

Any green summer-mantled hilltop  
 His happy feet may climb  
 Shall be the poet's Mount Parnassus  
 'Mid cloudland heights sublime!

Any leaf-hidden river-birth  
 His Heliconian spring,  
 Around whose brink, disguised as wood birds,  
 The Muses flit and sing!

Any unsickled, waving meadow,  
 In June scented and warm,  
 Shall be to him the slopes of Hybla  
 With Hybla's murmuring swarm!

Water, earth, sky, these are the prime elements in all Nature's pictures. Why, then, exact that the earth shall be thrown up in certain forms of hill and mountain, or spread out plain-wise, or that such and such antitheses of land and water shall be presented? Can we never be contented unless certain chosen configurations lie before us? It is great Nature everywhere, whether her wearing apparel be trees, rocks, or liquid woof of changeable waters. The creek I know so well proceeds from these so

well-known pastures on into more open country, thus aiding the imagination. But all the elements are present in my perspective. If here they seem deficient in beauty and variety, it is my fault, and not theirs. Let me quicken my appreciation.

Some children brought in a young crow to-day. It had less of callow innocence than any other feathered bantling I had ever seen. It might already have been a hundred years old! Big head; long bill; in its eye, of which the iris is blue, a strange mixture of melancholy and sinister speculation. The crow seems to me the Hebraic type among birds.

The bobolink, in his black robes trimmed with patches of soiled ermine, with his yellow-white head (as if powdered), parades as a bigwig, whose judicial bench is the rail fence. There he turns himself about and about, with an absurd, ruffling gravity and stiff deportment that are most amusing to observe. But as I went through the meadow I thought that the best concerted music to be heard there came from the bobolink's efforts, consisting, as it seemed to me, of solos, quartettes, semi-choruses and full choruses, in delightful alternation. A small flock of these birds will often rise into the air together; and when they have reached the utmost crescendo of their flight, they all at once break into a chime of silvery, tinkling notes, sounding much farther off than the real distance would justify. I hear the syllables "to-link! to-link!" rather than "bobolink!"

A few moments ago, a humming-bird was resting on the branch of a flowering shrub under the window. He wiped his bill, and deported himself with the deliberation and dignity of the largest bird. His fine shimmering color, an iridescent green, almost makes him pass for a fleck of colored light shot from a prism. As he sat resting his little body, suddenly

swooped down an oriole, taking possession of the flowering shrub and all the demesne, and routing my Ariel. A shabby trick in a bird that swings his palatial home aloft in the proud elm.

We have a very select summer boarder, namely, the catbird that came today and helped herself to a plate of sweet-cake on the table by the window. Ten times she repeated her visit, with many an assertive "chuck! chuck!" and demonstrative flirt of her long tail. Feeding greedily herself, she was off with other sweet morsels, presumably for young ones at home. While she was away, I placed a dish of strawberries beside the dish of cake, to see if fruit would not offer a superior inducement. But no; this winged Sybarite would have nothing but cake,—perhaps with the provident notion that she could procure fruit anywhere out of doors, but not culinary tidbits, which latter were best seized upon when an opportunity presented itself. Be sure such eates and "diets daint" shall not be wanting, dear melodist and droll humorist, whom Grimalkin hears perplexed, not guessing who is the satirist thus mimicking his own mode of expression!

A child by the roadside stringing strawberries upon a culm of grass. What fragrant, flavourous, dewy, and sunny memories the picture induced! I seemed to know better what was the true quintessence of that wild fruitage than in the days when I was its small purveyor.

How strange that we must in a measure lose our youth in order to possess it! In actual adolescence we are hoodwinked with the idea that age gathers upon us. We are afflicted with the burden of our years and an exaggerated sense of responsibility. We may understand that literal first youth is past—were there no other betokenings—by the fact that we are no longer so weighted with this impression of age and re-

sponsibility. By and by we begin to disregard years, to know that we affect very little the progress of mundane affairs, and to account ourselves almost as "quits" with Time and his reckonings. But this feeling of agelessness does not come, unfortunately, till the years have taken toll of us. We must be older in order to be young. "*Similia similibus curantur.*"

Not till to-day have I heard the chirr of the cricket; it sounded wondrously familiar, like a small but distinct telephonic message from old summers gone. It might have said, "I am the piper that dances the gay season away ere you know it!"

Passing a sluggish black pool in the woods, I was startled by a sudden rushing and splashing, as of the water itself without other agency. Upon looking again, I saw that the pool was alive with young tadpoles, whose scuttling at my approach had caused the noise. Can that justly be designated *stagnant* water which is the living element of so many organic creatures?

The chewink hopping about among the charred débris of burnt stumps and rotting chestnut logs had blended in his plumage the charcoal and burnt sienna tints of both. He resented loudly our presence, but we did not follow up the clues which his indiscreet expostulations gave of a nest near by. Perhaps we were rewarded for our forbearance by being permitted to discover a brooding thrush on a branch of the tree just over our heads. She suffered our near approach philosophically, remaining as motionless as a bird carved in wood, except for the miraculously quick winking of her round eye; watching us very steadily, however, and no doubt with a palpitating heart. We were almost directly beneath her, and so could see well her smooth white throat with its freckle-markings of brown. It was a little odd that to both

of us her appearance suggested that some frog had acquired the beak of a bird and arboreal habits! This fancy-fact led us to comment on the imputed relationship, in paleozoic time, between bird and reptile. (I hope the thrush did n't understand what we said!)

A needle in a haymow has its analogue, — a wren in a brush heap. How did I chance to see the brown sprite among the brown twigs? Perhaps there was a drawing magnetism in that cunning bright eye. The wren's behavior at first was crisp and disputatious; then there was a trill so sweetly affable, I felt it like an adroit flattery; then, as if having communicated himself too far to a stranger, and growing cautious, he kept his opinions to himself, while he nimbly thriddled the meshes of the brush heap.

At this time, the plenitude and festivity of life in the world of nature are everywhere beheld, felt, and heard. The sweet census of existence is every moment swelled, and new participants of the universal joy seem hurrying upon the stage, to play over again the drama, a thousand thousand times played, though by other individuals, in the long evolution of nature. I think of those delicious lines of Keats on the waking of Adonis: —

“Then there was a hum  
Of sudden voices, echoing, ‘Come! Come!’  
Arise, awake! Clear summer has forth  
walk’d  
Unto the clover-sward, and she has talk’d  
Full soothingly to every nested finch.  
... Once more, sweet life, begin!”

A breezy day. Phœbe, from the top of the great maple by the bridge, suits her call to the airy gayety of the time, for it is, “breezy! breezy! breezy!” ever and anon, while in the interval I know that she darts some yard's length from her perch, then back again, and that in consequence there is one less ephemeral, gauzy-winged creature to celebrate Midsummer Day.

How thrilling are the alternations of

sunshine and shadow, as they pass in rapid succession over the country! They move from west to east. A belt of woodland against the western sky suddenly darkens as the sailing clouds come over, and draws a purple hood over its fresh summer green. The shadow flows on to the brim of the full meadow next the woods, then moves forward; the wonderful undulations of golden-green and purple-green fleeting over the landscape are like the stratified hues I have noticed in the perspective of the Lake. By the time the moving shadow has reached my standpoint the distant woodland flashes into clear sunlight, here and there flinging out its live banners.

The dandelion's hoary globe of papus might be taken as a symbol of wisdom, of gray hairs and severe musing, in the midst of the boon season. At some distance a company of these gray heads glitter in the sunshine, as though in that spot were a garden of flowers. A ball of dandelion down raised just above the level of the grass seems about to go bounding over its velvety surface, like soap bubbles that children toss in a shawl. It glitters in the sunshine, but at evening shines as if with a pale light of its own, a humble student lamp in the grass.

The dandelion shows no more  
The sunny disk she sometime bore,  
Wherein Apollo might behold  
His imaged face in finest gold;  
But on the grass she bows her down,  
And stoops, to gain a silver crown,  
An astral circlet gleaming bright,  
Yet soft as snow, as airy-light!  
And now her head she slowly lifts,  
And by the wind spreads subtle gifts.  
Still lack we wit to mark, or heed,  
How, cabined in the drifting seed,  
Through the wide ways of heaven flee  
The light hopes of the year to be.

Among the sweets of the season should be counted the grapevine in blossom. Talk of the perfume of the ripe cluster! It scarcely approaches the deliciousness of



the blossom, whose odor resembles that of the lily of the valley. Very curious is the structure of the flower itself. The green corolla, at first tightly fitted around the stamens, is next borne upon their tops, whence it is finally thrust off, like a cap doffed upon a spear, from which it is dropped to the ground.

The flower of the timothy, or herd's grass, is very beautiful, in these fresh mornings lavish of dew. The solid spike set with misty rays held out on all sides at perfect poise is, as it were, a rude stock or holder wherein are thrust so many gracilent, sprite-haunted blossoms. But how soon departing! Whether from the increasing heat of the day, or because their allotted time is brief, when I looked for them at noon yesterday, I found in their place only drooping yellow chaff clinging to the spike. This change affected me more than might the disappearance of a more obvious beauty of florescence, seeming in some special way to emphasize the fugaciousness of the season. But this morning there was a fresh relay of blossoms balancing their precious panniers of pollen dust around the sturdy spike, as their predecessors of yesterday had done.

#### A BOOK IN THE RUNNING BROOK.

I'll pluck a tablet from the slaty ledge,  
A pen I'll carve me of the straightest sedge,  
Then dip it in the bright loquacious brook;  
And so I'll write a brief riparian book.

Beyond that grove of reeds the sunbeams sink  
Into the polished stream, and make it wink  
With dazzling eyebeams; and just here it burns  
An hundred sunglasses; and yonder earns  
Pactolean honors, — a pure golden stream  
That up its bank reflects a wealthy gleam.  
Still further on, what silvery lightnings glance  
Where the spent ripples fall into a trance,  
As though a sultrier air upon them rested!  
Those silvery flashes are the fish white-breasted;  
There do they leap in wavy tournament, —  
A moment seen, then with the water blent.

A willow by the curving stream I see,  
About to leave the habit of a tree,

And to assume (true Ovid, wert thou here!)  
The water-nymph in raiment thin and clear.  
Her naked foot the lovely changeling dips  
Ere down the smooth inclined bank she slips,  
To lose herself within the wavering stream,  
That weaves for her a tunic without seam.

Here walks the peetweet, pied as autumn leaf  
Or mildewed ribbon from November's sheaf;  
This way a killdeer wings, with startling cry;  
A halcyon skims along the imaged sky,  
And scares the minnows into deeper coves;  
And hither finches come in chattering droves;  
The tanager alights and dips his wing,  
Once, twice, and thrice, and then, with sudden  
spring,  
He shakes the moisture from his scarlet plumes,  
And carries fire into the willow glooms.

Here hum the gauze-winged children of the day,  
And waifs unknown from realms of sylph and  
fay;  
And silently the ghostly dragon-fly  
Sips the still water, and flits swiftly by.

So, on and on I wrote. The book complete,  
I lay it at the winsome naiad's feet:  
She smiles her pardon, and the waters lave it;  
I leave my pen among the reeds that gave it.

A good firefly night, warm, still, and  
dark. I think the firefly must resent  
brilliancy in the heavens that puts out  
its own luminary. Gleaming and dark-  
ling, coming and going, this least of the  
wandering stars or planets has its dark  
side, which at times is turned towards  
us. The butterfly to the day, the firefly  
to the night; the one in the livery of  
the sun and the Orient, the other clothed  
upon with the lustre of the stars! In  
some degree, like the maid from the  
south of Ireland who serves my friends,  
I too am afraid of the "loights in the  
grass." Any time, I think, they may be-  
come "brave translunary things," and  
sail away beyond the range of the fly  
that sips nectar from the cup of the  
gods, in yonder constellated field.

The other evening, bringing home a  
handful of flowers from S——'s garden  
(O lavendered memory of how many  
such cullings in the dewy dusk, for me!),  
I was followed, and the flowers were pur-  
loined of their sweets, by a great night-



moth, — a true sphinx with a riddle, provoking us to ask if it be not the long-sought connecting link between bird and insect! This elfin creature hovered about the flowers with a humming-bird's poise, motion, and musical accompaniment, using its siphon-like proboscis to sound the honey depths of the flowers. I noticed that, although it occasionally stopped to consider the roses, it invariably returned to its favorite honeysuckle. The long proboscis, or feeder, coiled like a watch-spring, when not in use, perhaps three inches in length, and bent in the middle at a right angle, is scarcely to be seen in the dusk of evening; hence the insect appears to hover quite aloof from the flower, and to woo it delicately rather than to rifle its treasure. The eyes of the insect are two rubies, and the whirling wings must be strong to bear up the weight of its gross body. It was this tidbit which a late robin was anxious to secure, the other evening; but the morsel proved unmanageable or distasteful, for the bird soon dropped it, and went up to his sleeping-chamber in the old maple.

#### A GARDEN OF THE PAST.

TO ———.

I am the night-moth Memory.  
I sleep all through the day;  
At evening, to the Garden  
I take my murmuring way.

Of old, above the Garden  
Hung Ariadne's Crown;  
And, filtered by the starlight,  
The gradual dew came down.

The white flowers, in the darkness,  
With pale star-lustre shone;  
The dark flowers by the fragrance  
And soft flower-touch were known.

There no new flower shall open,  
No blooming flower decline.  
I am the night-moth Memory;  
The Garden, it is thine!

But art thou in the Garden?  
A spirit fills the place;  
Its mute voice — is it *thy* voice?  
Its veiled face, thy face?

A long time I lay in the dry grass, looking at the world above me, until the sky seemed like a slow, deep stream with countless submerged gems, — a diamond river, in which I lay fathoms deep. Two brilliant meteors glanced through the zenith, like veritable starbeams shot by an invisible archer.

The country and the city are antipodal in this: that as we very fitly speak of the "dead of winter" in the country, we might with equal propriety of description speak of the "dead of summer" in the city. In this season, urban aridity and desolateness everywhere stamp themselves upon the mind of the late delayer within walled-town limits. The very houses that befriended us in the winter are now closed, blinded, — barricaded by the spirit of inhospitality, seeming to say as we pass by, "I know you not." In the meshes of the wistaria, that one flower of romance peculiar to the metropolis, — like the moonlighted face of a Juliet leaning in expectation from her leafy balcony, — there now remains but an occasional withering cluster of blossoms, pale indeed from the heat, but more from the dust. The infrequent trees that in spring evinced a pathetic cheerfulness, striving, like true philanthropists of nature, to make an oasis of greenness for dwellers in the waste places of brick and stone, have lost all hope and purpose; and, as if desirous of autumn, the very leaves seem to droop and cling about their stems. The sole of the foot aches from concussion with the heated pavement. That curiously distancing effect produced to the eye by hot air in motion, which in the country makes the far harvest fields seem yet farther, is even more distinctly experienced in the town. It is a Sahara distance from one side of the square to the other, — an eye-narrowing, shimmering perspective of sunshine, dust, and drought. How is it to be crossed?

And still my thoughts turn back to  
a certain waste of quarried stone where  
but lately I sojourned.

Amid this shade of leaning pines  
That on the sunlit ocean gaze,  
I dream how fierce the same sun shines  
Upon the city's paven ways.

From breezy choirs far overhead  
The pewee's note comes smooth and sweet:  
I dream of the unnumbered tread,  
The shock, the echo, of the street.

Within this solitude that longs  
For speech and sight of friendly guests,  
I dream of weary, jostling throngs  
Whose mutual glances read unrest.

Beneath the darkness and the dews  
Shot through with tender, starry light,  
I dream how Fear her flight pursues  
Amid the city's checkered night;

While sleepers hear, by care oppressed,  
The great heart of the city knock  
Unsoothed within her troubled breast,  
And shadows from the morrow flock!

This afternoon I have my chair and  
book under the apple-tree, — a book of  
travels. Meanwhile, whenever I look up,  
or rather down, from its pages, I note  
other Excursions: those of a discontented  
beetle, a gorgeous creature, with bronze  
breastplate and peacock-green surtout.  
He has traveled I know not how many  
parasangs (I take him to be a Persian),  
— perhaps a yard; and now back again  
he comes, apparently dissatisfied, toiling  
painfully over small sticks and rough  
grains of earth. He has now to mount  
a hill some three inches high. Ah, tedi-  
ous effort! Now he disappears on the  
other side; now reappears, and starts on  
another fruitless vagabondage.

The dropping of the early-ripe apple  
marks a distinct stage in the summer's  
advancement. As I look up into the  
heavily laden tree, it is easy to fancy  
that the apples are actually crowding one  
another on the thickset branch, silently  
persevering as if with some mutual idea  
of decimation. They are like an over-  
crowded population, or like school urchins

on a bench, who push one another until  
some one falls off.

Early this morning, looking out at the  
eastern heavens, it was a surprise to see  
our old acquaintances of the winter even-  
ing, — the Pleiades, Orion, Taurus. But  
no cold sparkle of the jewels in Orion's  
belt, no gleam from the eyes of Taurus.  
Instead, the air being smoky and obscure,  
the stars of these constellations, forever  
associated with the frosts of winter as  
they are, seemed now more like hot coals,  
or the "seeds of fire" seen in a bed of  
ashes or through a cloud of sultry smoke.

The Earth slept well at this hour, —  
slept as though she had been sleeping from  
old time. I heard the chirping of the  
crickets, regular, monotonous, as though  
it were the pulse-beat of the air itself.  
The comfortable sleepy dark, like some  
feline sleeper, seemed to be purring with  
the muffled sonorous vibrations that per-  
vaded the dim world. The few actually  
waking sounds in nature, the occasional  
cockcrow or lowing of cattle, were either  
absorbed by the dull air, or so modified as  
to seem like distant strains of music.

Nothing could be finer than the great  
domes of ethereal marble and agate that,  
during these hot days, are built up from  
the southern horizon. I don't know how  
this village below is affected, generally,  
by the sight of that city yonder; but, for  
me, the heavens have been haunted,  
full of presences, — Olympian deities,  
Parthenon sculptures, friezes illustrating  
Homer. When an occasional heat-light-  
ning is sent across these thunderheads,  
the flash reveals what to the fancy might  
be the crimson-hung interior of a palace  
or the glow of red lamps in a shrine.  
Sometimes the entire mass of such cloud-  
structures rises halfway to the zenith,  
glittering like a true sun-kissed mountain;  
a great white beacon, the pillar of cloud  
by day, for a sign and guidance. Some-  
times the sun shining behind the cumulus  
gives it a flashing border of light so in-  
tense as to be almost intolerable to the

eye; suggesting that a bolt of lightning has been arrested on its passage through the billowy gulf, and there made permanent. These are the tantalizing clouds of other people's rain, — specious and magnificent, but fruitless to our parched fields; and yet the favored land toward the south, where it has been raining, cannot keep all nature's bounty to itself. The moist rumor flies, and the air is temporarily sweetened and freshened for us by reason of the showers that have fallen elsewhere.

The summer begins to crisp and shrivel up. The earth itself seems about to be destroyed and sifted, as fine dust, into the empyrean. A wagon on the country road, half seen in clouds of dust, reproduces, in monochrome, the child's memory of Biblical pictures portraying Elijah in his chariot enveloped in swathings of flame. Everywhere in nature there is a painful sense of oppression, — the oppression of unshed tears.

What thing, most bitter in a bitter world,  
Is also sweetest? Child of Sorrow, speak!  
"It is the sea-salt drop that lies impearled, —  
Dew on the heart, the tear upon the cheek!"

And in a bitter world, what bitterest thing  
Itself exceedeth? Child of Sorrow, tell!  
"In arid lands, the scalding geyser spring,  
And tears, the bated tears, that never fell!"

And always, nowadays, we hear the harsh whir of the harvest-fly in strained crescendo. The ear-drum vibrates painedly to this exacerbating sound. As the performance climbs to its highest note and greatest volume, the hot air seems fanned to a correspondingly greater degree of caloric.

At last the long-wished-for rain. It came in the early morning; at first desultorily, doubtfully, as though it had nearly forgotten its own methods. It culminated in a brisk, rattling shower, falling away in a most delicious diminuendo, single threads of its web of sound being broken one by one, and one by one, till not even a raveling remained. Then were heard the voices of the chief rain-lovers among the birds, the robin, the wren, and the summer yellowbird. And so the fresh day was ushered in, and so looked upon a world from which all tan and dust freckles had been washed away.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

### ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH.

LIKE the English tongue itself, the names of British seamen show the composite origin of their nation. As the Danes, after the day of Copenhagen, to them both glorious and disastrous, claimed that in Nelson they had been vanquished by a man of their own blood, descended from their Viking forefathers; as Collingwood and Troubridge indicate the English descent of the two closest associates of the victor of Trafalgar; so Saumarez and the hero of this sketch, whose family name was Pellew, represent that conquering Norman race which

from the shores of the Northern Ocean carried terror along the coasts of Europe and the Mediterranean, and as far inland as their light keels could enter. After the great wars of the French Revolution and the battle of Algiers, when Lord Exmouth had won his renown and his position had been attained, kinship with him was claimed by a family still residing in Normandy, where the name was spelled "Pellen." Proof of common origin was offered, not only in the name, but also in the coats of arms.

In England, the Pellew family was

settled in the extreme southwest, in Cornwall and Devonshire, counties whose nearness to the great Atlantic made them the source of so much of the maritime enterprise that marked the reign of Elizabeth. Lord Exmouth's grandfather was a man of wealth; but, as he left many children, the juniors had to shift for themselves, and the youngest son, Samuel Pellew, the father of the admiral, at the time of the latter's birth commanded a post-office packet on the Dover station. He accordingly made the town of that name the home of his wife and children; and there Edward, the second of his four sons, was born, April 19, 1757. Their mother was the daughter of a Jacobite gentleman, who had been out for the Pretender in 1715, — a fact which probably emphasized the strong Hanoverian sympathies of Samuel Pellew, whose habit was to make his children, every Sunday, drink King George's health upon their knees.

In 1765, when the future admiral was only eight years old, his father died, and the mother making an imprudent marriage three years later, the children were thrown upon the world, with small provision and scanty care. The resolute, active, and courageous character of the lads, however, brought them well forward among their equals in age. At school, Edward was especially distinguished for fearlessness. Of this he gave a marked instance, when not yet twelve, by entering a burning house where gunpowder was stored, which no other of the bystanders would approach. Alone and with his own hands the lad brought out the powder. A less commendable but very natural result of the same energetic spirit was shown in the numerous fighting matches in which he was engaged. Being threatened with a flogging for one of these, the circumstance became the immediate occasion of his going to sea. If flogged, he declared, he would run away; and, as a decided taste for a seafaring life had

already manifested itself, his guardian thought better to embrace at once the more favorable alternative and enter him regularly in the navy. He thus went afloat towards the end of 1770, the date at which Nelson, also, though one year younger, began his career.

Pellew's first cruise was in the Mediterranean. It came to a premature end through an incident which merits recording as indicative of the rude condition of the British navy at that time, though a generation had passed since Smollett underwent the experiences which he has handed down to us in his *Roderick Random*. The captain of Pellew's frigate, a man of low antecedents, kept on board a woman not his wife; and a quarrel between her and one of the midshipmen led to the latter being expelled from the ship and sent on shore in Marseilles. Pellew insisted upon accompanying his messmate, and the two lads of fourteen, aided by some of the lieutenants, secured a passage home. It shows a pleasing trait in our hero's character that, some years afterwards, he advanced materially the professional fortunes of the son of the captain who had thus abused his power.

Pellew next passed under the command of a Captain Pownoll, between whom and himself were established such warm relations, of affectionate interest on the one side and reverential regard on the other, that Pownoll became a family name among the descendants of the admiral. He himself gave it to his first-born, and it still appears in the present generation. Under him, also, Pellew was brought into direct contact with the American Revolution; for on board the frigate *Blonde*, Pownoll's ship, General Burgoyne embarked in 1775 for Canada, there beginning the undertaking which ended so disastrously for him. It is told that when the distinguished passenger came on board, the yards being manned to receive him with the honors due to his rank, he was startled to see

on one yardarm a midshipman standing on his head. Upon expressing alarm, he was laughingly reassured by the captain, who said that Pellew — for he it was who put this extra touch upon the general's reception — was quite capable of dropping from the yard, passing under the ship's bottom, and coming up on the other side. A few days later the young officer actually did leap from the yardarm, the ship going fast through the water, — not, however, as bravado, but to aid a seaman who had fallen overboard, and whom he succeeded in saving.

Throughout his youth, the exuberant vitality of the man delighted in these feats of wanton power. To overturn a boat by press of canvas, as a frolic, is not unexampled among lads of daring; but it is at least unusual, when a hat goes overboard, to follow it into the water, if alone in a boat under sail. This Pellew did, on one occasion, when he was old enough to know better; being at the moment in the open Channel, in a small punt, going from Falmouth to Plymouth. The freak nearly cost him his life; for, though he had lashed the helm down and hove to the boat, she fell off and gathered way whenever he approached. When at last he laid hold of her rail, after an hour of this fooling, barely strength remained to drag himself on board, where he fell helpless, and waited long before his powers were restored. It is trite to note in such exhibitions of recklessness many of the qualities of the ideal seaman, though not so certainly those of the foreordained commander in chief. Pellew was a born frigate captain.

At the end of 1775 the Americans were still engaged in the enterprise against Quebec, the disastrous termination of which is familiarly known. The raising of the siege, already inevitable, was finally determined by the appearance of the small naval force of which the Blonde was one. Immediately upon its arrival, towards the beginning of

March, 1776, the commanding British general, Carleton, attacked the besiegers, who, already prostrated by disease and privation, abandoned their positions and fell back upon Sorel, at the mouth of the river Richelieu, the outlet from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence. Here they remained until June, when the enemy, who had received heavy reinforcements,<sup>4</sup> advanced in overpowering numbers. The Americans again retired above the rapids of the Richelieu to St. Johns. From that point there is a clear channel; and, embarking there, the retreating force, without further molestation, reached Crown Point, a fortified post at the head of the lake, commanding the narrow stream to which it is reduced in its upper part. Twelve miles above Crown Point is Ticonderoga, the well-known border fortress of the Colonial and Revolutionary wars; and for fifteen or twenty miles farther the stream is navigable for boats of some size, thus affording an easy means of communication in those early days of impassable forests and scanty transport.

Though greatly superior on land, the British had now for a time to stay their pursuit; for the water highway essential to its continuance was controlled by the flotilla under the command of Benedict Arnold, forbidding further advance until it was subdued. The presence of these vessels, which, though few, were as yet unopposed, gained for the Americans, in this hour of extremity, the important respite from June to October, 1776; and then the lateness of the season compelled the postponement of the invasion to the following year. The toil with which this little force had been created, a few months before, was thus amply justified; for delay is ever to the advantage of the defense. In this case, it also gave time for a change of commanders on the part of the enemy, from Carleton to Burgoyne, which not improbably had a decisive effect upon the fortunes of the next campaign.

As soon as established at St. Johns, the British took steps to place a naval force upon the lake, an undertaking involving trouble and delay, notwithstanding their greatly superior resources in men and material. Some thirty fighting vessels, suitable to the waters upon which they were to act, were required, and also four hundred bateaux for the transport of the troops. These had either to be built upon the spot, despite the lack of all dockyard facilities, or else to be brought bodily from the St. Lawrence, dragged overland, or through the rapids of the Richelieu, until the deep water at St. Johns was reached. In this hardy, strenuous work, Pellew, naturally, was conspicuously active; and in its course he gained a particular professional accomplishment which afterwards stood him in good stead. Several vessels were built upon the shores of the stream; among others, one of three hundred tons, the *Inflexible*, whose heavier timbers had been brought from England and carried overland to St. Johns. The construction of these craft was superintended by a lieutenant of scientific knowledge as a ship architect; and through close association with him Pellew's instinctive appreciation of all things nautical received an intelligent guidance, which gave him a quick insight into the probable behavior of a ship from an examination of her build, and enabled him often to suggest a suitable remedy for dangerous faults.

Thirty days after the keel of the *Inflexible* was laid at St. Johns, the vessel herself not only was launched, but had set sail for the southward. Except the principal pieces of her hull, the timber of which she was built was hewed in the neighboring forest; and indeed, the whole story of the rapid equipment of this squadron recalls vividly the vigorous preparation of Commander Perry, in 1813, for his successful attempt to control Lake Erie. The entire British force, land and naval, now moved to-

ward Crown Point. On the 11th of October the American flotilla was discovered, a short distance above Plattsburg and about twenty miles from the foot of the lake, drawn up between Valcour Island and the western shore. It lay there so snugly that the British, wafted by a northwest wind, had actually passed to the southward without seeing it, and the discovery was purely accidental, — a fact which suggests that Arnold, who must have felt the impossibility of a force so inferior as his own contesting, or even long delaying, the enemy's advance by direct opposition, entertained some purpose of operating in their rear, and thus causing a diversion which at this late season might effectually arrest their progress. It is true that such a stroke would frightfully imperil his little squadron; but, in circumstances of absolute inferiority, audacity, usually the best policy in war, offers the only chance of success. Retreat, however methodical, must end in final destruction. To act towards St. Johns, trusting to dexterity and to local knowledge of the network of islands at the foot of the lake to escape disaster, offered the best chance; and that the situation thus accepted would not be hopeless was proved by the temporary evasion of pursuit by the Americans, even in the open and narrow water of the middle lake.

The British moved to attack as soon as the hostile shipping was discovered. Pellew was second officer of the schooner *Carleton*, of twelve guns, the third vessel of the flotilla in point of force. The wind being contrary, and apparently light, the *Carleton* alone of the sailing vessels got into action; and although she was supported by a number of rowing gunboats, whose artillery was heavy, the match was unequal. Her first officer lost an arm; her captain, Lieutenant Dacres, was so severely wounded that he was about to be thrown overboard as dead; and Pellew, thus left without a superior, fought the vessel through the



engagement. When signal was at last made to withdraw, the Carleton was able to do so only by help of the gunboats, which towed her out of fire. On the other hand, Arnold's flagship, the schooner *Royal Savage*, which had fought in advance of her consorts and under canvas, was so badly crippled that she ran ashore on Valcour Island, and was abandoned in the subsequent retreat.

Pellew's personal activity and strength enabled his gallantry to show to particular advantage in this sanguinary contest. When the Carleton, in her attempt to withdraw, hung in stays under the island, her decks swept by the bullets of the riflemen on shore, it was he who sprang out on the bowsprit to bear the jib over to windward. When the towrope was cut by a shot, it was Pellew again who exposed his person for the safety of the vessel. His two seniors being forced by their wounds to leave the schooner, he succeeded to the command, in which he was afterwards confirmed.

The British flotilla anchored to the southward of Arnold's little force; but that active and enterprising officer succeeded, during the night, in stealing between it and the western shore, and retired upon Crown Point. The chase to windward continued during the next day, but a favorable shift of wind reached the British first, and enabled them to close. Arnold again behaved with the extraordinary bravery and admirable conduct which distinguished him in battle. Sending on the bulk of the squadron, he, with two galleys, took the rear, covering its retreat. Fighting like a lion, he opposed the enemy's advance long enough to secure the escape of six of his vessels; and then, seeing his one consort forced to strike, he ran his own galley ashore and set her on fire. "Arnold," says the naval historian Cooper, "covered himself with glory, and his example seems to have been nobly followed by most of his officers and men.

The manner in which the Congress was fought until she had covered the retreat of the galleys, and the stubborn resolution with which she was defended until destroyed, converted the disasters of this part of the day into a species of triumph." "The Americans," says a contemporary British writer, "chiefly gloried in the dangerous attention paid by Arnold to a nice point of honor, in keeping his flag flying, and not quitting his galley till she was in flames, lest the enemy should have boarded and struck it."

Pellew received like recognition, not, perhaps, from the popular voice, but from his official superiors. Sir Charles Douglas, the senior naval officer at Quebec, Lord Howe at New York, and the First Lord of the Admiralty in England, all sent him personal letters of commendation; and the two latter promised him promotion as soon as he came within their respective jurisdictions.

These two gallant enemies were soon again brought together in an incident which came near to change the career of one of them, and, in so doing, to modify seriously the fortunes of many others. Arnold having one day pulled out on the open lake, in his venturesome manner, Pellew gave chase in another boat. The Americans being hard pressed and capture probable, Arnold unbuckled his stock and himself took an oar. So nearly caught was he that he had to escape into the bushes, leaving behind him stock and buckle; and these, as late as sixty years after, remained in the possession of Pellew's brother. Had he thus been deprived of the opportunity that Saratoga gave him the next year, Arnold's name might now be known to us only as that of the brave officer who kept his country's flag flying till his vessel was in flames.

On the 14th of October Carleton landed at Crown Point, which the Americans had abandoned; but the lateness of the season deterred him from advan-

cing against Ticonderoga, and he soon afterwards returned to Canada. The following year the invasion was resumed, under General Burgoyne. Pellew accompanied him with a body of seamen, taking part in all the operations down to the final surrender. Burgoyne, indeed, afterwards chaffed him with being the cause of the disaster, by rebuilding the bridge which enabled the army to cross from the east bank of the Hudson to the west.

Returning to England in the early part of 1778, Pellew was made lieutenant, and in 1780 we find him again serving under Captain Pownoll, as first lieutenant of the *Apollo* frigate. On the 15th of June, in the same year, the *Apollo* met the French frigate *Stanislas*. A severe action followed, and at the end of an hour Pownoll was shot through the body. As his young friend raised him from the deck, he had barely time to say, "Pellew, I know you won't give his Majesty's ship away," and immediately expired. The engagement lasted an hour longer, when the enemy, which had all the time been standing in for the Belgian coast, took the ground, the most of her spars, already wounded, going overboard with the shock. The *Apollo* had hauled off a few moments before, finding that she had less than five feet of water under her keel.

Though unable again to attack the *Stanislas*, which claimed the protection of the neutral flag, the result was substantially a victory; but to Pellew's grief for the death of a tried friend was added the material loss of a powerful patron. Happily, however, his reputation was known to the head of the Admiralty, who not only promoted him for this action, but also gave him a ship, though a poor one. After a succession of small commands, he was fortunate enough again to distinguish himself, — driving ashore and destroying several French privateers, under circumstances of such danger and difficulty as to win

him his next grade, post captain. This step, which, so far as selection went, fixed his position in the navy, he received on the 25th of May, 1782.

The ten years of peace that shortly followed were passed by many officers in retirement; but Pellew was a seaman to the marrow, and constantly sought employment afloat. For five years, accordingly, he commanded frigates, chiefly on the Newfoundland station; and in them, though now turning thirty, he displayed the superabundant vitality and restless activity that had characterized his early youth. "Whenever there was exertion required aloft," wrote a midshipman who served with him at this period, "to preserve a sail or a mast, the captain was foremost in the work, apparently as a mere matter of amusement, and there was not a man in the ship that could equal him in personal activity. He appeared to play among the elements in the hardest storms. I remember once, in close-reefing the main topsail, the captain had given his orders from the quarter-deck and sent us aloft. On gaining the topsail yard, the most active and daring of our party hesitated to go upon it, as the sail was flapping violently, making it a service of great danger; but a voice was heard from the extreme end of the yard, calling upon us to exert ourselves to save the sail, which would otherwise beat to pieces. A man said, 'Why, that's the captain! How the —— did he get there?' He had followed us up, and, clambering over the backs of the sailors, had reached the topmast head, above the yard, and thence descended by the lift," — a feat unfortunately not easy to be explained to landsmen, but which will be allowed by seamen to demand great hardihood and address.

All this was the simple overflow of an animal energy not to be repressed, the exulting prowess of a giant delighting to run his course. It found expression also in joyous practical jests, like those



of a big boy, which at times had ludicrous consequences. On one occasion of state ceremony, the king's birthday, Pellew had dressed in full uniform to attend a dinner on shore. The weather was hot, and the crew had been permitted an hour's swimming around the ship. While his boat was being manned, the captain stood by the frigate's rail watching the bathers, and near by him was one of the ship's boys. "I too shall have a good swim soon," called the latter to a comrade in the water. "The sooner, the better," said Pellew, coming behind him and tipping him overboard. No sooner had the lad risen to the surface from his plunge than it was plain that he could not swim; so in after him went the practical joker, with all his togger. "If ever the captain was frightened," writes the officer just quoted, "it was then."

But along with all this physical exuberance and needless assumption of many of the duties of a foremast hand, Pellew possessed to a very remarkable extent that delicate art of seamanship which consists in so handling a ship as to make her do just what you want, and to put her just where she should be; making her, to use a common sea expression, do everything but talk. This is a faculty probably inborn, like most others that reach any great degree of perfection, and, while a very desirable gift, it is by no means indispensable to the highest order of naval excellence. Nelson did not at all equal Pellew in this respect, as is indicated by an amusing story transmitted by a Colonel Stewart, who served on board the great admiral's flagship during the expedition against Copenhagen: "His lordship was rather too apt to interfere in the working of the ship, and not always with the best judgment or success. The wind, when off Dungeness, was scanty, and the ship was to be put about. Lord Nelson would give the orders, and caused her to miss stays. Upon this he said, rather peevishly, to

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the officer of the watch, 'Well, now see what we have done. Well, sir, what mean you to do now?' The officer saying, with hesitation, 'I don't exactly know, my lord. I fear she won't do,' Lord Nelson turned sharply to the cabin, and replied, 'Well, I am sure if you do not know what to do with her, no more do I, either.' He went in, leaving the officer to work the ship as he liked." Yet Nelson understood perfectly what ships could do, and what they could not; no one could better handle or take care of a fleet, or estimate the possibility of performing a given manœuvre; and long before he was called to high command he was distinguished for a knowledge of naval tactics to which few, if any other, of his time attained. He was a great general officer; and whether he had the knack of himself making a ship go through all her paces without a fault mattered as little as whether he was a crack shot with a gun.

Pellew's powers over a ship (certainly the most beautiful and most graceful of machines; a machine, too, so varied in its movements and so instinct with life that the seaman affectionately transfers to her credit his own virtues in handling her) were so remarkable that it is somewhat singular to find him, in his first frigate action, compelled to discard manœuvring, and to rely for victory upon sheer luck and pluck. When war with the French republic began in 1793, his high reputation immediately insured him command of a frigate, the *Nymphé*. The strength of England as a naval power lay largely in the great reserve of able seamen manning her merchant ships; but, as these were scattered in all quarters of the world, great embarrassment was commonly felt at the outbreak of a war, and especially when it came with the unexpected rapidity of the revolutionary fury. As the object of first importance was to get the fleets of ships of the line to sea, Pellew had to depend chiefly upon his own indefatigable exer-



tions to procure a crew for his vessel. Seamen being hard to find, he had on board a disproportionate number of landmen when the *Nymph*, on the 19th of June, 1793, encountered the French vessel *Cléopâtre*, of force slightly inferior, except in men, but not sufficiently so to deny the victor the claim of an even fight.

A peculiar incident preceding the action has interest, as showing the strong preoccupation of men's minds at the opening of war, before meetings with the enemy have lost novelty. Pellew's younger brother, Israel, a commander in the navy, being otherwise unemployed, had come out with him for the cruise. The *Cléopâtre* having been first seen in the early morning, Edward would not have him called till just as the *Nymph* was closing. As he came on deck, the brother said affectionately, "Israel, you have no business here. We are too many eggs from one nest. I am sorry I brought you from your wife." But the other was unheeding, his eyes fixed upon the stranger. "That's the very frigate," he cried, "that I've been dreaming of all night! I dreamt that we shot away her wheel." And, hastening to the after-gun, he made the French ship's wheel the object of an unremitting fire.

By the way the enemy was handled it was evident that she was well manned and ably commanded. She had, in fact, been in commission for over a year. Great as was his own skill, Pellew could not venture upon manœuvres with a green crew, untrained save at the guns, and only filled the night before by pressing from a merchant vessel. He therefore determined upon a simple artillery duel. The Frenchman waited under short canvas, while the *Nymph*, with greater way, drew slowly up on his starboard, or right-hand side; both ships running nearly before the wind, but having it a little on the left side. Each captain stood uncovered, and as the bows of the *Nymph* doubled upon the stern of the

*Cléopâtre*, within three hundred feet, a French sailor was seen to run aloft and fasten a red cap of liberty to the mainmast head. The eyes of the British seamen were fastened upon their commander, awaiting the gesture which he had set, instead of word of mouth, for opening fire. At 6.15 he gave it, raising his cap to his head. A furious cannonade at once began, and, the *Nymph* shortening sail as soon as fairly abreast her antagonist, the two frigates continued on parallel lines, maintaining their relative positions as though at anchor, and rolling easily in the soft summer sea under the recoil of their guns. So nearly matched were the gunners that the conflict, unusually deadly though it was, might have lasted long, but at a little before seven Israel Pellew's dream was fulfilled. The Frenchman's wheel was shot away, and, the mizzenmast going overboard at the same time, the *Cléopâtre* yielded to the impulse of her forward sails, turned sharp round to the right, and ran perpendicularly into the *Nymph*. The British boarded her, fixed in this disadvantageous position, fought their way aft, and, although the French crew was numerically superior, in ten minutes hauled down the colors. In this brief hour they had lost 23 killed and 27 wounded, the enemy 63 killed and wounded, out of ships' companies numbering respectively 240 and 320.

This was the first decisive frigate action of the revolutionary war, and in consequence great was the enthusiasm aroused. Lord Howe wrote to Pellew, "The manner in which you have taken the enemy's ship will set an example for the war." In truth, however, while admitting the soundness of Pellew's judgment, the demand upon his personal skill was less, and the credit due therefore less, than in the second successful frigate action, in the following October, in which Sir James Saumarez commanded. Not only was the French vessel's superiority in force more marked, but

Saumarez's ship there met with an accident similar to that which befell the *Cléopâtre*, from the consequences of which she was extricated by his masterly seamanship. Both captains, however, deserved the reward of knighthood bestowed upon their success. Israel Pellew was promoted to post captain.

During the first three years of this war, British commerce in the neighborhood of the Channel suffered most severely from French cruisers. The latter resumed the methods of Jean Bart and other celebrated privateers of the days of Louis XIV.; the essence of which was to prey upon the enemy's commerce, not by single vessels, but by small squadrons of from five to seven ships. Cruisers so combined, acting in mutual support, were far more efficient than the same number acting independently. Spreading like a fan, they commanded a wider expanse than the single vessel; if danger arose, they concentrated for mutual support; did opportunity offer, the work was cut out and distributed, thus insuring by co-operation more thorough results. At the suggestion of Sir Edward Pellew, the British Admiralty determined to oppose to these organized depredators a similar system. Squadrons of crack frigates were formed, and sent to cruise within the limits of the Channel fleet, but independent of its admiral. In these squadrons Pellew served for the next five years; to him a period of incessant, untiring activity, and illustrated by many brilliant and exciting incidents, for which the limits of this sketch afford no space.

There are, however, two episodes in which he was so distinctly the central figure that they demand at least a brief narration. In January, 1796, while his ship was repairing, a large East India-man, carrying some six hundred troops and passengers, was, by a series of mishaps, driven ashore on the beach of Plymouth, then an unprotected sound. As she struck, all her masts went overboard, and she lay broadside to the

waves, pounding heavily as they broke over her. Pellew was at this moment driving to a dinner with his wife. Seeing crowds running from various directions towards the same quarter, he asked the reason. Upon learning it, he left his carriage and hurried to the scene. When he arrived, he recognized, by the confusion on board, by the way the ship was laboring, by the poverty of the means that had been contrived for landing the imperiled souls, — only a single hawser having been run to the shore, — that the loss of nearly all on board was imminent. Night, too, was falling, as well as the destruction of the vessel impending. After vainly offering rewards to the hardy boatmen standing by, if they would board the wreck with a message from him, he said, "Then I must go myself." Though then close to forty years of age, his immense personal strength and activity enabled him, though sorely bruised thereby, to be hauled on board through the breakers by the hawser, which alternately slackened and then tightened with a jerk as the doomed ship rolled to and fro in the seas. Once on board, he assumed command, the want of which, through the absence of the proper captain, had until then hampered and well-nigh paralyzed all effectual effort. When his well-known name was spoken, three hearty cheers arose from the troops on board, echoed by the thousands of spectators on shore; and the hope that revived with the presence of a born leader of men showed itself at once in the renewed activity and intelligent direction of effort, both on the decks and on the beach. The degree of the danger can be estimated from the fact that boats from the ships of war in port, his own included, tried in vain to approach, and had to run for safety to the inner harbor. With sword drawn, — for many of the soldiers were drunk and riotous, — Pellew maintained order, guided with a seaman's readiness the preparations for landing, and saw the women, the children,

— one child but three weeks old, — the sick, landed first, then the soldiers, lastly the seamen. When he himself was transferred to the beach by the same means that his skill had contrived for others, but three persons remained on board, officers of the ship, who eased him on shore. The injuries he had received in his perilous passage out, and which confined him to his bed for a week, forbade his being last.

The year that opened with this magnificent act of self-devotion saw Pellew, at its close, bearing a seaman's part in the most serious crisis that befell his country during the wars of the French Revolution. The end of 1796 and the earlier months of 1797 marked the nadir of Great Britain's military fortunes. The successes of Bonaparte's Italian campaign were then culminating; Austria was on the point of making peace with France; England was about to find herself alone, and the discontent of the seamen of the navy, long smouldering, was soon to break out into the famous and threatening mutinies of the Channel fleet and of the Nore. At the same time, France, relieved on her eastern frontiers, felt able to devote seventeen ships of the line and eighteen thousand troops to the invasion of Ireland.

Pellew, with two frigates besides his own, was stationed off the mouth of Brest harbor to watch the enemy's movements, the main British fleet being some fifty miles to seaward. To this emergency he brought not only the intrepidity of a great seaman and the ardor of an anxious patriot, but likewise the intense though narrow Protestant feeling transmitted from a past, then not so remote, when Romanism and enmity to England were almost synonymous. "How would you like," said he to an officer who shared Pitt's liberal tendencies, "to see Roman Catholic chaplains on board our ships?" and to the end of his life he opposed the enfranchisement of persons of that creed.

The French expedition against Ireland sailed from Brest on the 16th of December, 1796. Having sent off successively each of his consorts with information for the fleet, Pellew remained with his own ship alone, the *Indefatigable*, at the moment of the final start. There are two principal channels by which Brest can be left, one leading to the south, the other due west. The French admiral had at first intended to use the former; but, the wind showing signs of an unfavorable shift, he endeavored to change the orders just as night was falling. The weather being hazy, his signals were understood by but few of the forty odd vessels composing the force: eight or ten joined him; the remainder followed the original instructions and went out by the south. Pellew attached himself to the admiral's division, kept along with it just out of gunshot, and by making false signals, burning blue lights and sending up rockets, introduced into the attempts to convey the wishes of the commander in chief such confusion as rendered them utterly futile. Having satisfied himself as to the general direction taken by the enemy, he left them, and made all sail for Falmouth, where he arrived on the 20th.

Space does not allow us to follow the fortunes of the expedition. Suffice it to say that the greater part reached Ireland safely, but, through stress of weather, was unable to land the troops, and went back to France, by detachments, in January, 1797. It is during this process of return that Sir Edward Pellew again appears, in perhaps the most dramatic incident of his stirring career.

On the afternoon of January 13, being then in company with the frigate *Amazon*, and about one hundred and twenty miles west of Brest, a French ship of the line was discovered. The stranger, named the *Droits de l'Homme*, was returning from Ireland, and heading east. The frigates steered courses converging towards hers, seeking to cut her off from

the land. The weather was thick and gloomy, with a strong west wind fast rising to a gale. At half past four, as night was falling, the French ship carried away her fore and main topmasts in a heavy squall; and an hour later, the *Indefatigable*, now under close reefs, passed across her stern, pouring in a broadside from so near that the French flag floated across her poop, where it was seized and torn away by some of the British seamen. The enemy, having on board nearly a thousand soldiers besides her crew, replied with heavy volleys of musketry, and, as the frigate passed ahead, sheered violently towards her, attempting to board, and in her turn grazing the stern of the *Indefatigable*. In another hour the *Amazon* drew up, and then the two frigates took their positions, one on either bow of the *Droits de l'Homme*, whence, by easy movements of the helm, they alternately raked her. The labor of the gunners, however, was most severe, due to the deep rolling of the ships, on board which, also, the seas poured in volumes through the gun-ports. On the main decks the men fought up to their middles in water, the heavy cannon broke away from the breechings, or ropes used to control them, and even the iron bolts tore out from the ships' sides under the severe recoil of the guns. Thus through the long winter night the three ships rushed headlong before the gale towards the French coast, intent on mutual destruction; the constant storm of shot, though flying wild under the violent motions of the vessels, tearing through spars and rigging, and crippling them in much that was essential to their safety.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 14th, long before daybreak, land was sighted right ahead. The *Indefatigable* hauled at once to the southward, the *Amazon* to the northward; the French vessel alone, seemingly unconscious of the danger, kept on, and as she passed *Pellew's* ship fired a broadside which

severely wounded all the masts. The situation of the combatants was well-nigh desperate. They had reached the coast of France at a point where it forms a deep recess, called *Audierne Bay*, from either side of which project capes that must be cleared in order to gain once more the open sea. But one of the three escaped. The *Droits de l'Homme*, unmanageable for want of sail power, tried to anchor, but drove, and struck on a shoal some distance from the beach. Of sixteen hundred souls on board when the battle began, over one hundred had been killed; and of those who survived the fight, three hundred perished in the wreck. The *Amazon*, likewise crippled, though not so badly, went ashore to the northward only ten minutes after she ceased firing. Of her people, but six were drowned. The *Indefatigable*, beating back and forth against the gale before the scene of the disaster, upon which her crew gazed with the solemn feeling that such might soon be their own fate, succeeded at last in clearing the southern cape at eleven o'clock, nearly twenty-four hours after first meeting the foe.

The interest of *Pellew's* career centres mainly in his command of frigates. This independent but yet restricted sphere afforded the fullest scope for a conspicuous display of those splendid qualities — fearlessness, enterprise, sound judgment, instant decision, and superb seamanship — which he so eminently possessed. He was above all the frigate captain. "Nothing like hesitation was ever seen in him. His first order was always his last; and he often declared of himself that he never had a second thought worth sixpence." In 1799, by a new Admiralty rule, he was transferred to a ship of the line, and thenceforth served in that class of vessel until his promotion to admiral.

As a general officer, *Pellew* had no opportunity to show whether he possessed ability of the highest order. For five years he held the command in *India*; and soon after *Collingwood's* death

he was, in 1811, appointed commander in chief in the Mediterranean. On both stations he evinced that faculty for careful organization, systematic preparation, and sagacious distribution of force which carries success up to the point which administrative routine can reach; and it was to this, rather than to any brilliant tactical dispositions, that he afterwards owed his victory at Algiers, in a square stand-up fight against stone walls. All this, however, falls far short of the genius of a great captain. Whether, having forged his weapon, Pellew could also wield it; whether, having carefully sowed, he could also reap, must remain uncertain. The indications are not favorable. His biographer, who seems to have known him well and had access to his papers, did not, from this intercourse, draw any very fruitful conceptions as to tactics or strategy; for he quotes approvingly the following argument addressed by a British officer to Napoleon: "The officer soon convinced him that the tactics which he had made so effectual on land, by concentrating an overwhelming force upon his enemy, were not applicable to naval operations." After the Nile and Trafalgar, there is about this a kind of hopelessness, upon which it is needless to enlarge.

Pellew's Mediterranean command coincided in time with the period of Napoleon's falling fortunes. After Trafalgar, the Emperor decided to increase his navy largely, but to keep it in port instead of at sea, forcing Great Britain also to maintain huge fleets, the expense of which, concurring with the commercial embarrassments that he sought to bring upon her, might exhaust her power to continue the war. In consequence of this policy, British military achievement on the grand scale was confined to the army in the Spanish peninsula; and in the bestowal of rewards, after Napoleon's first abdication, but one peerage was given to the navy. The great claims of Sir James Saumarez were disregarded

on the ground that his flag was not flying at the moment, and Pellew was created Baron Exmouth.

During the process of settlement which succeeded the final fall of Napoleon at Waterloo, Lord Exmouth remained in the Mediterranean. In the early part of 1816, he was ordered to visit with his fleet the Barbary ports, and to compel the unconditional release of all slaves who were natives of the Ionian Islands; they having become subjects of Great Britain by the terms of the peace. For many years, while the powers of Europe were engrossed in the tremendous strife of the French Revolution, these piratical states, under pretense of regular hostilities, had preyed upon the coasts as well as upon the commerce of the weak Mediterranean countries, and captives taken by them were kept in bitter slavery. The United States alone, although then among the least of naval powers, had taken arms to repress outrages that were the common reproach of all civilized states, — a measure whose success went far to establish the character of her navy and prepare it for 1812. Lord Exmouth was also directed to demand peace for Sardinia, as well as for any other state that should authorize him to act for it. Only Naples availed itself of this opportunity.

As far as his instructions went, his mission was successful; but, by a happy accident, he was able, at Tunis and Tripoli, to extort from the rulers a promise that thereafter captives should be treated as in civilized countries; in other words, that they should no longer be reduced to slavery. Algiers refused this concession; and the admiral could not take steps to enforce it, because beyond his commission. The Dey, however, undertook to consult the Porte; and the fleet, with a few exceptions, returned to England, where it arrived towards the end of June.

Meanwhile English public feeling had become aroused; for men were saying



that the outrages of the past had been rather welcome to the commercial selfishness of the country. The well-protected traders of Great Britain, shielded by her omnipotent navy, had profited by crimes which drove their weaker rivals from the sea. Just then news came that at the port of Bona, on the Algiers coast, where there was, under the British flag, an establishment for carrying on the coral fishery, a great number of the fishermen, mostly Italians, had been wantonly slaughtered by a band of Turkish troops. To insist, arms in hand, upon reparation for such an outrage, and upon guarantees for the future, would doubtless be condemned by some of our recent lights; but such was not then the temper of Great Britain. The government determined at once to send a fleet to the spot, and Lord Exmouth was chosen for the command, with such a force as he himself should designate. The gist of his instructions was to demand the release, without ransom, of *all* Christian slaves, and a solemn declaration from the Dey that, in future wars, prisoners should receive the usage accorded them by European states. Great Britain thus made herself, as befitted the obligation imposed by her supreme maritime power, the avenger of all those oppressed by these scourges of the sea. The times of the barbarians were fulfilled.

During a long career of successful piracy, the port of Algiers had accumulated an extensive and powerful system of defenses. These had doubtless suffered in condition from the nonchalant fatalism of Turkish rule, encouraged by a long period of impunity; but they constituted still, and under all the shortcomings of the defenders, a most imposing menace to an attacking fleet. To convey a precise impression of them by detailed verbal description would be difficult, and the attempt probably confusing. It may be said, in brief, that the town faces easterly, rising abruptly up a steep hill; that from its front there

then projected a pier, nearly a thousand feet long, at whose end was a circular fort, carrying seventy guns in three tiers; from that point a mole extended at right angles to the southward, — parallel, that is, to the town front. This mole was something over a thousand feet in length, and carried throughout two tiers of guns, linked at their northern extremity to the circular fort at the pier end. These principal works were flanked and covered, at either end and on the hillside, by others, which it is unnecessary to particularize. The total number of guns in position numbered five hundred, of very respectable size for that day. The basin formed by the pier and the mole constituted the port proper, and in it, at the time of the attack, was collected the entire Algerine navy, nine frigates and corvettes and thirty-seven gunboats, the paltry force that had so long terrorized the Mediterranean.

To the surprise of the Admiralty, Lord Exmouth asked for but five ships of the line, five frigates, and five smaller vessels, to which were added four mortar boats to play upon the town and arsenal. To all expressions of doubt he replied, "I am satisfied, and take the responsibility entirely upon myself." He trusted to the extreme care of his preparations, which neglected no particular of equipment or organization, elaborating every detail of training and discipline, and providing, by the most diligent foresight and minute instruction, that each officer concerned should know exactly what was expected of him. In short, it was to perfection of quality, and not to an unwieldy bulk of superfluous quantity, that Exmouth confided his fortunes in this last hazard.

The fleet sailed from England on the 28th of July, 1816, was joined at Gibraltar by a Dutch squadron of five frigates, whose commander asked to share the coming contest, and on the 26th of August was off the north point of Algiers Bay, some twenty miles from the town. At daybreak the next morning, the weather

being almost calm, a flag of truce was sent in, bearing the British demands. During its absence a breeze from the sea sprang up, and the fleet stood in to a mile from the works, where it stopped to await the reply. At two P. M. the boat was seen returning, with the signal that no answer had been given. The flag-ship queried, "Are you ready?" Each ship at once replied, "Yes;" and all filling away together stood down to the attack, the admiral leading.

The Algerine batteries were fully manned; the mole, moreover, was crowded with troops. With singular temerity, they fired no gun as the ships came on; fearing, seemingly, that, if thus received, the prey might turn and escape. The British, on their side, observed the utmost silence; not a gun, not a cheer, marred the solemn impression of the approach. The flag-ship, *Queen Charlotte*, piloted by an officer who had served continuously with Exmouth since 1793, anchored by the stern across the mole head, at a distance of fifty yards, her starboard batteries pointing to sweep it from end to end. Still no sound of battle, as she proceeded to lash her bows to those of an Algerine brig lying just within the mole. This done, her crew gave three cheers, as well they might. Then the stolid, unaccountable apathy of the barbarians ceased, and three guns in quick succession were fired from the eastern battery. Stirred by a feeling of compassion, Lord Exmouth, from the flag-ship's poop, seeing the Moorish soldiery clustered thick upon the parapets to watch the ships, waved to them with his hand to get down. At the first hostile gun, he gave the order "Stand by!" at the second, "Fire!" and simultaneously with the third the *Queen Charlotte's* broadside rang out, and the battle began.

The other ships in succession took the posts assigned them, — with slight inaccuracies, it is true, but upon the whole the admiral's plan was substantially real-

ized. The broadsides of the ships of the line were opposed from end to end to the heavy central batteries on the mole and pier; the lighter vessels engaged the flanking works, thus diverting the fire which would have harassed the chief assailants; and the bomb vessels from the rear threw their shells over the fighting ships into the town and arsenal. Soon after the contest opened, the thirty-seven Algerine gunboats, crowded with troops, were seen advancing, under cover of the smoke, to board the flag-ship. The attempt, rash to insanity, met the fate it should have expected; thirty-three were sent to the bottom. An hour later, Lord Exmouth determined to set fire to the enemy's frigates. The service was performed by an officer and boat's crew, with a steadiness which elicited from him such admiration that, on the return of the party, he stopped the firing of the ship's upper battery to give them three cheers. As the hostile vessels burned, one of them drifted so near the *Queen Charlotte* as nearly to involve her in the same fate.

From three to ten P. M. the battle lasted, steady disciplined valor contending with a courage in no way inferior, absolutely insensible to danger, but devoid of that coherent, skillful direction which is to courage what the brain and eye are to the heart. "I never," wrote Exmouth to his brother, "saw any set of men more obstinate at their guns, and it was superior fire only that could keep them back. To be sure, nothing could stand before the *Queen Charlotte's* broadside. Everything fell before it, and the Swedish consul assures me we killed above five hundred at the very first fire, from the crowded way in which the troops were drawn up, four deep above the gunboats, which were also full of men. It was a glorious sight," he continues, "to see the *Charlotte* take her anchorage, and to see her flag towering on high, when she appeared to be in the flames of the mole itself; and never was

a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop. We were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire." He was himself struck thrice, though not seriously injured. A cannon ball carried away the skirts of his coat, and one glass of the spectacles in his pocket was broken, and the frame bulged, by a shot.

At ten P. M., the ammunition of the fleet running short, and its work being substantially accomplished, the ships began to haul off. The sea defenses and a great part of the town were in ruins. "To be again effective," wrote Exmouth, "the defenses must be rebuilt from the foundation." The flanking batteries and the hill forts continued to annoy the vessels as they retired, but the spirit of the Dey was broken. Towards eleven a light air from the land sprang up, which freshened into a violent and prolonged thunderstorm, lasting for three hours; and the flashes of heaven's artillery combined with the glare of the burning town to illuminate the withdrawal of the ships.

The following morning the Dey signified his submission, and on the 30th of August Lord Exmouth made known to the fleet that all the terms of Great Britain had been yielded; that Christian slavery was forever abolished, and that by noon of the following day all slaves then in Algiers would be delivered to his flag. This was accordingly done, the whole number amounting to 1642; which, with those previously released at Tunis and Tripoli, raised to 3003 the human beings whom Lord Exmouth had been the instrument of freeing from a fate worse than death. Of this total, but eighteen were English; the remainder were almost wholly from the Mediterranean countries. On the 3d of September, just one week after the attack, the fleet sailed for England.

Profuse acknowledgment necessarily

awaited the hero of a deed in which gratified martial exultation so happily blended with the sentiment of pity for the oppressed. The admiral was raised to the next rank in the peerage, and honors poured in upon him from every side, — from abroad as well as from his own countrymen.

Here Lord Exmouth's career closes. He lived yet sixteen years in honored retirement, bearing, however, the burden of those whose active occupation is withdrawn at an age too advanced to form new interests. Though in vigorous health and with ample fortune, "he would sometimes confess," says his biographer, "that he was happier amid his early difficulties." Though not a party man, he was strongly conservative, so that the agitations of the Reform era concealed from him the advantages towards which it was tending, and filled him with forebodings for the future of his country.

Like his distinguished contemporary, Admiral Saumarez, and like many others of those lion-hearted, masculine men who had passed their lives amid the storms of the elements and of battle, — and like our own Farragut, — Lord Exmouth was a deeply religious man. Strong as was his self-reliance in war and tempest, he rested upon the Almighty with the dependence of a child upon its father. His noble brother, Sir Israel Pellew, who had followed Nelson into the fire at Trafalgar, departed with the words, "I know in Whom I have believed;" and of the admiral himself, an officer who was often with him during the closing scene said, "I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his deathbed."

Lord Exmouth died on January 23, 1833. He was at the time Vice-Admiral of England, an honorary rank conferred upon distinguished services.

*A. T. Mahan.*

## PASSPORTS, POLICE, AND POST OFFICE IN RUSSIA.

WE imported into Russia, untaxed, undiscovered by the custom-house officials, a goodly stock of misadvice, misinformation, apprehensions, and prejudices, like most foreigners, albeit we were unusually well informed, and confident that we were correctly posted on the grand outlines of Russian life, at least. We were forced to begin very promptly the involuntary process of getting rid of them. Our anxiety began in Berlin. We visited the Russian consul-general there to get our passports *viséd*. He said, "You should have got the signature of the American consul. Do that, and return here."

At that moment, the door leading from his office to his drawing-room opened, and his wife made her appearance on the threshold, with the emphatic query, "When are you coming?"

"Immediately, my dear," he replied. "Just wait a moment, until I get rid of these Americans."

Then he decided to rid himself of us for good. "I will assume the responsibility for you," he said, affixed his signature on the spot, to spare himself a second visit, and, collecting his fees, bowed us out. I suppose he argued that we should have known the ropes and attended to all details accurately, in order to ward off suspicion, had we been suspicious characters. How could he know that the Americans understood Russian, and that this plain act of "getting rid" of us would weigh on our minds all the way to the Russian frontier?

But, at the frontier, the gendarmes evoked a throb of gratitude from our relieved hearts. Not a soul of them seemed to suspect that the American government owned a consul who could write his name on the huge parchments, which contrasted so strongly with the compact little documents from other lands.

"Which are your passports?" inquired the tall gendarmes who guarded the door of the restaurant, as we went to take our seats in the Russian train.

"The biggest," I replied, without mentioning our names, and they handed them over with a grin.

On our arrival in St. Petersburg, we were not even asked for our passports. Curiosity became restless within us. Was there some sinister motive in this neglect, after the harrowing tales we had heard from a woman lecturer, and read in books which had actually got themselves printed, about gendarmes forcing themselves into people's rooms while they were dressing, demanding their passports, and setting a guard at their doors; after which, gendarmes in disguises (which they were clever enough to penetrate) followed them all over the country? Why was it thus with them, and not with us? The *why* ripened gradually. We inquired if the passports were not wanted.

"No; if you intend to remain only a few days, it is not worth while to register them," was the startling reply; and those wretched, unwieldy parchments remained in our possession, even after we had announced that we did not meditate departing for some time. I hesitate to set down the whole truth about the anxiety they cost us for a while. How many innocent officers, in crack regiments (as we discovered when we learned the uniforms), in search of a breakfast or a dinner, did we not take for the police upon our tracks, in search of those concealed documents! Our excitement was ministered to by the Tatar waiters, who, not having knowledge of our nationality, mistook us for English people, and wrecked our nerves by making our tea as strong and black as beer, with a view to large "tea-money"

for this delicate attention to our insular tastes.

If no one wanted those documents, what were *we* to do with them? Wear them as breastplates (folded), or as garments (full size)? No pocket of any sex would tolerate them, and we had been given to understand by veracious (?) travelers that it was as much as our lives were worth to be separated from them for a single moment. At the end of a week we forced the hotel to take charge of them. They were registered, and immediately thrown back on our hands. Then we built lean-tos on our petticoats to hold them, and carried them about until they looked aged and crumpled and almost frayed, like ancestral parchments. We even slept with them under our pillows. At last, we also were nearly worn out, and we tossed those Sindbad passports into a drawer, then into a trunk. There they remained for three months; and when they were demanded, we had to undertake a serious search, so completely had their existence and whereabouts been lost to our lightened spirits. In the mean time we had grasped the elementary fact that they would be required only on a change of domicile. By dint of experience we learned various other facts, which I may as well summarize at once.

The legal price of registration is twenty kopeks (about ten cents), the value of the stamp. But hotel and lodging-house keepers never set it down in one's bill at less than double that amount. It often rises to four or five times the legal charge, according to the elegance of the rooms which one occupies, and also according to the daring of the landlord. In one house in Moscow, they even tried to make us pay again on leaving. We refused, and as we already had possession of the passports, which, they pretended, required a second registry, they could do nothing. This abuse of overcharging for passport registration on the part of landlords

seems to have been general. It became so serious that the Argus-eyed prefect of St. Petersburg, General Gresser (now deceased), issued an order that no more than the law allowed should be exacted from lodgers. I presume, however, that all persons who could not read Russian, or who did not chance to notice this regulation, continued to contribute to the pockets of landlords, since human nature is very much alike everywhere, in certain professions. I had no occasion to test the point personally, as the law was issued just previous to my departure from the country.

The passport law seems to be interpreted by each man for himself in other respects, also. In some places, we found that we could stay overnight quite informally; at others, our passports were required. Once we spent an entire month incognito. At Kazan, our balcony commanded a full view of the police department of registry, directly opposite. The landlord sniffed disdainfully at the mention of our passports, and I am sure that we should not have been asked for them at all, had not one of the officials, who chanced to be less wilted by the intense heat than his fellows, — they had been gazing lazily at us, singly and in battalions, in the intervals of their rigorous idleness, for the last four and twenty hours, — suddenly taken a languid interest in us about one hour before our departure. The landlord said he was "simply ridiculous." On another occasion, a waiter in a hotel recognized the Russians who were with us as neighbors of his former master in the days of serfdom. He suggested that he would arrange not to have our passports called for at all, since they might be kept overtime, and our departure would thus be delayed, and we be incommoded. Only one of our friends had even taken the trouble to bring a "document;" but the whole party spent three days under the protection of this *ex-serf*. Of course, we be-

spoke his attendance for ourselves, and remembered that little circumstance in his "tea-money." This practice of detaining passports arbitrarily, from which the ex-serf was protecting us, prevails in some localities, judging from the uproar about it in the Russian newspapers. It is contrary to the law, and can be resisted by travelers who have time, courage, and determination. It appears to be a device of the landlords at watering places and summer resorts generally, who desire to detain guests. I doubt whether the police have anything to do with it. What we paid the ex-serf for was, practically, protection against his employer.

Our one experience of this device was coupled with a good deal of amusement, and initiated us into some of the laws of the Russian post office as well. To begin my story intelligibly, I must premise that no Russian could ever pronounce or spell our name correctly, unaided. A worse name to put on a Russian official document, with its *H* and its double *o*, never was invented! There is no letter *h* in the Russian alphabet, and it is customary to supply the deficiency with the letter *g*, leaving the utterer to his fate as to which of the two legitimate sounds — the foreign or the native — he is to produce. It affords a test of cultivation parallel to that involved in giving a man a knife and fork with a piece of pie, and observing which he uses. That is the American shibboleth. Lomonosoff, the famous founder of Russian literary language in the last century, wrote a long rhymed strophe, containing a mass of words in which the *g* occurs legitimately and illegitimately, and wound up by wailing out the query, "Who can emerge from the crucial test of pronouncing all these correctly, unimpeached?" That is the Russian shibboleth.

As a result of this peculiarity, our passports came back from each trip to the police office indorsed with a brand-

new version of our name. We figured under Geggud, Gapgod, Gabgot, and a number of other disguises, all because they persisted in spelling by the eye, and would not accept my perfect phonetic version. The same process applied to the English name Wylie has resulted in the manufacture of Villié. And the pleasant jest of it all was that we never troubled ourselves to sort our passports, because, although there existed not the slightest family resemblance even between my mother and myself, we looked exactly alike in those veracious mirrors. This explained to our dull comprehension how the stories of people using stolen passports could be true. However, the Russians were not to blame for this particular absurdity. It was the fault of the officials in America.

On the occasion to which I refer, we had gone out of St. Petersburg, and had left a written order for the post-office authorities to forward our mail to our new address. The bank officials, who should certainly have known better, had said that this would be sufficient, and had even prepared the form, on their stamped paper, for our signature. Ten days elapsed; no letters came. Then the form was returned, with orders to get our signatures certified to by the chief of police or the police captain of our district! When we recovered from our momentary vexation, we perceived that this was an excellent safeguard. I set out for the house of the chief of police.

His orderly said he was not at home, but would be there at eleven o'clock. I took a little look into the church, — my infallible receipt for employing spare moments profitably, which has taught me many things. At eleven o'clock the chief was still "not at home." I decided that this was in an "official" sense only, when I caught sight of a woman surveying me cautiously through the crack of the opposite door to the antechamber. I immediately jumped to the conclusion that a woman calling



upon a chief of police was regarded as a suspicious character ; and rightly, after various shooting incidents in St. Petersburg. My suspicions were confirmed by my memory of the fact that I had been told that the prefect of St. Petersburg was "not at home" in business hours, though his gray lambskin cap — the only one in town — was lying before me at the time. But I also recollected that when I had made use of that cap as a desk, on which to write my request, to the horror of the orderly, and had gone home, the prefect had sent a gendarme to do what I wanted. Accordingly, I told this orderly my business in a loud, clear voice. The crack of the door widened as I proceeded, and at my last word I was invited into the chief's study by the orderly, who had been signaled to.

The chief turned out to be a polished and amiable baron, with a German name, who was eager to render any service, but who had never come into collision with that post-office regulation before. I remarked that I regretted not being able to certify to ourselves with our passports, as they had not been returned to us. He declared that the passports were quite unnecessary as a means of identification ; my word was sufficient. But he flew into a rage over the detention of the passports. That something decidedly vigorous took place over those papers, and that the landlord of our hotel was to blame, it was easy enough to gather from the meek air and the apologies with which they were handed to us, a couple of hours later. The chief dispatched his orderly on the spot with my post-office petition. During the man's absence, the chief brought in and introduced to me his wife, his children, and his dogs, and showed me over his house and garden. We were on very good terms by the time the orderly returned with the signature of the prefect (who had never seen us) certifying to our signatures, on faith. The

baron sealed the petition for me with his biggest coat of arms, and posted it, and the letters came promptly and regularly. Thereafter, for the space of our four months' stay in the place, the baron and I saluted when we met. We even exchanged "shakehands," as foreigners call the operation, and the compliments of the day, in church, when the baron escorted royalty. I think he was a Lutheran, and went to that church when etiquette did not require his presence at the Russian services, where I was always to be found.

As, during those four months, I obtained several very special privileges which required the prefect's signature, — as foreigners were by no means common residents there, — and as I had become so well known by sight to most of the police force of the town that they saluted me when I passed, and their dogs wagged their tails at me and begged for a caress, I imagined that I was properly introduced to the authorities, and that they could lay hands upon me at any moment when the necessity for so doing should become apparent. Nevertheless, one friend, having applied to the police for my address, spent two whole days in finding me, at haphazard. After a residence of three months, other friends appealed in vain to the police ; then obtained from the prefect, who had certified to us, the information that no such persons lived in the town, the only foreigners there being two sisters named Genrut ! With this lucid clue, our friends cleverly found us. Those who understand Russian script will be able to unravel the process by which we were thus disguised and lost. Still, in spite of this experience, I always regarded my passport as an important means of protection. In case of accident, one could be traced by it. A traveler's passport once registered at the police office, the landlord or lodging-house keeper is responsible for the life of his guest. If the landlord have any bandit propensities, this

serves as a check upon them, since he is bound to produce the person, or to say what has become of him. In the same way, when one is traveling by imperial post carriage, the postilion must deliver his passenger safe and sound at the next post station, or be promptly arrested. The passport serves here as a sort of waybill for the human freight. When a foreigner's passport is registered for the first time, he receives permission to remain six months in the country. At the expiration of that period, on formal application, a fresh permit is issued, which must be paid for, and which covers one year. This takes the form of a special document, attached to the foreign passport with cord and sealing-wax; and attached to it, in turn, is a penalty for cutting the cord or tampering with the official seal. These acts must be done by the proper officials. I thought it might be interesting to attend to securing this special permit myself, instead of sending the *dvórnik* (the yard porter), whose duties comprise as many odds and ends as those of the prime minister of an empire.

At the office I was questioned concerning my religion and my occupation, which had not been inquired into previously. The question about religion was a mere formality, as they care nothing for one's creed. I stated, in reply to the last question, that I was merely "a traveler."

"Don't say that; it's too expensive," returned the official, in a friendly way.

"To whom? How?" I asked.

"To you, of course. A traveler, as a person of leisure, pays a huge tax."

"Call me a literary person, then, if you like."

"That's not an occupation!" (Observe the delicate, unconscious sarcasm of this rejoinder! As a matter of fact, the Russian idea of literary men is that they all hold some government or other appointment, on the committee of censorship, for example, — some ratable position. Upon this they can depend for

a livelihood, aside from the product of their brains; which is practical, and affords a firm foundation upon which to execute caprices.)

He suggested various things which I was not, and I declined to accept his suggestions. We got it settled at last, though he shook his head over my extravagant obstinacy in paying two dollars, when I might have got off with half the sum and a lie. He imparted a good deal of amusing information as to the manner in which people deliberately evade the passport tax with false statements; for example, governesses, who would scorn to be treated as nurses, get themselves described as *bonnes* to save money. I have no doubt that the authorities amiably assist them by friendly suggestions, as in my own case; only I decline to sail under false colors, by the authority of my own government or any other; so his amiability was wasted so far as I was concerned.

It would seem to the ordinary reader that the police would be able to lay hands on a man, when he was wanted, with tolerable promptness and accuracy, after all the details which the law requires in these "address tickets," as the local passports are called, had been duly furnished. But I remember one case, among several, which impressed me as instructive and amusing. The newspapers told the tale, which ran somewhat as follows: A wealthy woman of position, residing in one of the best quarters of St. Petersburg, hired a prepossessing young lackey as one of her large staff of domestics. Shortly after his advent many articles of value began to disappear. Finally, suspicion having turned on this lackey, he also disappeared, and the police undertook to find him. It then became apparent that the fellow had used a false passport and address, and was not to be found where he was inscribed. He caused an exciting chase. This ended in the discovery of a regular robbers' nest, where a large number of false pass-

ports were captured, the prepossessing lackey and his friends having abandoned them in their attempt to escape. The papers were also constantly remarking on the use made by peasant men of their passports. The wife is inscribed on the husband's "document," separate passports for wives being, as a rule, difficult of attainment in the lower classes. The peasants are thus able, and often willing, to control their wives' places of residence and movements, and preserve entire liberty of action for themselves, since their consent is required for the separate passport, or for the wives' movements on the common passport. In such cases the passport does become an instrument of oppression, from either the Occidental or the Oriental point of view.

As for the stories told by travelers of officious meddling by the police on their arrival in Russia, and of their footsteps being dogged, I have recently been favored with some light on that subject. I believe the tales, with reservations, since some perfectly innocent and truthful friends of mine related to me their own similar experience. A man, who seemed to their inexperienced eyes to be a police officer, told them that the authorities thought three weeks, one in Petersburg and two elsewhere, would be amply sufficient for their travels in Russia. They had a high-priced French courier, who pretended to know a little Russian. Perhaps he did know enough for his own purposes. He told them that they were watched constantly, and translated for the officer. But he did not tell them that they already had permission to remain in the country for the customary six months. I made them get out their passports, and showed them the official stamp and signature to that effect. This clever courier afterward stole from them, in Warsaw, a quantity of diamonds which he had helped them purchase in Moscow, and of whose existence and whereabouts in their trunks no one but himself was aware. This helped me to an expla-

nation. It is invariably the couriers or guides, I find, who tell travelers these alarming tales, and neglect to inform them of their rights. It certainly looks very much as though some confederate of theirs impersonates a police official, and as though they misinterpret. The stories of spies forever in attendance seem to be manufactured for the purpose of extorting handsome gratuities from their victims for their "protection," and for the purpose of frightening the latter out of the country before their own ignorance is discovered. As I never employed the guides, I never had any trouble with the police, either genuine or manufactured. I visited the police stations whenever I could make an excuse; and when I wished to know when and where the Emperor was to be seen, I asked a policeman or a gendarme. He always told me the exact truth unhesitatingly, and pointed out the best position. It was refreshing after the German police, who put one through the Inquisition as to one's self and one's ancestors as soon as one arrives, and who prove themselves lineal descendants of Ananias or Baron Munchausen when a traveler asks for information.

When we wished to leave the country, I again usurped the *dvórnik's* duties, and paid another visit to the passport office, to inspect its workings. Our Russian passports were clipped out, and little books were given us, which constituted our permission to leave Russia at any time within the next three months, by any route we pleased, without further ceremony. These booklets contained information relating to the tax imposed on Russians for absenting themselves from their country for various periods, the custom-house regulations which forbid the entry, duty free, of more than one fur cloak, cap, and muff to each person, etc., since these books form return passports for Russians, though we surrendered ours at the frontier. As the hotel clerk or porter attends to all pass-

port details, few foreigners see the inside of the office, or hear the catechisms which are conducted there, as I did. It is vulgar, it smacks of commercial life, to go one's self. Apathy and lack of interest can always be relied upon to brand one as aristocratic. In this case, however, as in many others, I considered myself repaid for following Poor Richard's advice: "If you want a thing done, do it yourself; if not, send!"

To sum up the passport question: If his passport is in order, the traveler need never entertain the slightest apprehension for a single moment, despite sensational tales to the contrary, and it will serve as a safeguard. If, for any good reason, his passport cannot be put in order, the traveler will do well to keep out of Russia, or any other country which requires such documents. In truth, although we do not require them in this country, America would be better off if all people who cannot pass a passport scrutiny, and a German, not a Russian, passport examination, were excluded from it.

I have mentioned the post office in connection with our passports. Subsequently I had several entertaining interviews with the police and others on that point. On Sunday afternoon, in Moscow, we went to the police station of our quarter to get our change-of-address petition to the post-office authorities signed. There was nothing of interest about the shabby building or the rooms, on this occasion. The single officer on duty informed us that he was empowered to attend only to cases of drunkenness, breaches of the peace, and the like. We must return on Monday, he declared.

"No," said I. "Why make us waste all that time in beautiful Moscow? Here are our passports to identify us. Will you please to tell the captain, as soon as he arrives to-morrow morning, that we are genuine, and request him to sign this petition and post it?"

The officer courteously declined to look

at the passports, said that my word was sufficient, and accepted my commission. Then, rising, drawing himself up, with the heels of his high wrinkled boots in regulation contact, and the scarlet pipings of his baggy green trousers and tight coat bristling with martial etiquette, he made me a profound bow, hand on heart, and said, "Madam, accept the thanks of Russia for the high honor you have done her in learning her difficult language!"

I accepted Russia's thanks with due pomp, and hastened into the street. That small, low-roofed station house seemed to be getting too contracted to contain all of us and etiquette.

Again, upon another occasion, also in Moscow, it struck us that it would be a happy idea and a clever economy of time to get ourselves certified to before our departure, instead of after our arrival in St. Petersburg. Accordingly, we betook ourselves, in a violent snow-storm, to the police station inside the walls of the old city, as we had changed our hotel, and that was now our quarter.

A vision of cells; of unconfined prisoners tranquilly executing hasty repairs on their clothing, with twine or something similar, in the anteroom; of a complete police hierarchy, running through all the gradations of pattern in gold and silver embroidery to the plain uniform of the roundsman, gladdened our sight while we waited. A gorgeous silver-laced official finally certified our identity, as usual without other proof than our statement, and, clapping a five-kopek stamp on our paper, bowed us out. I had never seen a stamp on such a document before, and had never been asked to pay anything; but I restrained my natural eagerness to reimburse the government and ask questions, with the idea that it might have been a purely mechanical action on the part of the officer, and in the hope of developments. They came. A couple of hours later, a messenger entered our room at the hotel, without

knocking, in Russian lower-class style, and demanded thirty kopeks for the signature. I offered to pay for the stamp on the spot, and to supply the remaining twenty-five kopeks when furnished with an adequate reason therefor.

"Is the captain's signature worth so much?" I asked.

"That is very little," was the answer.

"So it is. Is the captain's signature worth so little? Tell me why."

He could not, or would not.

I made him wait while I wrote a petition to the police. The burden of it was: "Why? I was born an American and curious; not too curious, but just curious enough to be interested in the ethnographical and psychological problems of foreign lands. Why the twenty-five kopeks? It is plainly too little or too much. Why?"

The messenger accepted the five kopeks for the stamp, and set out to deliver the document. But he returned after a moment, and said that he would entrust the five kopeks to my safe-keeping until he brought the answer to my document, — which he had had just sufficient time to read, by the way. That was the last I ever heard of him or of it, and I was forced to conclude that some thirsty soul had been in quest of "tea-money" for *vódka*. I am still in debt to the Russian government for five kopeks.

The last time I arrived in Petersburg, I tried a new plan. Instead of making a trip of a couple of miles to get the signature of our police captain, or sending the petition at the languid convenience of the overworked *dyórník*, I went to the general post office, which was close by, and made a personal request that my mail matter be delivered at my new address. The proper official, whom I found after a search through most of the building, during which I observed their methods, declared that my request was illegal, and ordered me to go for the customary signature. But by this time

I had learned that the mere threat to make Russian officials inspect my passport was productive of much the same effect as drawing a pistol on them would have had. It was not in the least necessary to have the document with me; going through the motions was easier, and quite as good. Every man of them flushed up and repelled the suggestion as a sort of personal insult; but they invariably came to terms on the spot. Accordingly, I tried it here.

This particular man, when I pretended to draw my "open sesame" spell from my pocket, instantly dropped his official air, asked me to write my name, with quite a human, friendly manner, and then remarked, with a very every-day laugh, "That is sufficient. I have seen so much of it on your previous petitions that I can swear to it myself much better than the police captain could."

The most prominent instance of minute thoughtfulness and care on the part of the post-office officials which came under my notice occurred in the depths of the country. I sent a letter with a ten-kopek stamp on it to the post town, twelve versts distant. Foreign postage had been raised from seven to ten kopeks, and stamps, in a new design, of the latter denomination (hitherto non-existent) had been in use for about four months. The country postmaster, who had seen nothing but the old issues, carefully removed my stamp and sent it back to me, replacing it with a seven-kopek stamp and a three-kopek stamp. I felt, for a moment, as though I had been both highly complimented and gently rebuked for my remarkable skill in counterfeiting!

As a parallel case, I may add that there were plenty of intelligent people in New York city and elsewhere who were not aware that the United States still issued three-cent stamps, or who could tell the color of them, until the Columbian set appeared to attract their attention.

*Isabel F. Hapgood.*

## A GENERAL ELECTION: RIGHT AND WRONG IN POLITICS.

THE stir of a general election broke in upon the usual quiet of the old manor house. The squire's eldest son was a candidate for one of the divisions of the county. The rooms in the old tower were turned into offices, in and out of which flowed daily streams of election business. There were committee-men, canvassers, and wire-pullers to talk and be talked to; addresses; notices of meetings; leaflets, serious and comic; new songs set to old popular tunes; photographs of the handsome young candidate, with his address on the back, to be sent to every elector; and then, as the great day drew on, the thousands of cards to be sent by post, one to every voter, with his name and number and polling-place, and a fac-simile of the ballot paper, with an explanation how it should be used. The candidate's wife, zealous alike for her husband and for the cause he represented, helped as only a woman can help in such work, rousing a new enthusiasm as often as the crowd met the carriage in which she sat by her husband's side, or as she came into the meeting with him, while hundreds of voices joined in the *March of the Men of Harlech* or *Wait for the Polling-Day*. The candidate himself, while ably supported by the leading men of his party, understood his own work well, from his experience in county business, in which he had for some years taken an active part. The squire wrote leaflets and songs, and took the chair at such of the meetings as were within his reach; and I thought myself fortunate in this my first opportunity of seeing both the serious and the humorous side of a general election. The humor was for the most part, but not always, good humor. The "civil dudgeon" sometimes "grew high, and men fell out, they knew not why;" or at least when they would have found

it hard to explain why. At one of the meetings to which I went with my friends, a sound like that of carpet-beating, at the further end of the hall, made us on the platform wonder whether the wielders of the sticks were not Irishmen, instead of the young farmers they seemed to be. At another meeting, the candidate's brother stood for an hour apparently speaking, but with no sound from his mouth being audible. On still another evening, there were ominous signs that our opponents had packed the meeting, and might be expected to storm the platform, when a sturdy farmer arrived with what Mrs. Quickly would have called "a rescue or two," and which, with strategical skill, he formed into a wedge, with a chimney-sweep with brush and bag at its point. No one dared face the infinite possibilities of that brush, and the foe was scattered. But our side was generally the popular one; and on one occasion I was amused at seeing our assailants driven to take refuge behind the candidate's wife, as she sat fearless on the platform, while they tried to assure her it was for her own safety that they begged her to escape with them through a window six feet from the ground. But for the most part these meetings, of which we had sometimes three in one evening, and often in the open air, as the time was summer, were not only quiet, but enthusiastic, while consisting chiefly of our own party. And I was much struck with the seriousness of the people, enthusiastic as they were; men, and women too, were so evidently desiring to understand the arguments of the speakers, and to learn from what they heard.

The writ had come down to the sheriff, the nomination had been made, and the eve of the polling-day had arrived.

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile fatum."



At night I went with the squire and his youngest son and daughter to a last meeting, while our candidate and his wife went to another. The enthusiasm was great, yet I saw something serious as well as earnest in the faces before me. We knew that other meetings were being held that night, and that another host was mustering for the morrow, arrayed against us, with hopes no less high than our own. A solemn feeling of suspense, and even of awe, fell upon me, and I doubt not on those with me; and though the battle was to be fought with ballot papers in orderly polling-places, I could not but think that as great issues might be at stake as were at Agincourt, and that there was no unfitness in recalling as I did the words of Shakespeare:—

"From camp to camp through the foul womb  
of night

The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch:  
Fire answers fire, and through their paly  
flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful  
neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the  
tents

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation."

Then followed that long day of eager hopes and fears and guesses at what must remain unknown till the morrow, while the rival candidates and their wives spent the day in visiting every polling-place in succession. They once or twice met and crossed each other, with the courtesy which seldom fails English gentlemen under such circumstances.

I am not old enough to recall, but the squire has described to me, the days when the freeholders journeyed from every end of the county to their county town, there to choose two knights of the shire by acclamation at the hustings, or, if need were, by voting, presided over by the sheriff, who kept the poll open

day after day, and even week after week, as long as there was a single voter to come in. The several forms, ending with that of the two chosen knights, girded with swords, riding in procession at the head of their supporters, were probably little changed from the days of Hampton, or perhaps even of Simon de Montfort; and though the counties had been divided, and other polling-places added to that of the county town, the main proceedings were still the same, as the squire has told me, before the passing of the Ballot Act. On the hustings, a great wooden structure erected in the open air, the high sheriff presided over a crowd of the freeholders and the larger tenants of the county. The Queen's writ was read; the names of the rival candidates were proposed one after another, with the shouts of their several supporters. As nothing turned on the decision of the sheriff, he might be pardoned if he looked to the side of his own party and declared that their ayes had it. His decision was challenged, and the day for the polling appointed. My friend gave me an account of his doings, both as county magistrate and as party committee-man, in his own village, during one such polling-day. There was a polling-place in the village, and his story was this:—

A few days before, there had been something of an election riot in a large town some ten miles off, and a timid householder in the village, having taken it into his head that the rioters would now march upon his village, made oath to that effect, and demanded the appointment of special constables. The justices could not refuse the demand, and the squire had to swear in the constables, and to provide them with staves, for which the county had afterwards to pay a bill of twenty pounds. A strong body of rural police was also marched in. Their superintendent told my friend—the only magistrate there—that, in the event of a riot, the special constables

would be of no use if they were at the time dispersed among the crowd, and that they must be kept together in a body, in case they should be wanted to act. So my friend locked them all up in the parish schoolroom; they meekly submitting to an order which probably the magistrate had no legal power to enforce. He sent them in some old newspapers, and all the bread and cold meat which the committee of the rival candidates had left unconsumed in the several public houses; and so they were left, losing their votes and their share in the general fun, till the polling-day was over. The polling began in a wooden shed set up on a bit of open ground in the middle of the village, with a shelter for the officers and their books, — a shelter luckily not wanted, as the day proved to be one of bright autumn weather. The church clock struck eight, and the squire, who was a keen party politician no less than an active magistrate, was the first to give his vote. The incredible muddle-headedness of voters, which is now hid from all but the presiding officer and the personation agent, who sit in secret conclave in the polling-room, could then be witnessed and laughed at in open day. There, for instance, was a freeholder who had never heard of the House of Commons, but whose father had turned a bit of roadside waste into a freehold by building a house upon it, and living there without disturbance from the parish overseers. He had been brought up by the zealous agent of one party, but was now clutched at by him of the other side. When asked for whom he voted, he could only look scared and say that he was a stoutish gentleman with a bald head, but he did not rightly remember his name. And then when the polling-clerk, who had at first forbidden the rival agents to interfere, did at last reluctantly say that each might tell the man the names of their respective candidates, the poor bewildered man replied again and again, "That's not the name," till all were exhausted;

but then, after there was no other to come, he thought it was the last which he had heard, and so voted, to his own relief and that of every one except the discomfited agent. There were no telegrams in those days, but a mounted messenger came in every hour from headquarters only to report to the squire's committee that they were losing everywhere, and to carry back the like bad report from them. Still they put a good face on the matter, and kept their own counsel, in spite of the eager inquiries from the other side, who for some reason — perhaps because they were the stupid party — had not provided for keeping themselves informed of their own success. The last incident which the squire told me of was a report to his committee of two voters still left in an outlying village. An omnibus was chartered in hot haste; the voters were brought in before the clock struck four, and one voted on one side, and one on the other. Then the special constables were set free from a custody which had been inflicted on none but themselves; the crowd of voters and non-voters dispersed in good humor, though still in ignorance of how the day had gone; and my friend went home to learn the full account of the utter beating his party had received.

But these are memories of an almost forgotten past. Now all these things are shrouded, by the secrecy of the ballot, in a silence which becomes, as I have said, solemn and almost awful to those to whom the election is a serious interest, as the polling-day goes on. At last, then, night had fallen on the fight, which was lost and won, though no one knew how the day had gone. Next morning the counting began in the courthouse of the principal town in the division. The sheriff who presided had given me permission to be among the favored few who were allowed to be present during the counting. These were the candidates and their wives and their agents and the officials who had to count. The seals of

the several ballot boxes were examined and broken, and the number of voting papers in each was verified; then the whole were thrown together, "made hay of," and finally separated according to the names of the candidates for which they were marked. This separation went on at four tables at once; and as each packet of one hundred papers was completed, it was filed with a blue or a red label, as that candidate's color might be, by the counting clerk, and then handed by him to the agent of the opposite side. If he was satisfied with it, he handed it to the other agent, who made a like examination; and if there was—as sometimes happened—a doubt as to the meaning of the voter's mark, or any other question as to the reception of the ballot paper, the point was decided by the sheriff. An equal number of red and of blue labels lay on the table, for tying up the successive packets of a hundred ballot papers for one or the other candidate. The keen eyes of our candidate's wife were the first to discover that the wrappers of her husband's color were exhausted, while several remained on the other side. The counting was soon finished; the numbers were called out in the room; and the sheriff proceeded to announce the result to the eager crowd which was waiting outside. Our candidate was elected by a majority of seven hundred and ninety-three votes; and the declaration of the poll was received with enthusiastic shouts by his supporters, while those who were there in the hope of another result slipped silently away. The defeated candidate was not the old member, nor of his party, but the important question had been whether the constituency had, or had not, changed from its old political faith. There could be no doubt that the popular feeling, in so far as it could be shown by public meetings, was in my friend's favor, but nothing but the actual poll could tell the opinion of the silent voter, who did not go to the meetings on either side. To borrow

Burke's simile, till then we had heard the voice of the noisy grasshoppers, but the stately cattle were browsing in silence. Now the newly elected M. P. knew that a majority of both were for him. He had to return thanks again and again to the crowd who accompanied him from the town hall to his hotel, from the hotel to the railway station. The carriage in which he and his wife sat was drawn—"hailed," as the country people call it—by their enthusiastic supporters through a crowd which numbered thousands, and covered perhaps a mile of ground. We were half an hour in reaching the station, out of which the train could hardly make its way. It was a triumphal progress, for the new M. P. was already well known in his county.

The old squire, with his younger children and his grandchildren, had waited at home for the telegram which was to tell how the battle had gone. The news had been telegraphed in various other directions. And when we—for I had returned with the new M. P. and his wife—reached the station where our carriage was waiting for us, we were welcomed by a band of music heading a procession from many miles around. The horses were taken out, and the carriage was "hailed" by the enthusiastic crowd through the village, and so up to the old manor house. The people had of their own accord put up triumphal arches. The squire's younger children and grandchildren, after hanging out a great flag on the tower, and smaller ones at every window, had joined the procession on its road; and it at last entered the gateway through the old battlemented wall, led by some of the principal tenants, while the band played *Auld Lang Syne*, and the squire stood at the door to welcome his son and his son's wife. It was a grand sight. I shall be told, and shall grant, that it is common enough on such occasions; but if I am asked why then it seems so striking, I answer that it was a grand sight, and a sight to awake our

deepest thoughts and feelings, to see that multitude of faces of men, women, and children, full of gladness and of love for those whom they were rejoicing to honor while sharing their triumph. It was, and from its nature must be, a passing enthusiasm, but it was not the less real for all that; the brightness of the moment must soon fade into the light of common day, but all had been the better as well as the happier that even for a moment they had been raised above themselves; and to many it would be a memory that would never die. The squire and his son each said a few words of thanks, which were heartily responded to. The shadows of evening were falling as the band again struck up Auld Lang Syne, and the people slowly filed through the archway; when the last had disappeared we went slowly into the house, and I heard the old squire repeat to himself, "Nunc dimittis."

The newly elected knight of the shire went to London to take his seat at the meeting of Parliament, and the squire and I walked down the avenue and sat again under the shade of Berowne's oak, while the gentle splashing of the little waterfall sounded in our ears, and accompanied without disturbing our talk. The squire had been laughing at some rather strong abuse of his son in the local paper which represented the defeated party; but as I fancied that he might possibly be more annoyed than he allowed, I said:—

"It is really too bad that a respectable newspaper should make such grossly false statements as to the moral and intellectual unfitness of the successful candidate, and of his election having been due to promises impossible of fulfillment, and to every other kind of influence which could be exercised over what they now call an ignorant electorate."

*Squire.* That is nothing to what the losing party always says, though without rushing to print, in such days of excite-

ment as follow a contested election. It is pretty Fanny's way; and the man who wins can afford to say with the navvy, when they laughed at him because his wife beat him, "It amuses her, and it does not hurt me."

*Foster.* I should say "ugly Fanny" and her ugly way. I cannot help feeling more annoyed than you seem to be.

*Squire.* I am older, and therefore tougher, than you. When men get upon politics, they should allow each other the liberty which each claims for himself, of using words in a parliamentary sense, as the phrase goes. If a correspondent subscribes himself your obedient humble servant, you do not therefore expect him to wait on you at dinner, or carry your portmanteau to the station. Lord St. Leonards, in his Handy Book on Property Law, says that, though the Court of Chancery will enforce the terms of any contract, it will not hold a vendor to be bound by what it calls the babble of the auction room. The language at an election, like that at an auction, though it may be in the way of blame instead of praise, is high-flown, exaggerated, and has a conventional meaning which it does not bear in ordinary life. I do not defend it; I am sorry for it, and wish it could be avoided, especially as I know that some people do more or less accept such language in its ordinary sense, and so become embittered in feeling, whether they believe the abuse to be true or know it to be false. There is plenty of evil in the world. I am sorry for it, but cannot help it. I know that the day may be rainy and the road muddy; but there is plenty of sunshine, too, and we shall get to our journey's end, if we do not mind being splashed with mud and getting a little wet on the way. Or you may change the metaphor, and say with the book of Proverbs, "Where no oxen are, the crib is clean: but much increase is by the strength of the ox."

*Foster.* Though I shall be arguing against myself, I can cap your quotation

with a passage which I lighted upon in a pamphlet in the library, the other day, and which I think I remember: "The free expression of opinion, as our experience has taught us, is the safety valve of passion. That noise when the steam escapes alarms the timid; but it is the sign that we are safe." And again: "I have lived now for many years in the midst of the hottest and noisiest of the workshops of constitutional freedom, and have seen that amidst the clatter and the din a ceaseless labor is going on; stubborn matter is reduced to obedience, and the brute powers of society, like the fire, air, water, and minerals of nature, are, with clamor, indeed, but also with might, educated and shaped into the most refined and regular forms of usefulness for man."

*Squire.* You have a capital memory, and the whole passage is worthy of Milton or Burke. The old Parliamentary Hand was young when he wrote that; but fifty years' experience has evidently only confirmed him in his beliefs. So far as my own observation goes, I should say that the fastidious and sensitive men, who try to keep aloof from the dust and din, and still baser elements of politics, and try to rise above party, always, in practice, sink below it. The only men whom I have known to rise above party are those who, with moral and intellectual earnestness, throw themselves sometimes into one, and sometimes into the other party, as either seems to them right or wrong. That state of negation which the non-party man attains to is, in practice, a dull, half-hearted conservatism, as far inferior to the true conservatism as to the true liberalism. Think, too, of the unconscious selfishness of these men, who live in the enjoyment of all the infinite blessings of civilization, and have no words except of censure and contempt for those by whose hard work, with all its begriming incidents, and by that alone, all those blessings have been won and are still secured for them. "For

us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and, fighting our battles, wert so marred."

*Foster.* Our conversation is getting to be as full of quotations as the play of Hamlet; yet I must add another, that I may ask you a question about it. Do you agree with Falstaff that it is better to be on the wrong side than on none, and do you think it a shame to be on any but one?

*Squire.* To a young man, like yourself, I am always inclined to say Yes; to an old one, No. I do not attempt to discover the laws of the growth, wealth, and disease of the constitution of other nations than our own, by historical generalizations. When Louis Philippe came to the throne of France, in 1831, our "minute philosophers," with delight, showed how history was repeating itself. In the French Revolution as in the English, the king, who claimed to be master by divine hereditary right, had been first controlled by statesmen with historical traditions and beliefs, and then deposed and his head cut off by the men who looked and strove for a reign of pure reason. Then came in each case the reaction to a military despotism, followed by a restoration of the old hereditary monarchy, represented first by a shrewd cynic, whose one object was not to have to go on his travels again; and then by a narrow bigot, who fell in the attempt to bring back the political superstitions and practices of a bygone time, and was succeeded by a new member of the family, a prince of singular prudence and sagacity, while the nearest heir was set aside by the will of the people. All these things ran easily on all fours for those who were content with mere superficial generalizations; but where are they now? They were mere toys of the fancy, and were long ago broken and thrown away. I content myself with the study of the British Constitution; and even here I do

not pretend to do more than pick up a few pebbles which the mighty ocean is rolling in. The experience and observation of years lead me to contract rather than enlarge my sphere of possible knowledge. In politics, even the statesman of genius rarely sees more than his next step, and only after he has taken that sees again the next.

*Foster.* But you will allow that the world, and so the British Constitution, is governed by laws?

*Squire.* I do. To me the pursuits of the student of letters or the student of science are far less interesting than those of the young politician who aspires to the realization of his ideals of the constitution under which he lives. His ideal seems to him complete and perfect, and waiting only to be realized in actual life. It is well that a man should begin his study of life in the light of such an ideal, and that he should believe that it is so true and good that any contradiction must be wrong; and therefore I said, in answer to your former question, that I should say to a young man it was wrong to be on any side but one; that is, on the one side which represents and embodies his own ideal of the political life of his country. By all means would I have him enjoy this his honest belief; let him share heartily the triumphs of the party who hold up that ideal, and in the fear that its loss will be the loss of all that a good citizen holds dear. If these things be absolutely true and right, then all that opposes them must be false and wrong. But if he has the wisdom and the courage to look and see how his ideals stand the test of experience, he will again and again see them broken up and set aside by a force which they are unable to resist, while the world not only goes on just as before, but with such manifest advantage that he is obliged, and eventually glad, to confess that his ideal was not the absolute law which governed the world of politics, but only one small and partial represen-

tation of it. And so the old man answers the other half of the question, and says that it is *not* a shame to be on any side but one in politics.

*Foster.* Then you do not think that there is a right and a wrong side in party politics, nor any such difference between Conservatives and Liberals?

*Squire.* Not a pin to choose, so long as the man honestly holds with either. There is often much wrong doing, much that is evil as well as mistaken, in each party; but each party represents one side, one half of the true and the good, while it opposes the other. It does not matter which leg you put into your breeches first, said Dr. Johnson, but don't stand there getting cold while you are doubting which leg it shall be.

*Foster.* Yet, squire, I have heard you, at our late meetings, stir the whole audience to enthusiasm by telling them of the merits of your side, and the wrong doings of the other.

*Squire.* That was counsel pleading for client; but the jury heard the other side, too, before their verdict was given. Judgment followed, not for that constituency only, but for the whole nation, through its representatives in Parliament, and it will be found to be a compromise, or "resolution of forces," with one step forward on the line so indicated. Politics mean action, not science nor even logic. New things and new conditions of things are constantly coming above the horizon, which had never been dreamed of by our political philosophy. These demand action, not abstract inquiry, and it is only in and by action that the right course is found. To act you must take a side; you cannot be on both sides at once, though both have to be reckoned with in the end. The final action is really a joint one; not the triumph of a victor over the vanquished. If there were an absolute right and wrong in politics, it is inconceivable that the opinion of the whole nation should be — as we know it usually is — so nearly di-



vided that the balance of parties is turned by a very small number of votes, and that this minority, though so little less than the majority, always acquiesces in the government of that majority. And so I say that Falstaff's doctrine, which you quote, is true if properly understood.

*Foster.* I should call this the philosophy of party. The practical view of Burke, that no political action can be effective unless men act together in a party, and to this end make mutual concessions and compromises among themselves, always seems to me intelligible and true, though one often hears it condemned by those who, as you say, sink below party while professing to rise above it. But when you speak so of the absence of an absolute right and wrong in politics, and of its being the business of a statesman merely to ascertain the next step, and to take that, do you not underrate the work really done by the great men who appear from time to time as the leaders of the nation? The British Constitution is often compared to an oak; may it not as properly be compared to a castle, or palace, or cathedral? May we not, in Ben Jonson's phrase, say that it is made as well as born, and that art gives the form and fashion to nature?

*Squire.* Illustrations prove nothing, though they often throw light on a subject, and make an argument clearer by calling imagination to the aid of reason. Both your illustrations — the tree and the building — are good. Either will answer our purpose here. Let us take the oak. The oak has grown to be what it is in accordance with a law somehow contained in the original acorn. Its growth has somehow (we know not how) depended on the growth of its roots and branches; and while we cannot say that any one of these, however small, was not necessary to its growth, we may confidently say that it could not have become what it is without the vigorous growth of its greater roots and limbs. The whole is made up of its parts, and

could never have existed without them; yet they have only come into existence, and still exist, as results of the original law in the acorn. And so it seems to me to be with the nation. It is not a mere metaphor to say that the life of a nation is a reality, a fact. This national life is somehow made up of, or is one with, the life of the men of the nation's successive generations. This life is more, not less, strong and active in our great statesmen than in our ordinary citizens. While we watch the immediate action of some great personality of our own generation, and stand close by him, it seems as if his individual intellect and will were directing and driving the course of events, which he might have made otherwise if he had so chosen; but when an intervening distance of time enables us to see what the whole course of events has been, we discover that, great as the man was, and great as was his mastery over the events of the hour, he, no less than the least important of the men around him, was working in obedience to an irresistible law. If you are not afraid of the language of Bacon and Milton, you may say that this law is an idea in the mind of God, which he has called on his Englishmen to carry out in their national life. Anyhow it is a law.

*Foster.* One question more. I have heard you tell more than one meeting that the ballot is secret beyond doubt; but what do you say of its morality?

*Squire.* I have often wished to deal with that point while speaking, or in one of our leaflets, but, like Mr. Parker, have always been deterred by the fear I should make that darker which was dark enough without. The question is one of casuistry, a science, or an art, in which I have little skill.

*Foster.* Casuistry has, no doubt, a bad sound, like sophistry and Jesuitism; yet, if the case be really one of conscience, it must be possible as well as desirable to find some solution of it; and so he must have thought who founded a pro-

fessorship of casuistry and moral philosophy combined at Cambridge.

*Squire.* Grote and John Mill had been all their lives in favor of the ballot; but when it was at last carried they were found in the other camp. The intimidation of the shopkeepers by their customers in the great towns, for which the ballot had been demanded by the older Radicals, had almost died out; and it was therefore surely better to retain the more manly form of open voting. And there are still politicians of the study rather than of the marketplace, who insist on the loss of manliness in secret voting, and who overlook the facts obvious to all who remember the elections by open voting, and know that but for the ballot the voting must be carried on under the protection of soldiers as well as police, or there would be serious rioting.

*Foster.* Whatever the manliness of open voting under such protection, I think that without it there could be only the traditional manliness of Donnybrook Fair. But what of the farm laborers and the village shopkeepers in the counties? We have lately heard and seen evidence enough of the great pressure, call it legitimate or undue, put upon these classes by the squires, the parsons, the farmers, and even by their fellow-workmen. It is at their peril if they do not promise their vote to the candidate for whom it is demanded. Ought they to keep that promise when given?

*Squire.* I might put you off with some of the old stories of the rustic humorists and their evasions of the question how they had voted: as when one said that when the friends of the red candidate had solicited his vote he had pleased them by his answer; he had no less pleased the Primrose Dame by what he promised her; and when he went to the poll he pleased himself. Or when another told his story thus: "When the blues asked for my vote, I promised it to them; then I promised it to the reds

when they canvassed me; and when I got into the polling-place by myself, I said 'Conscience forever!' shut my eyes, and made a cross somewhere on the paper, and Heaven only knows how I voted." But I am afraid this will hardly answer your question.

*Foster.* Not quite. I think no one can read the clauses of the Ballot Act without seeing that the act intends and provides not only that it shall be unlawful for any man to try to find out how another has voted, but also that the voter shall be able to mislead and deceive the man who does make the attempt. But is such deception moral as well as legal?

*Squire.* If the voter's position is such that he incurs only some social disfavor among his neighbors if he does not deceive them as to his vote, we should only pity his cowardice; but if he is a poor man, a laborer or a small shopkeeper, who will really lose his work, or the custom on which his livelihood depends, if he is known to have voted against the will of his employer or customer, the case is very different. Should he have no wife or child, he will no doubt take the manlier and the better course if he defies the intimidator and takes the consequence of refusing to say how he voted, though I, at least, will not say that every man is to be condemned who has not the courage to be a martyr. But if martyrdom is the nobler course when the sacrifice is only of the man himself, what if it includes his wife and children? We know the horrible story of the Scottish Covenanter who was urged to recant by the torture, not of himself, but of his child stretched on the rack before his eyes. I cannot think that a man is called to endure such martyrdom as that. I say that *all* the guilt, not part of it, lies on the head of the questioner; and the voter who is asked how he voted, and knows that the ruin of his wife and children hangs on his answer, not only has a moral right to deceive

the man who asks the question, but ought to deceive him.

*Foster.* Even to telling a direct lie? I do not know why it is, but we always seem to make a distinction between a lie and an evasion, and to shrink from telling a lie, even while we think ourselves justified in resorting to an evasion which we mean to have the exact effect of the lie.

*Squire.* It is an instinct, or a habit, which keeps us out of much mischief in ordinary life, though the gospel seems to declare that the state of the heart is to be looked to, rather than the outward deed. And here the motive is good, though the act is not so. People who sit comfortably in their armchairs and condemn the wickedness of the poor man who tells his employer a lie as to the way he voted do not look at the whole case. The Constitution gives the man a vote, and it is his clear duty to use it, and that in accordance with his own judgment who is the right man to vote for. It is a plain question of conscience. He is bound to vote, and to vote according to his own belief as to the right side. If his wife and children are not to lose the daily bread which he earns for them, he must promise his employer that he will vote against his conscience. He makes the promise. Is he bound to keep it or to break it? By the wrongful act of his employer or customer, he has been put in a position in which he must do wrong either way; which course does his conscience require him to take? On the one hand, he must not only break his original promise, but by any further lie which may be needful conceal the fact that he has broken it; on the other hand, he will have failed in his duty to his country and his fellow-

citizens by voting for the man whom he believes not to be the right one. It is a hard case of conscience. The man in the comfortable armchair will most likely tell you that it is very easy. To tell a lie, or series of lies, to an actual employer is a plainly wicked act, though the conduct of him who requires it cannot be defended. But to be false to the duty you owe your country is only to be false to a dim, far-off abstraction; and it is surely pardonable to do this as the lesser of the two evils? I cannot think so. Luther preached against what the reformers called the righteousness of the law, warning the anxious seeker after that righteousness that he must beware that the devil does not get possession of his conscience, and so make him hear the devil's voice when he thinks he is hearing that of God. It is a hard case, not to be lightly settled by us who are not called to the responsibility of a decision for ourselves. Mrs. Gaskell, the most moral and most Christian of our novelists, has a tale which might be called *The Duty of Telling Lies*. And I often think of that story of the Jacobite laird who was saved from the gallows by the false swearing of his old servant, who, when he was afterwards asked by his master how he, a God-fearing man, could have declared to such falsehoods in God's presence, replied, "I would rather trust my soul with the Lord than your body with the Whigs."

*Foster.* "Splendide mendax, et in omne virgo nobilis ævum."

*Squire.* After all, our illustrations do not run on all fours with the thing illustrated. May it ever remain dishonest to an Englishman to tell a lie. But, "Woe to him through whom the offence cometh."

*Edward Strachey.*

## GHOST-FLOWERS.

*(Monotropa uniflora.)*

IN shining groups, each stem a pearly ray,  
 Weird flecks of light within the shadowed wood,  
 They dwell aloof, a spotless sisterhood.  
 No Angelus, except the wild bird's lay,  
 Awakes these forest nuns; yet, night and day,  
 Their heads are bent, as if in prayerful mood.  
 A touch will mar their snow, and tempests rude  
 Defile; but in the mist fresh blossoms stray  
 From spirit-gardens, just beyond our ken.  
 Each year we seek their virgin haunts, to look  
 Upon new loveliness, and watch again  
 Their shy devotions near the singing brook;  
 Then, mingling in the dizzy stir of men,  
 Forget the vows made in that cloistered nook.

*Mary Thacher Higginson.*

## THE CHASE OF SAINT-CASTIN.

THE waiting April woods, sensitive in every leafless twig to spring, stood in silence and dim nightfall around a lodge. Wherever a human dwelling is set in the wilderness, it becomes, by the very humility of its proportions, a prominent and aggressive point. But this lodge of bark and poles was the color of the woods, and nearly escaped intruding as man's work. A glow lighted the top, revealing the faint azure of smoke which rose straight upward in the cool, clear air.

Such a habitation usually resounded at nightfall with Indian noises, especially if the day's hunting had been good. The mossy rocks lying around were not more silent than the inmates of this lodge. You could hear the Penobscot River foaming along its uneasy bed half a mile eastward. The poles showed freshly cut disks of yellow at the top; and though the bark coverings were such

movables as any Indian household carried, they were newly fastened to their present support. This was plainly the night encampment of a traveling party, and two French hunters and their attendant Abenakis recognized that, as it barred their trail to the river. An odor of roasted meat was wafted out like an invitation to them.

"Excellent, Saint-Castin," pronounced the older Frenchman. "Here is another of your wilderness surprises. No wonder you prefer an enchanted land to the rough mountains around Béarn. I shall never go back to France myself."

"Stop, La Hontan!" The young man restrained his guest from plunging into the wigwam with a headlong gesture recently learned and practiced with delight. "I never saw this lodge before."

"Did you not have it set up here for the night?"

"No; it is not mine. Our Abenakis are going to build one for us nearer the river."

"I stay here," observed La Hontan. "Supper is ready, and adventures are in the air."

"But this is not a hunter's lodge. You see that our very dogs understand they have no business here. Come on."

"Come on, without seeing who is hid herein? No. I begin to think it is something thou wouldst conceal from me. I go in; and if it be a bear trap, I cheerfully perish."

The young Frenchman stood resting the end of his gun on sodden leaves. He felt vexed at La Hontan. But that inquisitive nobleman stooped to lift the tent flap, and the young man turned toward his waiting Indians and talked a moment in Abenaki, when they went on in the direction of the river, carrying game and camp luggage. They thought, as he did, that this might be a lodge with which no man ought to meddle. The daughter of Madockawando, the chief, was known to be coming from her winter retreat. Every Abenaki in the tribe stood in awe of the maid. She did not rule them as a wise woman, but lived apart from them as a superior spirit.

Baron La Hontan, on all fours, intruded his gay face on the inmates of the lodge. There were three of them. His palms encountered a carpet of hemlock twigs, which spread around a central fire to the circular wall, and was made sweetly odorous by the heat. A thick couch of the twigs was piled up beyond the fire, and there sat an Abenaki girl in her winter dress of furs. She was so white-skinned that she startled La Hontan as an apparition of Europe. He got but one black-eyed glance. She drew her blanket over her head. The group had doubtless heard the conference outside, but ignored it with reticent gravity. The hunter of the lodge was on his heels by the embers, toasting col-

lops of meat for the blanketed princess; and an Etchemin woman, the other inmate, took one from his hand, and paused, while dressing it with salt, to gaze at the Frenchman.

La Hontan had not found himself distasteful to northwestern Indian girls. It was the first time an aboriginal face had ever covered itself from exposure to his eyes. He felt the sudden respect which nuns command, even in those who scoff at their visible consecration. The usual announcement made on entering a cabin — "I come to see this man," or "I come to see that woman" — he saw was to be omitted in addressing this strangely civilized Indian girl.

"Mademoiselle," said Baron La Hontan in very French Abenaki, rising to one knee, and sweeping the twigs with the brim of his hat as he pulled it off, "the Baron de Saint-Castin of Pentagoet, the friend of your chief Madockawando, is at your lodge door, tired and chilled from a long hunt. Can you not permit him to warm at your fire?"

The Abenaki girl bowed her covered head. Her woman companion passed the permission on, and the hunter made it audible by a grunt of assent. La Hontan backed nimbly out, and seized the waiting man by the leg. The main portion of the baron was in the darkening April woods, but his perpendicular soles stood behind the flap within the lodge.

"Enter, my child," he whispered in excitement. "A warm fire, hot collops, a black eye to be coaxed out of a blanket, and full permission given to enjoy all. What, man! Out of countenance at thought of facing a pretty squaw, when you have three keeping house with you at the fort?"

"Come out, La Hontan," whispered back Saint-Castin, on his part grasping the elder's arm. "It is Madockawando's daughter."

"The red nun thou hast told me about? The saints be praised! But art thou sure?"

"How can I be sure? I have never seen her myself. But I judge from her avoiding your impudent eye. She does not like to be looked at."

"It was my mentioning the name of Saint-Castin of Pentagoet that made her whip her head under the blanket. I see, if I am to keep my reputation in the woods, I shall have to withdraw from your company."

"Withdraw your heels from this lodge," replied Saint-Castin impatiently. "You will embroil me with the tribe."

"Why should it embroil you with the tribe," argued the merry sitter, "if we warm our heels decently at this ready fire until the Indians light our own? Any Christian, white or red, would grant us that privilege."

"If I enter with you, will you come out with me as soon as I make you a sign?"

"Doubt it not," said La Hontan, and he eclipsed himself directly.

Though Saint-Castin had been more than a year in Acadia, this was the first time he had ever seen Madockawando's daughter. He knew it was that elusive being, on her way from her winter retreat to the tribe's summer fishing station near the coast. Father Petit, the priest of this woodland parish, spoke of her as one who might in time found a house of holy women amidst the license of the wilderness.

Saint-Castin wanted to ask her pardon for entering; but he sat without a sound. Some power went out from that silent shape far stronger than the hinted beauty of girlish ankle and arm. The glow of brands lighted the lodge, showing bark seams on its poles. Pale smoke and the pulse of heat quivered betwixt him and a presence which, by some swift contrast, made his face burn at the recollection of his household at Pentagoet. He had seen many good women in his life, with the patronizing tolerance which men bestow on unimportant things that are harmless; and he did not understand

why her hiding should stab him like a reproach. She hid from all common eyes. But his were not common eyes. Saint-Castin felt impatient at getting no recognition from a girl, saint though she might be, whose tribe he had actually adopted.

The blunt-faced Etchemin woman, once a prisoner brought from northern Acadia, now the companion of Madockawando's daughter, knew her duty to the strangers, and gave them food as rapidly as the hunter could broil it. The hunter was a big-legged, small-headed Abenaki, with knees overtopping his tuft of hair when he squatted on his heels. He looked like a man whose emaciated trunk and arms had been taken possession of by colossal legs and feet. This singular deformity made him the best hunter in his tribe. He tracked game with a sweep of great beams as tireless as the tread of a modern steamer. The little sense in his head was woodcraft. He thought of nothing but taking and dressing game.

Saint-Castin barely tasted the offered meat; but La Hontan enjoyed it unabashed, warming himself while he ate, and avoiding any chance of a hint from his friend that the meal should be cut short.

"My child," he said in lame Abenaki to the Etchemin woman, while his sly regard dwelt on the blanket-robed statue opposite, "I wish you the best of gifts, a good husband."

The Etchemin woman heard him in such silence as one perhaps brings from making a long religious retreat, and forbore to explain that she already had the best of gifts, and was the wife of the big-legged hunter.

"I myself had an aunt who never married," warned La Hontan. "She was an excellent woman, but she turned like fruit withered in the ripening. The fantastic airs of her girlhood clung to her. She was at a disadvantage among the married, and young people passed



her by as an experiment that had failed. So she was driven to be very religious; but prayers are cold comfort for the want of a bouncing family."

If the Etchemin woman had absorbed from her mistress a habit of meditation which shut out the world, Saint-Castin had not. He gave La Hontan the sign to move before him out of the lodge, and no choice but to obey it, crowding the reluctant and comfortable man into undignified attitudes. La Hontan saw that he had taken offense. There was no accounting for the humors of those disbanded soldiers of the Carignan-Salières, though Saint-Castin was usually a gentle fellow. They spread out their sensitive military honor over every inch of their new seigniories; and if you chucked the wrong little Indian or habitant's naked baby under the chin, you might unconsciously stir up war in the mind of your host. La Hontan was glad he was directly leaving Acadia. He was fond of Saint-Castin. Few people could approach that young man without feeling the charm which made the Indians adore him. But any one who establishes himself in the woods loses touch with the light manners of civilization; his very vices take on an air of brutal candor.

Next evening, however, both men were merry by the hall fire at Pentagoet over their parting cup. La Hontan was returning to Quebec. A vessel waited the tide at the Penobscot's mouth, a bay which the Indians called "bad harbor."

The long, low, and irregular building which Saint-Castin had constructed as his baronial seat was as snug as the governor's castle at Quebec. It was only one story high, and the small square windows were set under the eaves, so outsiders could not look in. Saint-Castin's enemies said he built thus to hide his deeds; but Father Petit himself could see how excellent a plan it was for defense. A holding already claimed by the encroaching English needed loopholes, not windows. The fort surround-

ing the house was also well adapted to its situation. Twelve cannon guarded the bastions. All the necessary buildings, besides a chapel with a bell, were within the walls, and a deep well insured a supply of water. A garden and fruit orchard were laid out opposite the fort, and encompassed by palisades.

The luxury of the house consisted in an abundant use of crude, unpolished material. Though built grotesquely of stone and wood intermingled, it had the solid dignity of that rugged coast. A chimney spacious as a crater let smoke and white ashes upward, and sections of trees smouldered on Saint-Castin's hearth. An Indian girl, ruddy from high living, and wearing the brightest stuffs imported from France, sat on the floor at the hearth corner. This was the usual night scene at Pentagoet. Candle and firelight shone on her, on oak timbers and settles made of unpeeled balsam, on plate and glasses which always heaped a table with ready food and drink, on moose horns and gun racks, on stores of books, on festoons of wampum, and usually on a dozen figures beside Saint-Castin. The other rooms in the house were mere tributaries to this baronial presence chamber. Madockawando and the dignitaries of the Abenaki tribe made it their council hall, the white sagamore presiding. They were superior to rude western nations. It was Saint-Castin's plan to make a strong principality here, and to unite his people in a compact state. He lavished his inherited money upon them. Whatever they wanted from Saint-Castin they got, as from a father. On their part, they poured the wealth of the woods upon him. Not a beaver skin went out of Acadia except through his hands. The traders of New France grumbled at his profits and monopoly, and the English of New England claimed his seigniory. He stood on debatable ground, in dangerous times, trying to mould an independent nation. The Abenakis did not know that a king of France had

been reared on Saint-Castin's native mountains, but they believed that a human divinity had.

Their permanent settlement was about the fort, on land he had paid for, but held in common with them. They went to their winter's hunting or their summer's fishing from Pentegoet. It was the seat of power. The cannon protected fields, and a town of lodges which Saint-Castin meant to convert into a town of stone and hewed wood houses as soon as the aboriginal nature conformed itself to such stability. Even now the village had left home and gone into the woods again. The Abenaki women were busy there, inserting tubes of bark in pierced maple trees, and troughs caught the flow of ascending sap. Kettles boiled over fires in the bald spaces, incense of the forest's very heart rising from them and sweetening the air. All day Indian children raced from one mother's fire to another, or dipped unforbidden cups of hands into the brimming troughs; and at night they lay down among the dogs, with their heels to the blaze, watching these lower constellations blink through the woods until their eyes swam into unconsciousness. It was good weather for making maple sugar. In the mornings hoar frost or light snows silvered the world, disappearing as soon as the sun touched them, when the bark of every tree leaked moisture. This was festive labor compared with planting the fields, and drew the men, also.

The morning after La Hontan sailed, Saint-Castin went out and skirted this widespread sugar industry like a spy. The year before, he had moved heartily from fire to fire, hailed and entertained by every red manufacturer. The unrest of spring was upon him. He had brought many conveniences among the Abenakis, and taught them some civilized arts. They were his adopted people. But he felt a sudden separateness from them, like the loneliness of his early boyhood.

Saint-Castin was a good hunter. He

had more than once watched a slim young doe stand gazing curiously at him, and had not startled it by a breath. Therefore he was able to become a stump behind the tree which Madockawando's daughter sought with her sap pail. Usually he wore buckskins, in the free and easy life of Pentegoet. But he had put on his Carignan-Salières uniform, filling its boyish outlines with his full man's figure. He would not on any account have had La Hontan see him thus gathering the light of the open woods on military finery. He felt ashamed of returning to it, and could not account for his own impulses; and when he saw Madockawando's daughter walking unconsciously toward him as toward a trap, he drew his bright surfaces entirely behind the column of the tree.

She had taken no part in this festival of labor for several years. She moved among the women still in solitude, not one of them feeling at liberty to draw near her except as she encouraged them. The Abenakis were not a polygamous tribe, but they enjoyed the freedom of the woods. Squaws who had made several experimental marriages since this young celibate began her course naturally felt rebuked by her standards, and preferred stirring kettles to meeting her. It was not so long since the princess had been a hoiden among them, abounding in the life which rushes to extravagant action. Her juvenile whoops scared the birds. She rode astride of saplings, and played pranks on solemn old warriors and the medicine man. Her body grew into suppleness and beauty. As for her spirit, the women of the tribe knew very little about it. They saw none of her struggles. In childhood she was ashamed of the finer nature whose wants found no answer in her world. It was anguish to look into the faces of her kindred and friends as into the faces of hounds, who live, it is true, but a lower life, made up of chasing and eating. She wondered why she was created different from them.

A loyalty of race constrained her sometimes to imitate them; but it was imitation; she could not be a savage. Then Father Petit came, preceding Saint-Castin, and set up his altar and built his chapel. The Abenaki girl was converted as soon as she looked in at the door and saw the gracious image of Mary lifted up to be her pattern of womanhood. Those silent and terrible days, when she lost interest in the bustle of living, and felt an awful homesickness for some unknown good, passed untirely away. Religion opened an invisible world. She sprang toward it, lying on the wings of her spirit and gazing forever above. The minutest observances of the Church were learned with an exactness which delighted a priest who had not too many encouragements. Finally, she begged her father to let her make a winter retreat to some place near the head waters of the Penobscot. When the hunters were abroad, it did them no harm to remember there was a maid in a wilderness cloister praying for the good of her people; and when they were fortunate, they believed in the material advantage of her prayers. Nobody thought of searching out her hidden cell, or of asking the big-legged hunter and his wife to tell its mysteries. The dealer with invisible spirits commanded respect in Indian minds before the priest came.

Maddockawando's daughter was of a lighter color than most of her tribe, and finer in her proportions, though they were a well-made people. She was the highest expression of unadulterated Abenaki blood. She set her sap pail down by the trough, and Saint-Castin shifted silently to watch her while she dipped the juice. Her eyelids were lowered. She had well-marked brows, and the high cheek-bones were lost in a general aquiline rosiness. It was a girl's face, modest and sweet, that he saw; reflecting the society of holier beings than the one behind the tree. She had no blemish of sunken temples or shrunk features,

or the glaring aspect of a devotee. Saint-Castin was a good Catholic, but he did not like fanatics. It was as if the choicest tree in the forest had been flung open, and a perfect woman had stepped out, whom no other man's eye had seen. Her throat was round, and at the base of it, in the little hollow where women love to nestle ornaments, hung the cross of her rosary, which she wore twisted about her neck. The beads were large and white, and the cross was ivory. Father Petit had furnished them, blessed for their purpose, to his incipient abbess, but Saint-Castin noticed how they set off the dark rosiness of her skin. The collar of her fur dress was pushed back, for the day was warm, like an autumn day when there is no wind. A luminous smoke which magnified the light hung between treetops and zenith. The nakedness of the swelling forest let heaven come strangely close to the ground. It was like standing on a mountain plateau in a gray dazzle of clouds.

Maddockawando's daughter dipped her pail full of the clear water. The appreciative motion of her eyelashes and the placid lines of her face told how she enjoyed the limpid plaything. But Saint-Castin understood well that she had not come out to boil sap entirely for the love of it. Father Petit believed the time was ripe for her ministry to the Abenaki women. He had intimated to the seignior what land might be convenient for the location of a convent. The community was now to be drawn around her. Other girls must take vows when she did. Some half-covered children, who stalked her wherever she went, stood like terracotta images at a distance and waited for her next movement.

The girl had just finished her dipping when she looked up and met the steady gaze of Saint-Castin. He was in an anguish of dread that she would run. But her startled eyes held his image while three changes passed over her,—terror and recognition and disapproval. He



stepped more into view, a white-and-gold apparition, which scattered the Abenaki children to their mothers' camp fires.

"I am Saint-Castin," he said.

"Yes, I have many times seen you, sagamore."

Her voice, shaken a little by her heart, was modulated to such softness that the liquid gutturals gave him a distinct new pleasure.

"I want to ask your pardon for my friend's rudeness, when you warmed and fed us in your lodge."

"I did not listen to him." Her fingers sought the cross on her neck. She seemed to threaten a prayer which might stop her ears to Saint-Castin.

"He meant no discourtesy. If you knew his good heart, you would like him."

"I do not like men." She made a calm statement of her peculiar tastes.

"Why?" inquired Saint-Castin.

Madockawando's daughter summoned her reasons from distant vistas of the woods, with meditative dark eyes. Evidently her dislike of men had no element of fear or of sentimental avoidance.

"I cannot like them," she apologized, declining to set forth her reasons. "I wish they would always stay away from me."

"Your father and the priest are men."

"I know it," admitted the girl, with a deep breath like commiseration. "They cannot help it; and our Etchemin's husband, who keeps the lodge supplied with meat, he cannot help it, either, any more than he can his deformity. But there is grace for men," she added. "They may, by repenting of their sins and living holy lives, finally save their souls."

Saint-Castin repented of his sins that moment, and tried to look contrite.

"In some of my books," he said, "I read of an old belief held by people on the other side of the earth. They thought our souls were born into the world a great many times, now in this body, and

now in that. I feel as if you and I had been friends in some other state."

The girl's face seemed to flare toward him, as flame is blown, acknowledging the claim he made upon her; but the look passed like an illusion, and she said seriously, "The sagamore should speak to Father Petit. This is heresy."

Madockawando's daughter stood up, and took her pail by the handle.

"Let me carry it," said Saint-Castin.

Her lifted palm barred his approach.

"I do not like men, sagamore. I wish them to keep away from me."

"But that is not Christian," he argued.

"It cannot be unchristian: the priest would lay me under penance for it."

"Father Petit is a lenient soul."

With the simplicity of an angel who would not be longer hindered by mundane society, she took up her pail, saying, "Good-day, sagamore," and swept on across the dead leaves.

Saint-Castin walked after her.

"Go back," commanded Madockawando's daughter, turning.

The officer of the Carignan-Salières regiment halted, but did not retreat.

"You must not follow me, sagamore," she remonstrated, as with a child. "I cannot talk to you."

"You must let me talk to you," said Saint-Castin. "I want you for my wife."

She looked at him in a way that made his face sear. He remembered the year wife, the half-year wife, and the two-months wife at Pentegoet. These three squaws whom he had allowed to form his household, and had taught to boil the pot au feu, came to him from many previous experimental marriages. They were externals of his life, much as hounds, boats, or guns. He could give them all rich dowers, and divorce them easily any day to a succeeding line of legal Abenaki husbands. The lax code of the wilderness was irresistible to a Frenchman; but he was near enough in age and in texture of soul to this noble pagan to see at once, with her eyesight,

how he had degraded the very vices of her people.

"Before the sun goes down," vowed Saint-Castin, "there shall be nobody in my house but the two Etchemin slave men that your father gave me."

The girl heard of his promised reformation without any kindling of the spirit.

"I am not for a wife," she answered him, and walked on with the pail.

Again Saint-Castin followed her, and took the sap pail from her hand. He set it aside on the leaves, and folded his arms. The blood came and went in his face. He was not used to pleading with women. They belonged to him easily, like his natural advantages over barbarians in a new world. The slopes of the Pyrenees bred strong-limbed men, cautious in policy, striking and bold in figure and countenance. The English themselves have borne witness to his fascinations. Manhood had darkened only the surface of his skin, a milk-white cleanness breaking through it like the outflushing of some inner purity. His eyes and hair had a golden beauty. It would have been strange if he had not roused at least a degree of comradeship in the aboriginal woman living up to her highest aspirations.

"I love you. I have thought of you, of nobody but you, even when I behaved the worst. You have kept yourself hid from me, while I have been thinking about you ever since I came to Acadia. You are the woman I want to marry."

Madockawando's daughter shook her head. She had patience with his fantastic persistence, but it annoyed her.

"I am not for a wife," she repeated. "I do not like men."

"Is it that you do not like me?"

"No," she answered sincerely, probing her mind for the truth. "You yourself are different from our Abenaki men."

"Then why do you make me unhappy?"

"I do not make you unhappy. I do not even think of you."

Again she took to her hurried course, forgetting the pail of sap. Saint-Castin seized it, and once more followed her.

"I beg that you will kiss me," he pleaded, trembling.

The Abenaki girl laughed aloud.

"Does the sagamore think he is an object of veneration, that I should kiss him?"

"But will you not at least touch your lips to my forehead?"

"No. I touch my lips to holy things."

"You do not understand the feeling I have."

"No, I do not understand it. If you talked every day, it would do no good. My thoughts are different."

Saint-Castin gave her the pail, and looked her in the eyes.

"Perhaps you will some time understand," he said. "I lived many wild years before I did."

She was so glad to leave him behind that her escape was like a backward blow, and he did not make enough allowance for the natural antagonism of a young girl. Her beautiful free motion was something to watch. She was a convert whose penances were usually worked out afoot, for Father Petit knew better than to shut her up.

Saint-Castin had never dreamed there were such women. She was like a nymph out of a tree, without human responsiveness, yet with round arms and waist and rosy column of neck, made to be helplessly adored. He remembered the lonesome moods of his early youth. They must have been a premonition of his fate in falling completely under the spell of an unloving woman.

Saint-Castin took a roundabout course, and went to Madockawando's lodge, near the fort. All the members of the family, except the old chief, were away at the sugar-making. The great Abenaki's dignity would not allow him to drag in fuel to the fire, so he squatted nursing the ashes, and raked out a coal to light tobacco for himself and Saint-Castin. The

white sagamore had never before come in full uniform to a private talk, and it was necessary to smoke half an hour before a word could be said.

There was a difference between the chatter of civilized men and the deliberations of barbarians. With La Hontan, the Baron de Saint-Castin would have led up to his business by a long prelude on other subjects. With Madockawando, he waited until the tobacco had mellowed both their spirits, and then said, —

"Father, I want to marry your daughter in the French way, with priest and contract, and make her the Baroness de Saint-Castin."

Madockawando, on his part, smoked the matter fairly out. He put an arm on the sagamore's shoulder, and lamented the extreme devotion of his daughter. It was a good religion which the black-robed father had brought among the Abenakis, but who had ever heard of a woman's refusing to look at men before that religion came? His own child, when she was at home with the tribe, lived as separate from the family and as independently as a war chief. In his time, the women dressed game and carried the children and drew sledges. What would happen if his daughter began to teach them, in a house by themselves, to do nothing but pray? Madockawando repeated that his son, the sagamore, and his father, the priest, had a good religion, but they might see for themselves what the Abenaki tribe would come to when the women all set up for medicine squaws. Then there was his daughter's hiding in winter to make what she called her retreats, and her proposing to take a new name from some of the priest's okies, or saint-spirits, and to be called "Sister."

"I will never call my own child 'Sister,'" vowed Madockawando. "I could be a better Christian myself, if Father Petit had not put spells on her."

The two conspirators against Father Petit's proposed nunnery felt grave and

wicked, but they encouraged one another in iniquity. Madockawando smiled in bronze wrinkles when Saint-Castin told him about the proposal in the woods. The proper time for courtship was evening, as any Frenchman who had lived a year with the tribe ought to know; but when one considered the task he had undertaken, any time was suitable; and the chief encouraged him with full consent. A French marriage contract was no better than an Abenaki marriage contract in Madockawando's eyes; but if Saint-Castin could bind up his daughter for good, he would be glad of it.

The chapel of saplings and bark which first sheltered Father Petit's altar had been abandoned when Saint-Castin built a substantial one of stone and timber within the fortress walls, and hung in its little tower a bell, which the most reluctant Abenaki must hear at mass time. But as it is well to cherish the sacred regard which man has for any spot where he has worshiped, the priest left a picture hanging on the wall above the bare chancel, and he kept the door repaired on its wooden hinges. The chapel stood beyond the forest, east of Pentegoet, and close to those battlements which form the coast line here. The tide made thunder as it rose among caverns and frothed almost at the verge of the heights. From this headland Mount Desert could be seen, leading the host of islands which go out into the Atlantic, ethereal in fog or lurid in the glare of sunset.

Madockawando's daughter tended the old chapel in summer, for she had first seen religion through its door. She wound the homely chancel rail with evergreens, and put leaves and red berries on the walls, and flowers under the sacred picture; her Etchemin woman always keeping her company. Father Petit hoped to see this rough shrine become a religious seminary, and strings of women led there every day to take, like contagion, from an abbess the instruction they took so slowly from a priest.



She and the Etchemin found it a dismal place, on their first visit after the winter retreat. She reproached herself for coming so late; but day and night an influence now encompassed Madockawando's daughter which she felt as a restraint on her freedom. A voice singing softly the love-songs of southern France often waked her from her sleep. The words she could not interpret, but the tone the whole village could, and she blushed, crowding paters on aves, until her voice sometimes became as distinct as Saint-Castin's in resolute opposition. It was so grotesque that it made her laugh. Yet to a woman the most formidable quality in a suitor is determination.

When the three girls who had constituted Saint-Castin's household at the fort passed complacently back to their own homes laden with riches, Madockawando's daughter was unreasonably angry, and felt their loss as they were incapable of feeling it for themselves. She was alien to the customs of her people. The fact pressed upon her that her people were completely bound to the white sagamore and all his deeds. Saint-Castin's sins had been open to the tribe, and his repentance was just as open. Father Petit praised him.

"My son Jean Vincent de l'Abadie, Baron de Saint-Castin, has need of spiritual aid to sustain him in the paths of virtue," said the priest impressively, "and he is seeking it."

At every church service the lax sinner was now on his knees in plain sight of the devotee; but she never looked at him. All the tribe soon knew what he had at heart, and it was told from camp fire to camp fire how he sat silent every night in the hall at Pentegoet, with his hair ruffled on his forehead, growing more haggard from day to day.

The Abenaki girl did not talk with other women about what happened in the community. Dead saints crowded her mind to the exclusion of living sinners. All that she heard came by way

of her companion, the stolid Etchemin, and when it was unprofitable talk it was silenced. They labored together all the chill April afternoon, bringing the chapel out of its winter desolation. The Etchemin made brooms of hemlock, and brushed down cobwebs and dust, and laboriously swept the rocky earthen floor, while the princess, standing upon a scaffold of split log benches, wiped the sacred picture and set a border of tender moss around it. It was a gaudy red print representing a pierced heart. The Indian girl kissed every sanguinary drop which dribbled down the coarse paper. Fog and salt air had given it a musty odor, and stained the edges with mildew. She found it no small labor to cover these stains, and pin the moss securely in place with thorns.

There were no windows in this chapel. A platform of hewed slabs had supported the altar; and when the princess came down, and the benches were replaced, she lifted one of these slabs, as she had often done before, to look into the earthen-floored box which they made. Little animals did not take refuge in the wind-beaten building. She often wondered that it stood; though the light materials used by aboriginal tribes, when anchored to the earth as this house was, toughly resisted wind and weather.

The Etchemin sat down on the ground, and her mistress on the platform behind the chancel rail, when everything else was done, to make a fresh rope of evergreen. The climbing and reaching and lifting had heated their faces, and the cool salt air flowed in refreshing them. Their hands were pricked by the spiny foliage, but they labored without complaint, in unbroken meditation. A monotonous low singing of the Etchemin's kept company with the breathing of the sea. This decking of the chapel acted like music on the Abenaki girl. She wanted to be quiet, to enjoy it.

By the time they were ready to shut the door for the night the splash of a

rising tide could be heard. Fog obliterated the islands, and a bleak gray twilight, like the twilights of winter, began to dim the woods.

"The sagamore has made a new law," said the Etchemin woman, as they came in sight of the fort.

Madockawando's daughter looked at the unguarded bastions, and the chimneys of Pentegoet rising in a stack above the walls.

"What new law has the sagamore made?" she inquired.

"He says he will no more allow a man to put away his first and true wife, for he is convinced that God does not love inconstancy in men."

"The sagamore should have kept his first wife himself."

"But he says he has not yet had her," answered the Etchemin woman, glancing aside at the princess. "The sagamore will not see the end of the sugar-making to-night."

"Because he sits alone every night by his fire," said Madockawando's daughter; "there is too much talk about the sagamore. It is the end of the sugar-making that your mind is set on."

"My husband is at the camps," said the Etchemin plaintively. "Besides, I am very tired."

"Rest yourself, therefore, by tramping far to wait on your husband, and keep his hands filled with warm sugar. I am tired, and I go to my lodge."

"But there is a feast in the camps, and nobody has thought of putting a kettle on in the village. I will first get your meat ready."

"No, I intend to observe a fast to-night. Go on to the camps, and serve my family there."

The Etchemin looked toward the darkening bay, and around them at those thickening hosts of invisible terrors which are yet dreaded by more enlightened minds than hers.

"No," responded the princess, "I am not afraid. Go on to the camps while

you have the courage to be abroad alone."

The Etchemin woman set off at a trot, her heavy body shaking, and distance soon swallowed her. Madockawando's daughter stood still in the humid dimness before turning aside to her lodge. Perhaps the ruddy light which showed through the open fortress gate from the hall of Pentegoet gave her a feeling of security. She knew a man was there; and there was not a man anywhere else within half a league. It was the last great night of sugar-making. Not even an Abenaki woman or child remained around the fort. Father Petit himself was at the camps to restrain riot. It would be a hard patrol for him, moving from fire to fire half the night. The master of Pentegoet rested very carelessly in his hold. It was hardly a day's sail westward to the English post of Pemaquid. Saint-Castin had really made ready for his people's spring sowing and fishing with some anxiety for their undisturbed peace. Pemaquid aggressed on him, and he seriously thought of fitting out a ship and burning Pemaquid. In that time, as in this, the strong hand upheld its own rights at any cost.

The Abenaki girl stood under the northwest bastion, letting early night make its impressions on her. Her motionless figure, in indistinct garments, could not be seen from the river; but she discerned, rising up the path from the water, one behind the other, a row of peaked hats. Beside the hats appeared gunstocks. She had never seen any English, but neither her people nor the French showed such tops, or came stealthily up from the boat landing under cover of night. She did not stop to count them. Their business must be with Saint-Castin. She ran along the wall. The invaders would probably see her as she tried to close the gate; it had settled on its hinges, and was too heavy for her. She thought of ringing the chapel bell; but before any Abenaki

could reach the spot the single man in the fortress must be overpowered.

Saint-Castin stood on his bachelor hearth, leaning an arm on the mantel. The light shone on his buckskin fringes, his dejected shoulders, and his clean-shaven youthful face. A supper stood on the table near him, where his Etchemin servants had placed it before they trotted off to the camps. The high windows flickered, and there was not a sound in the house except the low murmur or crackle of the glowing backlog, until the door-latch clanked, and the door flew wide and was slammed shut again. Saint-Castin looked up with a frown, which changed to stupid astonishment.

Madockawando's daughter seized him by the wrist.

"Is there any way out of the fort except through the gate?"

"None," answered Saint-Castin.

"Is there no way of getting over the wall?"

"The ladder can be used."

"Run, then, to the ladder! Be quick."

"What is the matter?" demanded Saint-Castin.

The Abenaki girl dragged on him with all her strength as he reached for the iron door-latch.

"Not that way — they will see you — they are coming from the river! Go through some other door."

"Who are coming?"

Yielding himself to her will, Saint-Castin hurried with her from room to room, and out through his kitchen, where the untidy implements of his Etchemin slaves lay scattered about. They ran past the storehouse, and he picked up a ladder and set it against the wall.

"I will run back and ring the chapel bell," panted the girl.

"Mount!" said Saint-Castin sternly; and she climbed the ladder, convinced that he would not leave her behind.

He sat on the wall and dragged the ladder up, and let it down on the outside. As they both reached the ground,

he understood what enemy had nearly trapped him in his own fortress.

"The doors were all standing wide," said a cautious nasal voice, speaking English, at the other side of the wall. "Our fox hath barely sprung from cover. He must be near."

"Is not that the top of a ladder?" inquired another voice.

At this there was a rush for the gate. Madockawando's daughter ran like the wind, with Saint-Castin's hand locked in hers. She knew, by night or day, every turn of the slender trail leading to the deserted chapel. It came to her mind as the best place of refuge. They were cut off from the camps, because they must cross their pursuers on the way.

The lord of Pentagoet could hear bushes crackling behind him. The position of the ladder had pointed the direction of the chase. He laughed in his headlong flight. This was not ignominious running from foes, but a royal exhilaration. He could run all night, holding the hand that guided him. Unheeded branches struck him across the face. He shook his hair back and flew light-footed, the sweep of the magnificent body beside him keeping step. He could hear the tide boom against the headland, and the swish of its recoiling waters. The girl had her way with him. It did not occur to the officer of the Carignan regiment that he should direct the escape, or in any way oppose the will manifested for the first time in his favor. She felt for the door of the dark little chapel, and drew him in and closed it. His judgment rejected the place, but without a word he groped at her side across to the chancel rail. She lifted the loose slab of the platform, and tried to thrust him into the earthen-floored box.

"Hide yourself first," whispered Saint-Castin.

They could hear feet running on the flinty approach. The chase was so close that the English might have seen them enter the chapel.

"Get in, get in!" begged the Abenaki girl. "They will not hurt me."

"Hide!" said Saint-Castin thrusting her fiercely in. "Would they not carry off the core of Saint-Castin's heart if they could?"

She flattened herself on the ground under the platform, and gave him all the space at her side that the contraction of her body left clear, and he let the slab down carefully over their heads. They existed almost without breath for many minutes.

The wooden door-hinges creaked, and stumbling shins blundered against the benches.

"What is this place?" spoke an English voice. "Let some one take his tinder-box and strike a light."

"Have care," warned another. "We are only half a score in number. Our errand was to kidnap Saint-Castin from his hold, not to get ourselves ambushed by the Abenakis."

"We are too far from the sloop now," said a third. "We shall be cut off before we get back, if we have not a care."

"But he must be in here."

"There are naught but benches and walls to hide him. This must be an idolatrous chapel where the filthy savages congregate to worship images."

"Come out of the abomination, and let us make haste back to the boat. He may be this moment marshaling all his Indians to surround us."

"Wait. Let a light first be made."

Saint-Castin and his companion heard the clicks of flint and steel; then an instant's blaze of tinder made cracks visible over their heads. It died away, the hurried, wrangling men shuffling about. One kicked the platform.

"Here is a cover," he said; but darkness again enveloped them all.

"Nothing is to be gained by searching farther," decided the majority. "Did I not tell you this Saint-Castin will never be caught? The tide will turn, and we

shall get stranded among the rocks of that bay. It is better to go back without Saint-Castin than to stay and be burnt by his Abenakis."

"But here is a loose board in some flooring," insisted the discoverer of the platform. "I will feel with the butt of my gun if there be anything thereunder."

The others had found the door, and were filing through it.

"Why not with thy knife, man?" suggested one of them.

"That is well thought of," he answered, and struck a half circle under the boards. Whether in this flourish he slashed anything he only learned by the stain on the knife, when the sloop was dropping down the bay. But the Abenaki girl knew what he had done, before the footsteps ceased. She sat beside Saint-Castin on the platform, their feet resting on the ground within the boards. No groan betrayed him, but her arms went jealously around his body, and her searching fingers found the cut in the buckskin. She drew her blanket about him with a strength of compression that made it a ligature, and tied the corners in a knot.

"Is it deep, sagamore?"

"Not deep enough," said Saint-Castin. "It will glue me to my buckskins with a little blood, but it will not let me out of my troubles. I wonder why I ran such a race from the English? They might have had me, since they want me, and no one else does."

"I will kiss you now, sagamore," whispered the Abenaki girl, trembling and weeping in the chaos of her broken reserve. "I cannot any longer hold out against being your wife."

She gave him her first kiss in the sacred darkness of the chapel, and under the picture of the pierced heart. And it has since been recorded of her that the Baroness de Saint-Castin was, during her entire lifetime, the best worshiped wife in Acadia.

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood,*

## GOVERNOR MORTON AND THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

THE absurdities of expiring knight-errantry, as laid bare in the satire of Cervantes, were not more out of keeping with the spirit of his time than were the manufactured solemnity of the Knights of the Golden Circle and Sons of Liberty, their mystic conclaves, foolish ritual, and blood-curdling oaths out of keeping with the spirit of our own age and institutions. Rozinante, Mambrino's helmet, the windmills, and the island of Sancho Panza were essentially no fitter subjects for satire than the midnight initiations in Indianapolis and in the woods of Martin County, the battle of Pogue's Run, the storming of Fort Dodd, the warlike Sunday-school literature for the conversion of Hoosiers, and the proposed establishment of a Northwestern Confederacy, under the leadership of men who had neither the ability to organize nor the courage to fight. But their conspiracy was planned at a time when the national unity was trembling between life and death; when a formidable foe, animated by genius and courage, hung upon the borders of Indiana and invaded its soil. It was a time when a straw could turn the balance, and that which at other periods would have been a subject of scornful jest became dangerous, and demanded additional energy from those who had performed the tasks of Hercules in the effort to subdue the Confederacy.

Fortunately, at this time, there was at the head of affairs a man whose resources were equal to every emergency, who embodied in his own person the whole energy of the State, whose autocratic will supplied, even under republican institutions and in conformity to law, whatever was lacking in a disaffected legislature and an unwilling judiciary; a man who furnished, without aid from any other branch of the government, the means of carrying on the business of

the State as well as the sinews of a costly war; a man who could hold a conspiracy like this, though it aimed at his own life, as a plaything in his hands, and even coerce it into his service. No one can read the history of these secret fraternities and not feel that, widespread as they were, there was not an instant in which they were not held securely within the grip of the War Governor of Indiana.

In the history of this conspiracy, as it was given to the public by the press and in the testimony at the treason trials, Morton's name does not often appear. It was through the agency of others that each step was taken in the suppression of this revolt. It is only those who can look behind the appearance of things who know that the agents employed in the detection of these plots were the emissaries and confidants of one whose name is seldom mentioned in their reports; that they were men who had been his old clients and familiars; men whom he had employed separately to attend the conclaves of the conspirators, each having no knowledge of the other's agency; men whom he met by out-of-the-way appointments, at different places in Indianapolis, and whose reports corroborated or disproved each other. It is only those who have examined the secret reports furnished to him at each step in the development of the plot who can fully understand how completely these organizations were at all times under the control of Governor Morton; how he played with them as a cat with a mouse; how, in many instances, he permitted them even to grow and develop, that he might fasten conviction the more securely upon them, and overthrow them utterly when the time should be ripe for the disclosure.

The history of the conspiracies in Indiana has never been so succinctly told

as in the words of Morton himself in the United States Senate, on May 4, 1876:—

"The State was honeycombed with secret societies, formerly known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, but later as Sons of Liberty. They claimed, in 1864, to have forty thousand members in the State; were lawless, defiant, plotting treason against the United States and the overthrow of the state government. In some counties their operations were so formidable as to require the militia to be kept on a war footing; and throughout 1863, and until the final explosion of the organizations in August, 1864, they kept the whole State in an uproar and alarm. So bold were their demonstrations in the summer of 1863 that General John Morgan, of Kentucky, was induced to invade the State with his forces, in the belief that there would be a general uprising in his support. In 1864, so numerous were these treasonable organizations, and so confident were they of their strength, that they matured a plan for a general uprising in the city of Indianapolis on the 16th of August, under cover of a mass meeting of the Democratic party, to be attended by members from all parts of the State. The plan, as shown by subsequent confessions of some of the leading conspirators, was, on that day, to release about seven thousand rebel prisoners confined at Camp Morton, seize the arsenal and arm these prisoners, overturn the state government, and take possession of the State. It was discovered some three weeks before the time fixed, and was abandoned by the leading conspirators, and orders were issued countermanding the march of their forces upon Indianapolis. Subsequently, the discovery and seizure of a large amount of arms and ammunition collected at Indianapolis for treasonable purposes, the seizure of the records and rituals of the order of the Sons of Liberty, giving the names of the principal conspirators, and the arrest of eight of the ringleaders had the effect to

break up and destroy the power of the organization; and I regret to have to state that in the list of the principal members of the organization were found three of the state officers, in whose hands the legislature of 1863 had attempted to place the whole military power of the State. On the trial of the ringleaders before a military tribunal appointed by the President under the Act of Congress, some of them turned State's evidence, and disclosed the full character and extent of the conspiracy. Four of them were convicted and three sentenced to death, one of whom was pardoned by President Johnson, and the two others, Bowles and Milligan, had their punishment commuted to imprisonment for life, but were afterwards released by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States to the effect that a military commission had no jurisdiction to try them for the offense."

With this for the text, let us develop somewhat more in detail the history of this conspiracy.

From the beginning of the war, opposition to the government was nourished by a number of secret societies, controlled by men who sympathized with the South. The members were bound by various oaths and obligations to oppose the so-called aggressions of the North, and to give all the aid possible to Southern rights. The language of these obligations was often ambiguous. Many were initiated who did not understand the terms used.

First, we find the Knights of the Golden Circle, a fraternity organized in the South prior to the war, which had members in Indiana at the outbreak of the struggle. Another society existed for a short time, called the Circle of the Mighty Host. We hear of some of its lodges as early as 1861. Then we have the Knights of the White Camellia, and, in 1863, the Circle of Honor. Then came the more extensive order of American Knights, which had an armed or-



ganization throughout the State, as well as in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri. The ritual of this order was changed after it had been exposed, and the order was then merged into the Sons of Liberty, which was still larger and more definitely insurrectionary in its purposes, and swallowed up all previous organizations.

How did these associations begin? It is said that, in 1855, one Charles C. Bickley, a native of Indiana, residing in the South, a man who espoused ardently the proslavery cause, endeavored to reduce to a more perfect state of organization the Southern Rights Clubs which existed in various parts of the slave States. After a constitution, by-laws, and ritual had been formed, he christened the new order "Knights of the Golden Circle," and subsequently became its commander in chief. The several divisions were called "castles." There were subordinate castles and state castles, the latter being represented by delegates in the Grand American Legion, from which body emanated the Articles of War governing the subordinate castles, and requiring military drill. The organization was at first intended to foster schemes of conquest. Its constitution set forth the annexation of Cuba, Mexico, and Nicaragua as among its chief objects. The idea of a slave empire surrounding the Gulf of Mexico, which should become to the New World what the Roman Empire had been to the Old, was the dream of many of these adventurers. They were outspoken in favor of a Southern Confederacy. "The North is vastly outgrowing us in territory and population. If we cannot get territory in the Union, we can out of it." The fraternity was insignificant in point of numbers, but some of the wealthiest men of the South belonged to it. In 1858, the plan of organization was changed. The "castle" was divided into the "outer and inner temples," and members were admitted only after pro-

bation sufficient to determine whether their political principles were such that they could be trusted. The order now began to acquire great antiquity. Regalia were provided; a close helmet surmounted by a crescent with fifteen stars represented the growing Confederacy. A skull and crossbones threatened death to abolitionists. There was a temple to the "Sunny South," with the image of the noonday sun beneath the dome. Castles sprang up in the border States, and Northern men with Southern feelings knocked at the doors. There were three degrees, — military, financial, and governmental. In the first, the candidates were told that the field of their operations would be in Mexico, but that it was also their duty to offer their services to any Southern State to repel a Northern army. The members of this degree were called the Knights of the Iron Hand. The headquarters of the financial degree, made up of Knights of the True Faith, were to be at Monterey, where stores and munitions would be deposited. Into the third degree, composed of Knights of the Columbian Star, none were admitted unless born in a slave State; or if in a free State, the applicant must be a slaveholder. No Knight should acknowledge that he was a member of this degree except to a brother. Among the obligations was this: "I will use my best exertions to find out every abolitionist in my county, and forward the name of such to the commander in chief. If I know of any who is a stranger or traveler, I will inform the Knights of the Columbian Star in my county, and call them to meet in council, that proper steps may be taken for his exposure. . . . I will do all that I can to make a slave State of Mexico, and as such will urge its annexation to the United States. . . . Until the whole civil, political, financial, and religious reconstruction of Mexico shall be completed, I will recognize a limited monarchy as the best form of government for the

purpose, since it can be made strong and effective. To prevent the entrance of any abolitionist into Mexico, I will sustain a passport system."

A plan for the conquest of Mexico was devised, and the Knights were to cross the Rio Grande by the 1st of October, 1861. But before that time they were busy about other matters, and the original purpose of the order was lost sight of in the conflict between the North and South. The Knights had been taking an active part in the presidential campaign of 1860. They used their influence to divide the Democratic party, and helped to promote the rupture which led to the separate nomination of Breckinridge. They were anxious to find out how many Northern men sympathized with the South, and believed that the vote for Breckinridge would show this, and that most of these voters might be counted upon as soldiers for the Southern army. A letter from Madison, Indiana, to Jefferson Castle, in Kentucky, promised a thousand men who would fight Northern aggressions to the death. One from Evansville promised that Vanderburg County would be good for a regiment. A letter from Washington, Indiana, said that there were thirty thousand men who would never compromise with Black Republicanism, and it was thought probable that the whole of Indiana south of the National Road would unite its fortunes with the South. The organization now rapidly extended. Members were sent to establish new castles. The original purposes of the order were no longer spoken of. The object now was to secure Southern rights. Castles were organized everywhere, in court rooms, stores, and barns. Preliminary degrees were instituted to try the soundness of the neophyte's opinions. The candidate then entered the outer temple, where he was received according to a new ritual adopted in 1860. When Lincoln was elected, it was believed that the deliverance of the South had come.

But the agents sent into the free States to establish castles found the time unfavorable, and their mission a dangerous one. The order was forced to confine its efforts mostly to the South. The ritual was by no means uniform; it was everywhere modified to suit the demands of the locality. In the border States, the initiatory steps were more gradual than in the extreme South. Members in the North were to act as spies, and, if possible, to raise companies of militia, to be turned over to the Confederate service. This effort was not successful. One Drongoole, of Martin County, Indiana, wrote to Jefferson Davis, declaring his ability to muster six regiments. Davis answered, commending his "noble and patriotic endeavors;" but the letter was intercepted, and Drongoole was roughly handled and sent South. The enthusiasm for the Union was then at red heat, and little could be done. Still there were a number of organizations scattered over Indiana.

Even at this early day a Northwestern Confederacy was talked of, and when the news came that Sumter had been fired upon, and the whole North was one blaze of patriotism and indignation, there were still a few whispers uttered stealthily and secretly here and there among the enemies of the Union, several centres of disaffection in various parts of Indiana where sentiments in favor of the Confederacy might be safely spoken. Prominent among these were Orange and Washington counties, in the southern part of the State,—rough, hilly regions where civilization was half a century behindhand; neighborhoods where the roads were rough and almost impassable, where even to-day the traveler hears stories of outrages committed by local banditti, who find their refuge in caves and hidden places in the forests; uncanny regions where streams lose themselves in subterranean recesses, and wander for miles under the earth, with springs whose waters, impregnated with sulphurous de-

posits, are said to restore health to the afflicted, but which are certainly filled with noisome and unsavory ingredients to those who are whole. Among these regions, the French Lick Springs have gained much local celebrity. They are situated at a place which, until lately, has been distant from railroad communications. Here lived Dr. W. A. Bowles, a man of considerable wealth, who had served in the Mexican war as colonel of the second Indiana regiment, which had broken and fled at Buena Vista. He had married a Southern wife. He was a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle. His house was a rendezvous for those who sympathized with secession; and just after the fall of Sumter, he wrote his wife (then in Louisiana), in most execrable English, that his fear was that the Douglas wing of the Democratic party would go with the Black Republicans, and "if so," he says, "our fate is sealed. You may be aware of our condition, but you cannot realize it. If Kentucky had gone out at the proper time, southern Indiana would have been with her to-day, if not the whole State." On May 3, 1861, he writes: "If things do not change very soon, we shall have fighting here in our midst, for many persons whom I supposed to be true to the South have been silenced, and are afraid to open their mouths in favor of Southern rights. Ayer, Charles Dill, and many others have come out for the North, and call all traitors who do not espouse the cause of the North. God knows what I am to do. If I leave and join the Southern army, my property will all be confiscated; and, besides that, my health is such that I fear I could render no service; but I have already sent some who will do service, and I expect to send more." Later, he becomes discouraged about Kentucky, and writes: "Louisville is in a perfect tumult. The Abolition Party is very strong, and I think the worst consequences are in store for Kentucky under her policy of armed neutral-

ity, which I think is a humbug. It is reported that a battle has been fought at Fortress Monroe, and that six hundred abolitionists were killed, and fifty on the Southern side; but I fear it is too good to be true. When the fighting commences, I think I shall go South." But Bowles did not go South. Restrained by the fear of the confiscation of his property, or believing that he could be more useful if he stayed in Indiana, he became one of the leading spirits in the subsequent conspiracies, and was convicted in the treason trials and sentenced to be hanged. But of this more hereafter.

As the war went on, and the armies of the North suffered defeat, these little centres of Southern sympathy became more numerous, and the voices of the disaffected bolder and louder. The Knights of the Golden Circle now spread their organization over the State, and Governor Morton was confronted with treason at home. In May, 1862, the grand jury of the United States District Court reported that the Knights numbered some fifteen thousand, as estimated by members of the order; that lodges were instituted in various parts of the State; that among the signals was one invented for the use of such members as should be drafted into the army. The soldiers on the other side were thereby reminded of their obligation not to injure the person giving these signals, and it became their mutual duty to shoot over each other. The members of this fraternity bound themselves to resist the payment of the Federal tax, and to prevent enlistments in the army. In many neighborhoods where these societies existed, there was a failure to furnish a fair proportion of volunteers. Meetings were held in out-of-the-way places, in the woods, in deserted houses; members attended with arms; sentinels were posted to keep off intruders. The unwary were lured into the fold on the pretext that the purpose was the better organ-

ization of the Democratic party. Candidates were familiarized with the real object as they advanced through the degrees. Many who saw the evil tendency withdrew, but, owing to their obligations of secrecy and from the fear of violence, they were reluctant to expose their fellows. Some members of this grand jury, having learned the signals of the order, went to Camp Morton at Indianapolis, where, among the Confederate prisoners, they found that their signals were recognized, and they reported their discovery. This report was bitterly denounced by peace Democrats. Complaint was made that the members of the jury were making speeches over the State retailing what they had discovered. Subsequent developments showed that the facts were understated rather than exaggerated. The report excited much alarm. Disaffection with the administration had been growing. The draft came on in October, and intensified this feeling. In some places the conscription was resisted.

The election of 1862 resulted disastrously to the Republicans. There were Democratic majorities in both houses of the legislature, and at that time, in Indiana, the Democratic party represented violent opposition to the administration. An attempt was made in this legislature to investigate these secret orders. Various objections were made. An investigation would be useless, and would cost money. There should be no inquiry until facts had been discovered sufficient to prove the existence of such societies. The investigation should be before a judicial tribunal. The resolution was founded on rumors originating in the abolition Indianapolis Journal. The loyal people should not be insulted by investigations based upon malignant charges made by corrupt abolitionist leaders; the investigation would embitter partisan feeling, and cast a reflection upon the Democratic party. The most positive statements were made by Republicans of the

existence of these societies, but Democrats answered that no one believed in them; that every man who indorsed the President's proclamation was an abolitionist, and if it were treason to oppose the administration they were traitors, and abolitionists might make the most of it. The proposition to investigate was finally laid upon the table by a party vote.

While the legislature was debating, Governor Morton received information that the Knights were armed and talking of war at home. They declared that no deserter should be arrested, that abolitionists were to be exterminated, and that the Northwestern States would form a government by themselves. About the time of the adjournment of this legislature, General Henry B. Carrington was appointed to the command of the District of Indiana. On the 26th of March, Governor Morton, by telegram from Washington, informed him that large shipments of arms had been made from New York to Indiana for insurrectionary purposes. Carrington at once prohibited the importation of weapons for such organizations, and issued an order restricting the sale of arms. The legislature having refused to investigate, Governor Morton determined to do this for himself. It made little difference to him whether or not there was a statute in such case made and provided. Treason was lurking in the State, and he intended to drag it to the light. On the 18th of April, Louis Prosser, a leader of the Knights in Brown County, killed a soldier, and was himself mortally wounded by Captain Cuning. Morton appointed a commission to inquire into the facts. Witnesses testified that their neighbors had been driven from home, houses had been burned, the lives of Union men threatened, soldiers shot, and that bands of men had been seen drilling and passing through the country fully armed. The agency of the Knights in these proceedings was clearly shown.

All through the State, wherever this feeling of disaffection existed, it was attributed to the Knights of the Golden Circle. Thus, when, on May 2, 1863, in the county of Wayne, one hundred men galloped through the town of Centreville, shouting for Jeff Davis, and a telegram was sent to Morton that armed Butternuts were parading the streets, public rumor at once connected this with the Knights of the Golden Circle. General Hascall sent on a detachment, and sixteen were arrested. A number of the leaders were compelled to mount a platform used for the pump, in front of the old courthouse at Centreville, and then and there to take an oath of allegiance wholly unknown to the statutes, which was improvised and administered by Lewis D. Stubbs, justice of the peace, who had come over from Richmond for the purpose.

It was during this year that the feeling inspired by these orders reached an absurd culmination in the "battle of Pogue's Run," when numbers of armed men, who came to Indianapolis with the intention of exciting an insurrection, were deprived of their weapons by a handful of soldiers, and threw away their pistols and ammunition into the waters of the stream, or concealed them in the clothing of the women by whom they were accompanied. It was due largely to the encouragement which these orders had given that Thomas H. Hines invaded the State with a handful of men, in June, and was followed in July by a larger force under General John Morgan. The river was crossed. Morgan advanced to Corydon, to Salem, to Vernon, but he did not meet with the expected assistance. The whole State was aflame, and he found troops surrounding him on every side. It was not long before he crossed the line into Ohio, where he was captured and sent to the Ohio penitentiary, from which he subsequently escaped.

The Knights of the Golden Circle

ceased to have an existence under that name in the fall of 1863. Apart from the general restlessness which they inspired, and the Confederate hopes which they encouraged, they had really done but little. It was principally as the precursor of the later and more extensive order of American Knights and Sons of Liberty that this organization was important. The order of American Knights was established in the summer and fall of 1863. Harrison Dodd, who was elected Grand Commander for Indiana, was a man of romantic disposition, intensely fond of every sort of mystery. He had been an active member of the Know Nothing party, and one of the chief functionaries of the Sons of Malta. The initiations into that fraternity conducted by him are described by surviving members of the order as "most impressive." The ritual of the order of American Knights was turgid and rhetorical, and gave full play to Mr. Dodd's peculiar talents. Here are some extracts from the instructions to neophytes:—

"Divine essence dwells in man, is individualized in him, and exists eternal when his body of the flesh shall have resolved itself into its original elements. Hence the true man is divine, immortal, and cannot attain perfection in the body that passeth away."

"In the economy of the intellectual world there are found degrees of capacity, which arise mainly from physical development; which result from, and are adapted to, the peculiar influences of material nature which surround the man. The superior intellectual and physical development must progress, nor must be impeded, but aided, by the inferior and imperfect, even should the subjection of the inferior to a condition of servitude to the superior be necessary to secure such aid; that servitude, however, being so qualified and regulated by enlightened sentiment and wise and humane laws that, while it aids the progress of the superior, it shall at the same time

advance the inferior, by subduing and refining influences, toward complete civilization. Hence, the servitude of the African to the white man, imposed and regulated by wise and humane statutes and by suggestions of refined public sentiment, should promote the advancement of both races; and is approved by the sanction of Divine Economy."

Having thus put slavery upon a sound basis, the lecture to the neophyte undertakes a similarly logical exposition of constitutional law. He is told: "Whenever the chosen rulers, officers, or delegates to whom the people have entrusted the power of the government shall fail or refuse to administer the government in strict accordance with the letter of the established and accepted compact, constitution, or ordinance, it is the inherent right and the solemn and imperative duty of the people to resist the usurpations of their functionaries, and, if need be, to expel them by force of arms. Such resistance is not revolution, but is solely the assertion of a right, the exercise of all the noble attributes which impart honor and dignity to manhood. Submission to power or authority usurped is unmitigated debasement in an entire people; and the debasement is increased in degree according to the degree of progress which a people shall have attained before the usurpation began, and shall enlarge its measure of shame while the submission continues."

The weak, including orphans and women, next receive the consideration of the order, and the neophyte is told that "the virtues which Divinity hath implanted in our holier natures, and which are inculcated and enjoined by the precepts of religion, must be cherished by the brotherhood;" and finally: "Our swords shall be unsheathed whenever the great principles which we aim to inculcate and have sworn to maintain and defend shall be assailed, or in defense of the oppressed against the oppressor. Thus shall we best illustrate

our worthy name and the high behests of our worthy order. Amen."

In the obligation of the candidate for initiation is contained the following:—

"I do further solemnly promise that I will ever cherish in my heart of hearts the sublime creed of the Excellent Knights, as explained to me in this presence; that I will inculcate the same amongst the brotherhood, will, so far as in me lies, illustrate the same in my intercourse with men, and will defend the principles thereof, if need be with my life, whensoever assailed,—in my own country first of all. I do further promise that my sword shall ever be drawn in defense of the right, in behalf of the weak against the strong, wherever truth and justice shall be found on the side of the weak, and especially in behalf of the oppressed against the oppressor. I do further solemnly declare that I will never take up arms in behalf of any monarch, prince, potentate, power, or government which does not acknowledge the sole authority of power to be the will of the governed expressly and distinctly declared, saving, however, a single instance, where a government shall exert its highest power and authority in raising a people from a condition of barbarism or anarchy to a degree of civilization and enlightenment until they shall be equal to the noble work of constructing a government of their own free choice, founded upon the principles of eternal truth. . . .

"I do further solemnly declare and swear, in the presence of these Excellent Knights, my witnesses, that I now plight each and every of these my solemn vows, without reservation or evasion of mind whatsoever, and with full knowledge and understanding, and with my full assent, that the penalty declared against any violation of any or either of these my vows and promises will be a surrender of my body to the tribunal of the order of American Knights, to be



burned and its ashes strewn upon the winds, if it shall be so adjudged, and my sword and the emblems and jewels with which I have been adorned in honor shall be forged into one mass and thrown into the sea, and my name shall become a byword amongst the brotherhood, to be pronounced only with anathema and scorn. Divine Presence, approve my troth, and ye, Excellent Knights, hear and witness my plighted vows! Amen!"

The lecture given to the candidate for the third degree is much the same in its purport:—

"In the Divine Economy, no individual of the human race must be permitted to encumber the earth, to mar its aspects of transcendent beauty, nor to impede the progress of the intellectual or physical man, neither in himself nor in the race to which he belongs. Hence, a people, upon whatever plane they may be found in the ascending scale of humanity, whom neither the divinity within them, nor the inspirations of divine and beautiful nature around them, can impel to virtuous action and progress onward and upward, should be subjected to a just and humane servitude, a strict tutelage to the superior and energetic development, until they shall be able to appreciate the benefits and advantages of civilization. . . .

"The Caucasian or white race exhibits the most perfect and complete development of humanity. Hence, the noblest efforts of that race should be directed to the holy and sublime work of subduing, civilizing, refining, and elevating the wild and savage races wheresoever found; nor should those efforts cease until the broad earth shall bloom again like Eden, and the people thereof shall be fitted to hail the dawning light of that millennium which the inspiration of that divinity within us has pictured to our hopes, and whose transcendent glories are even now glowing upon the vision of calm, serene, undoubting faith."

The obligation contained the following:

"I do further solemnly promise and swear that I will ever cherish the sublime lessons which the sacred emblems of our order suggest, and will, so far as in me lies, impart those lessons to the people of the earth, where the mystic acorn falls from its parent bough, in whose visible firmament Orion, Arcturus, and the Pleiades ride in their cold, resplendent glories, and where the Southern Cross dazzles the eye of degraded humanity with its coruscations of golden light, fit emblem of truth, while it invites our sacred order to consecrate her temples in the four corners of the earth, where moral darkness reigns and despotism holds sway. . . . Divine Essence, so help me that I fail not in my troth, lest I shall be summoned before the tribunal of the order, adjudged, and condemned to certain and shameful death, while my name shall be recorded on the roll of infamy! Amen."

But the life of the order of the American Knights was brief and barren. It was found that its priceless secrets had been discovered by the government; so the members were reorganized as "Sons of Liberty" at a Grand Council on the 22d of February, 1864, and C. L. Vandaligham was elected Supreme Grand Commander of the United States. The political principles of this last body were more definitely defined than in the earlier fraternities.

"The government designated the United States of America has no sovereignty, because that is an attribute belonging to the people in their respective state organizations, and with which they have not endowed that government as a common agent. . . . That government can exercise only delegated powers; hence, if those who have been chosen to administer it shall assume to exercise powers which have not been delegated, they should be dealt with as usurpers. . . . It is the inherent right and imperative duty of the people to resist such

officials, and, if need be, to expel them by force of arms. Such resistance is not revolution, but is solely the assertion of a right. . . . It is incompatible with the history and nature of our system of government that official authority should coerce by arms a sovereign State. . . . In a convention of delegates elected by the people of a State is recognized the impersonation of the sovereignty of a State; the declaration of such a convention is the ultimate expression of this sovereignty."

Those who are familiar with the theories and formulæ of the secessionists will recognize the identity of these doctrines with those of Jefferson Davis and the other Southern leaders.

The Sons of Liberty were, in fact, a continuation of the order of American Knights; but the colloquies and lessons were changed, and the members of the old order were not admitted unless they were considered worthy. The new body was now greatly enlarged. It had an extensive membership in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri, and in the summer of 1864 it was claimed by Vallandigham that in Indiana it had no less than 40,000 members. The figures given by the Grand Secretary for Indiana are not so large. He testified that, in September, reports from forty-five counties showed a membership of 18,000. Dodd was Grand Commander for the State, and Dr. W. A. Bowles, Lambdin P. Milligan, Andrew Humphreys, and one Yeakle were "major-generals," commanding the four districts into which the State was divided for military purposes. In June, John C. Walker was elected in Yeakle's place, and Horace Heffren (a man who had distinguished himself at the outbreak of the war by violent secession harangues in the legislature, and who had afterwards recanted and been appointed by Morton to a military command, but had resigned and returned to his original secession views) became Deputy Grand Commander for

the State. Judge Bullitt, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, was Grand Commander of that State, and Felix Stidger, who turned out to be a United States detective, was elected Grand Secretary for Kentucky. There were two bodies, one within the other: one a civil organization, to which the mass of the members belonged, the purpose of which was political (to promote the success of the Democratic party); and the other a military organization, which had for its object the establishment of a Northwestern Confederacy, and failing this, the members were to join their fortunes with the South. Many did not belong to this second body, but the leaders belonged to both, and active steps were taken to organize the military department. Some of the belligerent schemes of the order were fantastic. Dr. Bowles proposed to have nine companies of infantry, one company of lancers, and one section of artillery to comprise each regiment. The lancers were to have a hook "to punch with," and "a sickle to cut the horses' bridles," so that the enemy would become confused, and if a charge were made when they had no way of getting their horses out, they would be easily "mashed up." The military department was to be controlled by a secret committee of thirteen, appointed by the Grand Commander, whose names were to be known only to him. The committee on military organization reported at a meeting held on June 14, in Indianapolis, in the fourth story of the building occupied by Dodd as a printing establishment. They recommended that the order should equip as rapidly as possible. But the question arose, how were they to be armed? Some proposed to raise the means by taxing the members; others, by subscription; others, that the members should arm themselves. They finally came to the masterly conclusion to let each sub-district arm as best it could. This was before they had received the large sums afterwards paid by the Confederate com-

missioners in Canada. Bowles claimed that he had his command organized and divided into regiments and companies, except in one district. They were drilling "at such snatched times as they could get." When the time came to act, however, these regiments did not appear.

The clumsy character of the organization and its utter lack of efficiency were shown in many ways. In May, 1864, Bowles talked confidentially with Stidger, a man whom he had never seen before, in regard to the secrets of the order, without testing him to see if he belonged to it. Heffren sent William P. Green to Chicago to a meeting of the Grand Council, and Green fell into the hands of detectives, who secured Heffren's proxy, and Green never got to the Council at all. Again it was found that the sanctuaries of the order had been invaded. It was ascertained that one Coffin, who had been in the confidence of the leaders, was an agent of Governor Morton, and a detective, and at a meeting of the State Council on June 14, at Indianapolis, it was decided that Coffin should be killed. On the following day there was to be a meeting at Dayton, Ohio, to be addressed by Vallandigham. It was learned that Coffin would be present. Dodd asked what members would volunteer to go with him and put Coffin out of the way, but most of the members did not know Coffin. McBride, of Evansville, knew him, but was so situated that he could not go on this trifling errand. Bowles and Dodd went, but Coffin was not to be found. He had been advised of his danger by Stidger, who was present at the conference, and who was apparently as eager as any for his "removal." One of the purposes of the Sons of Liberty was the destruction of government property. One Bocking, of Cincinnati, had made an invention which he called "green fire." He showed it to Bowles and others, and two hundred dollars were given to him to serve his necessities. Bowles, with Bullitt, Dodd, and

one or two others, spent one Sunday in Indianapolis experimenting with this invention. There was a hand grenade and a machine with a clock for setting boats and government buildings on fire. "Nothing would put it out." Bowles said that some stores in Louisville, as well as two boats, had been destroyed by it, and that the Confederate government would pay ten per cent for property thus destroyed.

But the most important work to which the order devoted itself was a conspiracy with the Confederate authorities for a general "uprising," for the purpose of seizing the Federal arsenals, releasing Confederate prisoners, overthrowing the state government, and organizing a Northwestern Confederacy.

In 1864, the outlook for the South was dark and discouraging. Vicksburg had fallen. The States west of the Mississippi had been severed from the main body of the Confederacy. Tennessee had been abandoned. Lee had recoiled from Gettysburg, and the lines of Grant were rapidly closing about the Confederate capital. A great portion of the Southern territory was occupied by Federal forces, and could no longer furnish supplies. The conscription had forced into the army nearly the whole male population of the South. The only hope seemed to be in an uprising at the North, which would release the Confederate prisoners, and turn the Federal forces back for the protection of their own territory. There was much disaffection in the North. There were bitter complaints of arbitrary arrests and military executions. This feeling was well known to the authorities at Richmond. Jefferson Davis accordingly appointed a commission of three persons to visit Canada, and negotiate with such persons as might be relied on "to aid in the attainment of peace." Jacob Thompson, C. C. Clay, and J. P. Holcombe were appointed commissioners. But peace was not the only thing they sought, and Captain Hines was detailed

for special service, to collect Confederate soldiers in Canada, and with them, if possible, to release Confederate prisoners confined at different places in the North. The Confederate government left to his judgment and discretion the means to be employed for effecting "any fair and appropriate enterprise of war consistent with British neutrality." The instructions to Mr. Thompson were, that if he failed in his efforts for peace he should adopt measures calculated to cripple the military power of the Federal government by destroying stores and stopping supplies.

When Mr. Thompson arrived in Montreal, on May 30, he endeavored to induce the newspapers to urge a cessation of hostilities; but the press was adverse, and nothing could be done. Then followed the negotiations with Horace Greeley, which had no better success. Mr. Thompson then conferred with Vallandigham, who represented that the Sons of Liberty were 300,000 strong, and that the members of this order desired that the war should cease, and that the Federal army should be withdrawn from Southern territory. Some of the leaders wanted to establish a Northwestern Confederacy, but this desire was not universal. Mr. Thompson encouraged the idea, and offered aid in the shape of money and arms and arranged for the distribution of funds to be used in arming the organization in the different counties. He had strong hopes of the success of the movement; but the Confederate commissioners had to await the action of the Sons of Liberty. Vallandigham returned to Ohio, and made speeches to stir up resistance.

The 20th of July was the time first fixed for the "uprising." The state officers were to be deposed, and provisional governments created. But when the day drew near, the Sons of Liberty found that they were very weak from lack of organization and discipline, and the time of the outbreak was postponed

until August 16. A council was held at Chicago, and a statement made of the situation. Money had been captured from a United States paymaster on the Red River, and they could have the use of it. Ohio would be cared for by Vallandigham. Dodd had met Commissioner Thompson at the Clifton House, Niagara. He would send couriers to the major-generals of the several districts in Indiana, and they were to send messengers into the various counties, and the counties were to notify the townships. The forces of southern Indiana were to meet near New Albany, under Bowles; those of Illinois at Rock Island, Springfield, and Chicago, and, having seized the arsenals at these places, they were to march on St. Louis. In Indiana, the main body was to be concentrated at Indianapolis, and the capture of the state capital was left to the special care of Dodd. A political meeting would be called at that place. The members would come in wagons, with arms secreted in the straw. When a certain signal was given, they were to seize their arms and march on Camp Morton, release the prisoners and capture the guards. The prisoners were to be armed, and the guards held as prisoners. A detail was then to be sent to "take care of the governor," and they were to seize the railroad to Jeffersonville, and use the cars to transport the prisoners and arms.

Dodd returned to Indianapolis, and communicated this plot to his trusted friends. He suggested that J. J. Bingham, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, should call a mass meeting at Indianapolis on the 16th, but Bingham refused. Matters were then brought to the knowledge of the Hon. Joseph E. McDonald, Democratic candidate for governor, who at once declared that the thing must be stopped. Michael C. Kerr came up from New Albany, and related to Bingham the scheme for the uprising, and said that Dr. Athon, secretary of state, was involved in it. Governor

Morton was to be captured, and Athon made provisional governor. Athon was visited by Bingham and Kerr, but declared that he knew nothing of it.

A meeting of prominent Democrats was held in McDonald's office. They determined that the project must not go on. Kerr said that he had come up on purpose to stop this revolutionary scheme, and that if it could not be stopped in any other way the authorities should be informed of it. Dodd insisted that "the government could not be restored" without revolution, and that an appeal to the ballot box was folly; but before the conference broke up it was agreed that the conspiracy was to go no further. The authorities, however, were not to be informed of it. But this was unnecessary. They knew all about it. Governor Morton and General Carrington had long been upon the track of the conspirators. Morton was notified that arms and ammunition had been forwarded to Dodd by the Merchants' Dispatch, marked "Sunday-School Books." Dodd's office was searched, and 400 navy revolvers and 135,000 rounds of ammunition were found.

Let us now return to Canada. It was on the 22d of July that the Confederate commissioners, with Hines and Castleman, had met the representatives of the Sons of Liberty, and the time for the uprising had been fixed for the 16th of August. But the delegates from the order feared that the military authorities would suppress the movement, unless Confederate forces were sent into Kentucky and Missouri to occupy the attention of the soldiers. Another conference was held on the 7th of August, and the date of the uprising was further postponed until the 29th of the month, when the Democratic National Convention would assemble. This convention would be the best cover for their action. The Confederate agents insisted that this postponement should be the last. They would furnish abundant means to bring

the men to Chicago, but they would then attempt to release the Confederate prisoners confined in that city, and at Indianapolis and Rock Island, whether the order acted with them or not. Delay added to the danger.

The Sons of Liberty were irresolute. Their timidity contrasted oddly with the vigor and military promptness with which Hines and Castleman insisted on immediate action. The leaders of the order were to bring its members to Chicago to attend the convention. A large sum of money was furnished by the Confederates, but many of the agents who were to distribute it pocketed the funds, and very few men came. The Sons of Liberty in Indiana had been suppressed at the meeting in McDonald's office, and did not appear. The Confederates came to Chicago, believing that, with any sort of cooperation, they could successfully attack Camp Douglas in that city, and that, with the 5000 prisoners released—for whom arms had been provided—and 7000 more at Springfield, joined by the Sons of Liberty, a formidable force could be marshaled. Information had been conveyed to the prisoners of the intention to release them. Chicago was thronged. Hines and Castleman met the officers of the order the night before the convention; but the men employed to bring the members together failed, and the courage necessary for the outbreak was wholly wanting. Hines and Castleman proposed, on the following day, that the Sons of Liberty should furnish 500 men to liberate the prisoners at Rock Island, and take possession of that town and Springfield; but the members of the order found that they had important business at home, and the project collapsed.

In the mean time the officers of justice had been upon the track of the conspirators, and their designs were thoroughly exposed. On the 1st of August, the ritual of the Sons of Liberty was captured by the provost-marshal in a law office in

Terre Haute. On August 22d, the correspondence of Grand Commander Dodd was overhauled, and the secrets of the order were held up to the scorn and ridicule of the public. The discoveries are thus described by a contemporary commentator:—

“Among the rubbish we find schedules of their first degrees, their second degrees, their third degrees, their oaths, obligations, invocations, — a strange medley of blasphemy and innocence past credulity. Who, for instance, can imagine that a man of reasonable sense, consenting to initiation in the order of the Sons of Liberty, would stand up, after the mystical three raps at the subterranean wicket, and hear his sponsor, in answer to the sepulchral ‘Who cometh?’ gravely respond, ‘A citizen we found in the hands of the sons of despotism, bound and well-nigh crushed to death beneath their oppression. We have brought him hither, and would now restore him to the blessings of liberty and law.’ How many of those who have, by the official report, gone through this mummery ever imagined they were in the hands of the ‘sons of despotism’ until some impudent demagogue informed them of the alarming fact? Not one, we venture to affirm, of all these thousands who have gone through this miserable form, standing in the ‘vestibule of the temple,’ the right hand under the left arm, the left arm under the right, the four fingers over and the thumb hidden under the right arm, and, with his hands crossed on his bowels, representing the belt Orion. And yet this is but the beginning of the end. Having so forsworn himself, and surrendered his volition to the absolute despotism of the inner circle, wherein are the contrivers who pull the strings to move their puppets, he is thus charged: ‘Son of Liberty, thy journey is well-nigh accomplished. Somewhat yet remains, and the sons of despotism will beset thy path and aim to turn thee back, peradventure will seek thy life. Then put thy

trust in God and Truth. Still, the journey leadeth due East, until thou art held by the Guardian in the South, who will further instruct thee. Beware lest thou bear thee towards the North too far and lose thy way; as well, also, take heed lest the South entice thee too far thither.

We have a trusted, faithful guide on either side thy way, who, true and constant to his behest, perchance may hail thee. Receive what he shall offer, and give earnest heed to all his words. Son of Liberty, be thy watchword Onward.’

“And why travel East?” says the commentator. “Is it the source of all light? So is it the source of despotism and absolutism. There — due East — rises the everlasting figure of the New England Yankee.”

We must pass rapidly over the final scenes. In these, the principal part was played by the ministers of public justice, and the members of the order were most unwilling actors. The order had been exposed. The thing to be done now was to make an example of those who had participated in the conspiracy. General Carrington, who had collected most of the evidence against the accused, was in favor of trying them in the federal courts; but Secretary Stanton and Governor Morton determined that more drastic measures were required. It was necessary to inspire terror in their hearts to prevent a repetition of plots which, however awkwardly they might be managed, were a continual source of danger. So General Alvin P. Hovey took charge of the Department of Indiana, and it was determined to try the conspirators by court-martial. He instituted a military tribunal for the trial of Dodd, the Grand Commander of Indiana, who had just been arrested. The trial began on September 22. The defendant objected to the jurisdiction of the commission, claiming to be a citizen in no wise connected with the army. Major Burnett, the judge advocate, supported the jurisdiction of the tribunal by the President's proclamation



of September, 1862, ordering insurgents and their abettors to be tried by courts-martial. Charges were filed for conspiracy in organizing these secret societies for the purpose of overthrowing the government, seizing the arsenals, releasing Confederate prisoners, inciting insurrection, and resisting the draft. Mr. Dodd was thunderstruck upon finding that the first witness against him was Felix G. Stidger, a man who had been in his confidence, and who, as he now learned for the first time, was a detective. Several witnesses testified, when the case came to an abrupt termination. Dodd had petitioned General Hovey to be allowed to occupy a room in the post-office building instead of being confined in the military prison. About four o'clock on the morning of October 7, he escaped by means of a rope conveyed to him by a ball of twine which had been left by his friends. The street lights were darkened, and he slipped away unobserved. He remained hidden for some time about Indianapolis, and finally escaped to Canada. The question of jurisdiction was argued in his absence, and the case was submitted to the court for its decision. This decision was not announced. It was generally understood that Dodd had been found guilty and condemned to death, but, the body of the delinquent not being accessible, the judgment could not be executed. Bowles, Humphreys, Heffren, Milligan, and Horsey were now arrested. Bowles had said that he could successfully resist any attempts to take him, but he was quietly seized, early one morning, at his residence at French Lick Springs, and removed to Indianapolis.

A new commission was detailed for the trial of these men. It convened on October 21. The same charges were preferred. The participation of Bowles and Milligan in the conspiracy was very clearly shown by the testimony of the detective Stidger; of Clayton, a *bona fide* member of the order, who was terrified

into giving reluctant evidence; of Harrison, the Grand Secretary of Indiana, who also told what he knew for the same reason; as well as of Bingham, editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel. There was a stampede of all who had been connected with the order. Every one seemed anxious to preserve the integrity of his own skin by giving evidence to convict his associates.

Their leader had slipped down a rope and run to Canada, and the rest proposed to purchase safety as best they might. A surprise was in store for the defendants. Heffren, the Deputy Grand Commander, had been sitting with the others and taking part in the defense. On the afternoon of the 4th of November, the judge advocate, at the opening of the court, said that all proceedings against him were withdrawn, and he was released from arrest. He was immediately placed upon the stand as a witness for the prosecution. He was evidently much terrified, and eager to save his own life at the expense of others. His appearance is explained by his own testimony that "upon that morning, before dinner, he had a conversation with Governor Morton and General Hovey, which was confidential." Heffren had sought an interview with Hovey, because, to use his own words, "he wanted to get out of the scrape," and he even testified to conversations with his own confederates while in prison. The case against Horsey was not quite so strong as that against Bowles and Milligan, while the evidence against Humphreys was weaker still. Jonathan W. Gordon made an elaborate argument against the jurisdiction of the court. Mr. Ray discussed the facts in behalf of Humphreys and Bowles. For Humphreys he made a strong argument, denying any complicity in military and insurrectionary schemes, and claiming that the order itself was not a conspiracy. For Bowles he was able to do little more than to make a plea in mitigation, and commend him to the mercy

of the court as a man broken in age. But the commission considered that this was no time for mercy. The defendants were all found guilty. Humphreys was to be imprisoned for life; Bowles, Milligan, and Horsey were sentenced to be hanged. In the case of Humphreys, the general commanding the district substituted confinement within the boundaries of two townships in his own county. The attorneys and agents of the men sentenced to death visited Mr. Lincoln, asking him to modify or revise the sentences, and he gave assurances that he would spare their lives; but before he took any action he was assassinated, and Andrew Johnson succeeded, with the full determination of "making treason odious." He approved the sentences.

Petitions for a writ of habeas corpus were prepared, addressed to the United States Circuit Court, which court certified a difference of opinion as to the jurisdiction of the commission. In the mean time, Bowles, Milligan, and Horsey were to be hanged on May 19. All efforts to secure a commutation or postponement of the sentence were unavailing. On May 1, it was announced that Bowles and Milligan were writing confessions of the conspiracy which would implicate prominent men not yet connected with it, and there was great anxiety.

Meanwhile, Judge Davis visited Indianapolis, and had a long and earnest talk with Governor Morton. The judge thought it was clear that the commission was illegal, since the courts of Indiana were open, and martial law had not been proclaimed.

Morton had hitherto taken no part in the effort to have the sentences commuted, but he now declared that he did not intend to have the blood of these men on his hands, and he recommended the President to commute their sentences. He sent several communications to Mr. Johnson: one, on May 13, by General Mansfield; another by the wife of Milligan.

Finally, John U. Pettit was dispatched to Washington, and at his solicitation, first a suspension, and finally a commutation, of the sentences were secured. This excited great indignation throughout the State. President Johnson and Governor Morton were bitterly denounced for cheating the gallows. Some of the more violent of the papers even went so far as to declare that this commutation was corrupt; that money had saved the necks of these men from the halter; and some even pointed out a house on Meridian Street which was to be transferred to Morton in consideration of his services. But a better sentiment soon prevailed, and these idle stories were silenced. The application for habeas corpus was finally decided by the Supreme Court in favor of the defendants. The war was now over. The example of the execution of these men by military authority was no longer needed. Law had resumed its sway. The court decided that the military commission had no jurisdiction, as Indiana was not in a state of war, and the courts were still open.

The accused were therefore discharged, and with their release the history of the Sons of Liberty in Indiana comes to an end.

*William Dudley Foulke.*

## PETRARCH.

THOU master of this fourteen-stringèd lyre,  
 Cunningest weaver of delicious song,  
 Whose measures move at once serene and strong,  
 Calm outwardly, but touched within with fire  
 Of stinging intellectual desire ;  
 Thou prince of those whose ecstasies belong  
 To thought, not feeling, whose harmonious tongue  
 Made love's ideal soar a heaven higher, —  
 Petrarch, I thee invoke to aid my Muse,  
 Not like believers who with vows adore  
 And kneel and kiss and pass, and so forget ;  
 But that the constant worship which I use  
 May grow in comprehension more and more,  
 Till thy high seal upon my song be set.

*Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.*

## STUDIES IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PETRARCH.

## I.

## THE LETTER TO POSTERITY.

"YOU will perhaps have heard something of me ; though who can tell whether so trivial and obscure a name as mine will have penetrated to remote places and distant times ? But if so, you may desire to know what manner of man I was, and the purport of my works, — of those, at least, whose fame has reached you, or of which you may have heard some slight mention. From the first men will differ in their verdict about me ; for it is always prejudice rather than truth which determines their judgment, and there is no measure in their distribution of praise and blame. I was one insignificant member of the great human flock, neither highly nor basely born."

Such are the opening sentences of that Letter to Posterity which the precursor of the Humanists, Francesco Petrarca,

began to write, near the close of his eventful career, and which one cannot help regretting that he should have lacked the time or the strength to complete. For, although it may argue a species of vanity for a man to write a letter to posterity at all, no man, surely, ever had better excuses for self-exaggeration than Petrarch. Yet this fragment of a last confession seems, upon the whole, to be remarkably free from any such vulgar sentiment. The life of the great idealist in friendship, in politics, in letters, and in love strikes himself, as he looks back upon it from the "windless calm" of his declining days, with a feeling akin to wonder ; and well it might ! But he surveys it with a passionless gaze, as something virtually concluded and already remote ; and that *detachment*, for which the saints themselves have often agonized in vain, never perhaps attaining so long as they consciously struggled for it, had come with

its full measure of relief and healing to the spirit of the old man at Arquà before he went the way of all the earth.

The life of Petrarch, like the life of every other man who has left a mass of letters behind him, is best studied in those letters. One cannot help wishing that they had been written in the vulgar tongue, especially when one sees what a wonderful instrument of subtle and pathetic expression he made it in his poems. But the notion that letters, whether formal or familiar, could be written in anything but Latin was only just dawning on the world, and was least of all likely to have occurred to the lifelong worshiper of Cicero, and one whose burning zeal in the collection of ancient manuscripts was rewarded by the discovery of a large portion of the Roman's incomparable correspondence in the dusty library of a convent at Verona.

It is a long way, indeed, from the careless ease and vivacity, the sparkling rush, of Cicero's familiar epistles to the stiff, scrupulous, and conscious Latinity of Petrarch's. But the language of the latter is for the most part clear and direct, and not wanting in a certain elegance; and, at all events, they serve their purpose of self-revelation. It was a labor of love with one of the most scholarly of modern Italians — Giuseppe Fracassetti — to edit, translate into the vernacular, and illustrate with copious notes the entire Latin correspondence of Francesco Petrarca, and the extracts to be made in the following studies will be taken from his text.

In the three volumes which Fracassetti has entitled *Epistolæ de Rebus Familiaribus et Variæ*, the fragment of autobiography already quoted stands as a sort of preface, and we cannot do better, by way of preliminary sketch, than to follow, until it fails, the clue which the poet himself has here afforded us to the influences which shaped his life.

He first sketches his own personal appearance, with what he evidently means

to be an impartial hand: "I was not very strong in my youth, but I was remarkably agile; and with no great beauty to boast of, my appearance, after I had come to years of maturity, was pleasing. My complexion was of a pale olive, my eyes were brilliant, and my sight was so strong that not until I had passed my sixtieth year was I obliged, reluctantly, to have recourse to a reading-glass. He goes on briefly to describe the sorrowful circumstances of his birth in exile at Arezzo, "at dawn on the 20th of July, in the year 1304 of this last cycle which we reckon from the birth of Christ." His parents had been banished from Florence two years before, along with six hundred other Florentine citizens, of whom Dante Alighieri was one; and their party — that of the White Guelphs, if the political nickname any longer matters — were at that moment precipitately retreating from an unsuccessful attempt to break into the forbidden city. It may well have been her anxiety for their fate which hastened the delivery of Petrarch's mother, Eletta Canigiani, — "Elect of God, both in spirit and in name," as elsewhere he reverently says of her. He adds that his family were almost in need during the years of his infancy, which were passed upon a small Tuscan farm belonging to his father. At this point he lapses into reflection again. "I have always been a great despiser of riches," he says; "yet not so much because I should not have liked to be rich as because I hated the cares and responsibilities which are the inseparable accompaniments of wealth. I do not refer to the power of giving magnificent banquets. I have been happier on plain and rather meagre fare than the whole tribe of Apicius with their exquisite dainties. Those convivial gatherings, as they are called, — orgies which outrage decency and good manners, — were always offensive to my taste, and I have found it equally futile and wearisome to bid others to such, or to be bidden by them.

And yet *con-vivere* — to live with one's friends — is so pleasant that I have known no greater joy than to have mine visit me, and I never willingly sat down to table alone. Of all things I dislike display, not only because it is a bad thing and inconsistent with humility, but because it is a laborious thing, and the foe of all repose."

"All my youth long I struggled with one most fierce yet single and honest passion; and I should have struggled longer, had not death, cruel and yet kindly, suddenly extinguished an already failing flame." It is thus that Petrarch, at the age of sixty-seven, can briefly allude to Laura de Sade, and then resume, with a certain deadly candor and composure, the self-analysis which had been interrupted by the passing of her gracious phantom: "I wish I could say that I had been free from all taint of sensuality, but it would be a lie. This I can say emphatically: that, though carried away sometimes by the fervor of my youthful temperament, I always loathed such baseness in myself. . . . Let me pass to other things. I have felt the pride of other men; I have not been conscious of any in myself. When I was a child, I always thought myself inferior. I have been angry to my own hurt very often; to that of others, never. I had always a great desire to make honorable friendships, and I have cherished such most loyally. I make this boast fearlessly, for I know that I speak the truth. High-tempered I certainly was, yet prone both to forget injuries and to remember benefits."

Petrarch must have been thinking of the Colonna as he wrote these words, and of the heavy charge of ingratitude which those generous benefactors of his might once have brought against him, and no doubt did bring. But they were all gone now, those of that gallant house whom he had best loved, and all had long been clear between them and him. Their differences had been purely political; he could persuade himself that from

them personally he had never swerved, and only the energy of his self-justification in this and some succeeding passages would lead one to suspect a lingering sentiment of self-reproach.

"I was loved and courted," he says, a little further on, "by the very greatest monarchs of my time, — why, I know not. They must have seen some reason. With certain of these I associated upon terms almost of equality, reaping no discomfort from their greatness, but rather many advantages. Yet I have voluntarily withdrawn myself from many whom I truly loved, because my passion for independence was such as to repel me from men whose reputation seemed to contradict the bare idea of liberty."

The reader instinctively runs over in his mind the names of the principal potentates by whom Petrarch was highly distinguished, — King Robert of Naples, the Emperor Charles IV., five or six successive Popes at Avignon, the Visconti at Milan, the Correggio at Parma, the contemporary Doges of Genoa and Venice; and it seems as if a good many of these, and notably of the Italian tyrants, must have come under the condemnation expressed in the last paragraph, and as if, upon the whole, the poet showed himself rather tolerant of association with these uncongenial spirits. We rather wish that he had named those particular magnates whose society he forsook for conscience' sake. Yet while it is probably true, as one of the keenest of Petrarch's critics has observed, that the sovereigns who patronized him never took the poet's political opinions very seriously, it is true no less, that he did move about among these great ones of the earth encompassed by what the author of the *Imitation* calls "a certain prerogative of the free spirit." He was, as has been said, an idealist in all things, and his fixed ideal in politics, lofty but impossible, or at least pathetically premature, was that of a united Italy under a dual government, which should have

its seat at Rome, with the Emperor for its temporal and the Pope for its spiritual head. Nor did he ever, at any time, lack the courage to uphold and proclaim this ideal, and bitterly to reproach those who had outraged it too deeply, or deceived him, as he thought, with false hopes of its realization.

From this brief allusion to his almost unparalleled social triumphs Petrarch digresses to an analysis of his own mental qualities. "My mind," he says, "was rather well balanced than brilliant; apt for all manner of good and wholesome study, but inclining more especially to moral philosophy and to poetry. As time went on, however, I came to neglect the latter, and to find a hidden sweetness in that sacred lore which I had once despised. I kept my poetry," he quaintly adds, "for ornamental purposes, and I was extraordinarily interested in the records of antiquity. For I do not love this age of ours, and but for the men whom I have loved in it I would rather have been born in any other; and indeed, I have made great efforts to forget the present, and to transfer myself, in imagination, to other times. But though delighting in the historians, I have been annoyed at the way in which they contradict one another, and I have dubiously followed, now the authority of the writer, and anon what seemed to me the likelihood of things.

"Some said I had the gift of a clear, persuasive eloquence; to me, my own speech always seemed both feeble and obscure. Not that in my ordinary intercourse with friends and acquaintances I ever troubled myself about fine talking, and it is a great wonder to me that a man like Augustus Cæsar should have done so. But when the place, or the circumstances, or the auditor seemed to require it, I have made a certain effort, — I hardly know with what success. Let them decide before whom I spoke.

<sup>1</sup> The sentence of banishment had been provisionally lifted from Petrarch's father some

If I could only feel that I had lived well, I should care little whether I had talked well."

Resuming for a moment the thread of his devious and dreamy narrative, the poet tells us how, when he was nine years old, the whole family removed permanently "to the left bank of the river Rhone in transalpine Gaul, to that city whose name is Avignon,"<sup>1</sup> where the Roman pontiff holds, and has long held, the Church of Christ in shameful exile; though it did seem, a few years ago, as if Urban V. would have restored her to her own true seat. But it all came to nothing, as we know, and, worse yet, he voluntarily abandoned his purpose in his own lifetime, like a man who repents him of a good work. . . . But that long and miserable story is by the way. So, then, beside the windiest of streams, I passed my boyhood under the rule of my parents, my youth under that of my own vanities, yet not without some important exceptions. For during four years of this time I was at school in Carpentras, a small town lying a little to the east of Avignon; and in these two places I got about as much of grammar, rhetoric, and dialectic as a boy can learn, or as it is customary to teach in the schools. You know, dear reader, how little that is! Afterwards I went to Montpellier to study jurisprudence, and had four more years there, and thence to Bologna, where I passed three years, and went through a complete course of civil law. I was thought by many to be a young man of much promise, if only I would persevere in that line, which, however, after I lost my parents, I soon abandoned altogether. It was not," he strikingly adds, "that I did not respect the authority of law, which is great beyond question, and replete with that Roman antiquity in which I delight, but because the practice of it has been depraved by the iniquity of men; and I loathed the labor of acquirement earlier, but on conditions which the latter was unwilling to accept.



ing knowledge which I did not wish to use dishonestly, and could scarcely have used honestly, or, if I had, my scruples would have been imputed to ignorance. In my twenty-second year, therefore, I returned home; for so I called that exile at Avignon which had been home to me since the close of my infancy, habit being a second nature. It was then that I began to be known, and even to be courted by great people, which amazes me when I think of it now, and, upon my word, I cannot understand it. But I saw nothing wonderful in it at the time, being convinced, after the manner of my years, that I was quite worthy of any sort of distinction. Most of all was I honored by the noble and generous race of Colonna, who were much about the pontifical court at that time, — I should rather say, shed lustre upon it."

With the same half-remorseful scrupulosity which has been already noted, Petrarch names yet once again "that man without a peer, Giacomo della Colonna, then Bishop of Lombez, — whose like I think I never saw, nor shall see, — who took me with him to Gascony, where I passed under the shadow of the Pyrenees, in the delightful society of himself and his friends, one all but heavenly summer, a time I can never remember without a sigh." And after him, "his brother, Cardinal Giovanni, to whose house I was made for many years as freely welcome as if it had been my own; who was more like a father than a patron to me, or rather like the most affectionate of brothers. This was the time when that love of roving, which is natural to youth, impelled me to travel in France and Germany; and I made use of various pretexts for recommending this purpose to my elders, but my real motive was a longing for a wider outlook. It was on this tour that I first saw Paris, and plunged with enthusiasm into the history of that city, both authentic and legendary. Returning thence, I fulfilled the fondest dream

of my childhood by visiting Rome; and there again the high-hearted head of the family I have named, Stefano della Colonna, the equal of any one of those men of old whom I have adored, received me into his house, and made no apparent difference between me and his own children. The steadfast love of that great man was mine to the last day of his life, and it lives in me still, and will do so until I also die. But after I came back from Rome, there returned upon me, with intolerable force, a certain instinctive antipathy for all cities, and especially for the life of the most oppressive of all [Avignon]; and, casting about me for some haven of refuge, I lighted upon that narrow but solitary and pleasant valley which is called the Closed Valley [Vaucluse], about fifteen miles from Avignon, where the Sorgue, the king of rivers, takes its rise. Charmed by the sweetness of the place, I had myself and my books forthwith transported thither; and to tell of all I did there, through many, many years, would indeed be a long matter. Suffice it to say that almost every one of my works, down to these over which I am still toiling in my old age, was either executed, begun, or at least conceived at Vaucluse. For my mind, like my body, was supple rather than powerful, and many an undertaking struck my fancy which I afterwards abandoned as too difficult of execution."

He goes on to tell how the very aspect of that sylvan spot suggested his Latin *Bucolies*, and his two books upon the *Solitary Life*. "And once, as I wandered among the hills, — it was on a Holy Saturday, — the idea suddenly came to me that I might write a heroic poem about the great Scipio Africanus, whose name had had a mysterious fascination for me from childhood. So I set to work with much zeal; but my mind was soon distracted by other things. I called the book *Africa*, from the name of its hero, and somehow or other, either through my own good fortune or that of the title,

many testified great interest in the projected work. The composition lagged, however, and then there happened to me, there in Vacluse, a most marvelous thing; for on one and the same day<sup>1</sup> I received letters from the Senate at Rome and the Chancellor of the University of Paris, inviting me to come to those respective cities and receive the poet's laurel crown."

Always treating his old self with the same semi-indulgent irony, Petrarch goes on to say that while it never occurred to him, at first, to question the judgment of men so eminent concerning his own merits, he was a little puzzled to know which of these two flattering offers to accept; wherefore he asked the advice of Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, who was then living so near by that, dispatching his letter on the evening of that memorable day, he received an answer before nine o'clock the next morning. The cardinal's counsel jumped with the poet's own humor, and he decided in favor of Rome. "So thither I went; but though so benevolent a judge of my own performances, I found I did blush a little at accepting the verdict of those who had summoned me, . . . and so I decided to go to Naples, to Robert, that consummate philosopher and king" (he was already a correspondent of Petrarch's), "no less renowned as a scholar than as a ruler, — the only monarch of my time who was equally the friend of learning and of valor, — and undergo an examination by him."

This ordeal proved no light one, for it lasted three days; but it ended triumphantly for the poet, and King Robert was so delighted with the fragment of the Africa which was submitted to his approval as graciously to request that the poem might be dedicated to himself. He even offered to bestow the laurel crown there in Naples, with his own royal hands. But the poet excused him-

<sup>1</sup> September 1, 1340. Petrarch was then thirty-six.

self on the ground of his overmastering sentiment for Rome; and this the sympathetic monarch understood, and sent him on his way rejoicing, and reinforced by the most glowing testimonials. "And so I, hitherto only a simple scholastic, received the poet's wreath amid the rapturous applause of as many Romans as were able to witness the ceremony. Yet it availed me nothing in the way of knowledge, that laurel, and it did procure me no little envy. That, however, would be too long a story for this place."

We perceive that the writer, although interested in his own past, is already tiring a little of the self-imposed task of writing out its annals, literary and other. He tells us how, on the return journey from Rome, he visited Parma, and "remained for some little time the guest of those men of the house of Correggio, who were all so very good and liberal to me, and so sadly at variance among themselves; but who nevertheless ruled that city [Parma] better than it was ever ruled before within the memory of man, or ever will be again. And always mindful of the honor I had received, and anxious lest it should seem to have been bestowed unworthily, one day when I had gone up into the mountains" (he had often, it seems, to "lift up his eyes unto the hills" for help to his inspiration), "as I drew near that place in the territory of Reggio, beyond the river Enza, which is called *Sylva Plana*, something in the very look of the landscape moved me to put pen once more to my long-neglected Africa. My languid interest in the work revived, and I wrote a little every day until I returned to Parma, where, having established myself in a secluded and tranquil house, which I afterwards bought and still own, I worked away with such zeal that I finished the poem in what still seems to me an incredibly short space of time. And then I went back to my transalpine solitude by the *Sorgue*; . . . and afterwards I returned again to Parma, and lived there and at Verona

a long time ; and everywhere, thank God, I found myself loved and cherished far more than I deserved."

He then proceeds to relate how, during all this period over which he is hurrying so fast, he had been receiving advances of the most earnest and flattering description from Jacopo di Carrara the younger, "a man who had hardly, nay, who had not, his equal among the nobles of his generation ; and with no hope of happiness" (it was 1348, the terrible year of the plague, when Laura died and Cardinal Giovanni Colonna), "but merely to appease the importunity of this great man, whom I did not know, I came to Padua, and received from him such a welcome as may await the souls of the blessed in heaven. . . . He knew that from boyhood up I had held church preferment,<sup>1</sup> and so, that he might bind me still more closely, not to himself only, but to his country, he made me a canon of Padua ; and if he had but lived longer, I think my restless wanderings would have ended then and there. But nothing endures among mortal men, and sweet beginnings hasten to a bitter end. Before two years were over, God had taken from me, his country, and the world one of whom neither I, nor that land, nor the world itself was worthy."

The poet's reminiscences break off at this point, when he had reached his forty-sixth year, and had still a quarter of a century to live. As a record of events they are exceedingly meagre ; and even as a catalogue of his own works, which he set out with the express purpose of making, they seem, as far as they go, almost capriciously imperfect. There is barely a word of all that beauteous body of Italian verse collected under the apt title of *Il Canzoniere*, or *The Singer*, and comprising both the sonnets to Laura and the noble *Canzoni*, through which alone Petrarch has held his place in the

<sup>1</sup> Petrarch was already canon of the cathedrals of Lombez and of Parma, and might, if he would, have been papal secretary.

heart of mankind. There is nothing about that curious and very moving composition, in the form of three dialogues with the spirit of St. Augustine, called by him *My Secret*, written eight years before the point at which he drops his recollections, and in which he makes full confession, to the greatest of all doctors in the diseases of the human soul, of the havoc his unique passion for a woman had wrought in his own inner life. His most unconstrained and steadfast friendships, which were not by any means all with kings, princes, and cardinals, are not so much as mentioned. There is no word of his only brother Gerard, three years younger than himself, who was with him at the University of Bologna, and who shared, for a few years after their return to France, his immense popularity in the most frivolous and corrupt circles of the Avignonese court, and became a Carthusian monk at thirty-five, to the profound and half-envious emotion of the poet. Still less is there any distinct reference to the two children born during those worldliest years in France, and legitimized by decree of Clement VI. : the boy Giovanni, who was the great anxiety and the saddest disappointment of Petrarch's later middle life ; and the daughter Francesca, who was honorably married at twenty, and who, with her little ones, became the chief joy and comfort of his last decade. There is no allusion to the pair of lifelong friends whom he made during that "divine summer" which they all passed with the Bishop of Lombez, and whom he always called his *Lælius* and his *Socrates* ; nor to Guido Settimo, his schoolmate at Carpentras ; nor to Tommaso Caloria of Messina, his fellow-student at Bologna ; nor to Philippe de Cabassoles, Bishop of Cavailhon, and afterwards Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had a castle in the Closed Valley, of which the ruins may still be seen ; nor to that yet more distinguished ecclesiastic, Prior Dionysius of Borgo

San Sepolero, professor of theology in the University of Paris, who first gave Petrarch St. Augustine's Confessions to read, and thus drew from the poet the one perfect characterization of their affecting style ("all the charm of all the Muses flowering often in a lonely word") when he called them *scatentes lacrymis libros*,—books running over with tears. Others of those whose very existence was bound up with the mental and the spiritual history of the laureate were Francesco Nello, Prior of the SS. Apostoli in Florence; Francesco Bruni and Mainardo Accursio, whom he besought to share his simple home at Parma; Zanobi di Strada, the Florentine schoolmaster, and Niccolò Acciajuoli, the Grand Seneschal of Naples; Cola di Rienzo, the swift passage of whose blazing star across the firmament of Petrarch's life seemed to eclipse for the time being its very planetary lights; and last, but not least, brave, bright, loyal Giovanni di Certaldo, whom we commonly call Boccaccio. To each and all of these, and many more, he opens his heart, and tells his thoughts and experiences so fully in his letters that it is possible to reconstruct from them the whole scenery of his long career. Meanwhile, we will add to this preliminary sketch a few extracts from the dialogues of the *Secretum*, where the poet himself had so sincerely sought to bury and embalm his great passion long before its resurrection in the nobly mystical sonnets which were written after Laura's death.

"How came I into this world, and how shall I depart from it?" This, Petrarch says, is the question which used to beset him in his sad and wakeful nights, "for sleep does not visit souls that are ill at ease." But while he thus wrestled with his coward thoughts the spirit of Truth came to him, in the guise of a radiant and commanding woman, and bade him take personal counsel of that great Christian Father, for whose immortal work of self-examination Pe-

trarch appears to have had, up to that time, little more than an æsthetic sentiment. The soul of Augustine then arose and embraced him compassionately, and they talked together for three whole days "in the silent presence of impartial Truth. And though much of what was said appeared to be directed against the manners of our age and the vices common to all mortals, and the indictment to be rather of the human race than of myself, yet that which concerns me personally is most deeply fixed in my memory. Wherefore I have written it all down, and made this book, which I would not have numbered with my others, nor get any glory from it." Here, then, is Petrarch's exquisite reason for not having named the *Secretum* to posterity: "I had a higher end in view, which was to be able to taste again, as often as I would, the sweetness of that colloquy. So, then, my little book, go not abroad among men, but be content to stay with me, and to fulfill your name; for you are my Secret, and so you will be called. And to avoid, as Tully says, the awkwardness of perpetually writing, 'said he' and 'said I,' and to make it seem as though the speakers were actually present, I have used no roundabout phrases to distinguish the words of my glorious interlocutor from my own, but have merely prefixed our proper names. This fashion, which I learned from my dear Cicero, he himself learned first from Plato."

We have been beguiled by the singular grace of this little *envoi*, which is not an *envoi* at all, into lingering over it perhaps a trifle too long. The reader will not fail to have noticed a great similarity between the *donnée* of Petrarch's Secret and that of the Consolations of Boethius, and one wonders, rather, that the poet himself should not have mentioned here the catechumen of divine philosophy; especially since it must have been at almost precisely this time that Cola di Rienzo was lighting his wild torch at

that of the "last of the Romans," and adopting his starry device. For Augustine to cite Boethius would of course have been an anachronism; nor is it inconsistent either with the poetic unities or with the eternal necessities that the authors so abundantly quoted by the great Christian Father should be, almost without exception, pagan, — Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, even Ovid, and, at second hand, Homer; but first, last, and always, Virgil. From time immemorial it has been true, and it probably will be true while time lasts, that the man who seeks to pull himself up from despondency *by his own proper force*, and array himself against the powers of darkness out of his own inner armory, must get his best encouragement and most animating example from unbaptized men. The preliminary counsels even of St. Augustine are almost purely stoical. The whole gist of the first dialogue is to persuade the sorrowful poet that no man is ever crushed under a burden of spiritual woe save by his own fault.

In the second, the counselor undertakes to identify, one by one, the hidden sources of his pupil's weakness, and he begins by charging him with holding far too high an opinion generally of his own accomplishments and deserts. Petrarch repels this accusation with much warmth. "You amaze me," he cries, "by thus reproaching me with many things which I know never entered my mind! I have not overestimated my own wits, which is perhaps the only sign of wit I have ever shown. . . . Unless you are saying this merely to try me, you know that I have always been profoundly conscious of my own insignificance; and if ever I have had a fleeting sense of superiority, it has come from perceiving the ignorance of others." . . .

"Exactly," pursues the unflinching monitor; "but to depreciate others is a far more insufferable species of pride than unduly to exalt one's self. I would much rather have seen you setting up

others above yourself than haughtily treading all your fellow-beings underfoot, and forging for yourself a buckler of humility out of your contempt for other men."

"Say what you will," Petrarch answers doggedly, but not altogether ignobly, "I do not think highly either of myself or of them; and I am positively ashamed to repeat all that I have learned concerning the majority of men."

"And yet," says Augustine, "to despise one's self is most salutary; to despise others, not only full of danger, but totally useless to the soul. But let us pass to other things."

There is a deeper touch of nature in what immediately follows than the poet himself perhaps intended. What can it have been but an obscure suspicion of his own coldness toward Dante which led him to cry out at this point, "Accuse me of anything but envy"! And Augustine himself is for once made to answer, "On the whole, I think you are exempt from that sin; I wish you had suffered as little from your pride!" The specific charges which follow, of servitude to the pleasures of sense, are accepted by the poet not wholly without remonstrance, but with far more of candor and humility. To the last and most serious count of this part of Augustine's indictment he simply bows his head; but his manner of doing so deserves notice, because it illustrates so curiously the way in which Virgil had become a Bible to the mediæval mind, which read all manner of figurative and mystical meanings into the Mantuan's limpid verse. "You know Virgil," Petrarch says to his mentor, "and through what perils he led his brave hero during that dreadful last night of the destruction of Troy?"

"How could I fail to know," asks the saint, "what is perpetually declaimed in all the schools?" and he recites the whole of the sad and impassioned passage beginning "Quis cladem illius noctis."

"Now," says Petrarch, "just so long as Venus walked beside him, between the foe and the fire, he saw naught of the wrath of the offended deities, though his eyes were open wide; and he was deaf to all but earthly sounds while her voice was in his ears; but the moment she had vanished, you know what befell. . . . 'Then saw I the terrible faces of the great gods hostile to Troy.' I gathered from this that to commune with Venus destroys our vision of the divine."

"You have, indeed," says Augustine, "discovered the light beneath the cloud." He then observes that, as their talk has been so long, it will be better to postpone until another day what more he has to say on this most vital point, and he closes the second interview with certain dry but bracing counsels to the poet to fight as for dear life against his own insidious tendency to melancholy, "that fatal pest of the soul which the men of to-day call *acidia*, but the ancients simply *ægritudo*," — sickness *par excellence*.

In the beginning of the third and last dialogue, Augustine comes abruptly to the point toward which all his monitions had been tending. "Hitherto," he tells his patient succinctly, "your soul has been bound on either hand by two chains of adamant strength, which prevented your meditating to any good purpose either on life or on death, . . . the love of a woman, and the love of your own renown."

"Just heavens!" cries Petrarch, "do you call those fetters which you could strike off at a word from me?"

"I know not," murmurs the saint, "if I shall succeed." . . .

"But why?" pursues the poet, in a transport of revolt. "What have I done that you should strip me of my most beautiful affections, and condemn to perpetual darkness the serenest portion of my being? . . . I will grant you that love is either the vilest passion or the noblest act of the soul. . . . To love a base and bad woman were indeed a proof of mad-

ness; but how if the very embodiment of all goodness attracts my love and reverence? What then? Do you make no difference in objects so diverse? Is there no such thing as purity? Let me tell you, for my own part, that whereas I regard a love of the former kind as the heaviest and deadliest burden which can be laid upon the soul, I can conceive no higher boon than a love of the second. But speak," he scornfully appends, "if you think otherwise; for opinions are many, and judgment is free."

A. Opinions are many, indeed, but truth is always one. . . .

P. You are wasting breath. Let me answer you in the words of Cicero: "If I err in this, I err of my own free choice, nor will I part with my error while I live."

A. Cicero was reasoning of the immortality of the soul. . . . Now the hope of a future life, even though it were delusive, might conceivably act as a healthful spur to the spirit of man; but yours is an error capable of plunging you into the depths of all infamy, where modesty, reverence, and self-restraint — nay, your very perception of truth — will disappear.

P. I repeat that you are wasting words. I cannot remember ever to have loved an unworthy object; or rather, I have loved the highest beauty, and that supremely.

A. But a beautiful object may be basely loved; so much is certain.

P. I, however, have sinned neither in my nouns nor in my adverbs. Press me no more.

A. Would you die as the fool dieth, with a jest upon your lips? Or will you not rather take a medicine for your sorrowful and ailing mind?

P. Go on. . . .

A. Forgive me, then, if I begin, as I must, by arraigning your heart's delight.

P. One moment. Do you know of whom you speak?

A. Of a mortal woman. . . .



*P.* Nay. Thaïs and Livia were mortal women, but I have forced you to the mention of one whose soul, exempt from earthly cares, glows only with divine desire; whose very look, if truth there be, is bright with the image of celestial beauty; whose manners are a pattern of perfect honor; nothing base, nothing mortal, either in the tones of her voice or in the glance of her eye. . . .

*A.* And yet the day is coming which will close those eyes in death.

*P.* Oh! God forbid! That I shall never see!

*A.* Yet the day shall surely come.

*P.* I know it. But the stars are not so hostile to me as to reverse the order of nature in her death. I came into the world before her, and I shall first go hence.

*A.* Yet the time has been when you feared the contrary. You can hardly have forgotten that once, in an hour of deep distress, you sang your love a funeral song, as though she were already at the point of death.<sup>1</sup>

*P.* Oh, yes, I remember, and I shudder even now at the thought of what I suffered. I had a terrible sense of having been deprived, somehow, of my own nobler half, of having survived that which alone made life sweet to me. That song was a lament for something which I thought had forsaken me in a great rain of tears. I recall the sense, though I have forgotten the words.

*A.* No matter for the tears and woe occasioned by that fatal presentiment; . . . the pang will return; . . . the rather now, when every day brings the end on apace, and that fair frame, spent with manifold shocks and disorders, has lost so much of its old vigor.

*P.* But I too am worn with sorrow, and older yet than she. If she is pacing to her death, I run to mine!

*A.* What madness to pretend to deduce the order of death from that of birth! What is the deepest sorrow of

bereaved old age, if not the early death of its own offspring?

*P.* You shall not affright me thus! You know that I love my lady's body less than her soul. . . . So, then, since you ask me what I would do if she were to die before me, I say I would console myself with those words of Lælius, wisest of the Romans: "It was her goodness that I loved, and that is living still."

*A.* Do I then know naught of "lovers' baseless dreams"? . . . But yours should be a deeper knowledge and a nobler strain.

*P.* Yet this one thing I will never cease to say. Call it gratitude or folly, as you will, the little that I am I owe to her; nor should I ever have attained to aught of name and fame, if she had not fostered by her own affection the tiny seed of virtue which nature implanted in my heart. She recalled my young mind from all that was base; she drew me back, as I may say, with grappling irons, and constrained me to lofty aims. For why should not the soul be changed into the likeness of that which it loves? And sure there was never so mordant a slanderer as to dare nibble with his dog's tooth at that fair fame of hers, or who could find aught to reprove, I will not say in her actions, but in her gestures or her lightest words. Those who respected nothing else abstained in reverent wonder from maligning her.

With this noble tribute, the essential justice of which is confirmed by all those who have gone most deeply into the question of the actual relations between Petrarch and Laura, we will close our extracts from his Confession. It was made eight years before the point at which he drops his formal reminiscences, and six years before the death of Laura de Sade.

The dialogue with his personified conscience goes on for many pages more, and our faith in the sincerity whether of the accusing or the pleading voice is

<sup>1</sup> Sonnet xciii.: "O misera ed orribil visione."

confirmed rather than impaired by the fact that it comes to no definite conclusion. "We are relapsing into the old arguments," are Augustine's last words. "God be with you, and lead your wandering steps to steadfast ground."

"Amen," answers the poet; "and let me not, in following the voice which calls me, fill my own eyes with dust; but may the tumult of my soul subside, and the noise of the world be still, and ambition beset me no more."

They are the words of a man who has passed through a great spiritual crisis, but has come out of it so weak that he hardly realizes his own deliverance, or knows whether he have vitality enough left to rally.

There are two among Petrarch's later sonnets, usually numbered 313 and 314, in which he gives lyrical expression to his own last word upon the intimate theme of the Secret. The thought in the second of these sonnets is plainly, to the poet's mind, a necessary complement of that in the first; and if the accent of the penitent seems slightly conventional in the former, in the other it is entirely human and spontaneous; while the *amende* it contains is as naive and touching as its

picture of the great lady and the great beauty "unspotted from the world" is full of dignity and refinement. They may be rendered thus:—

Truly I mourn for all the vanished days  
That erst I lavished on a mortal love,  
Suffering not my soul to soar above,  
Though wings were mine, and win men's nobler praise.

But thou, acquaint with all my evil ways,  
Immortal and invisible King of Heaven,  
Succor a feeble creature, passion-driven,  
And fill my lack with largess of thy grace!  
That I, who lived at sea, and lived in strife,  
May haply die in port, and die at peace,  
Making a brave end of a wasted life;  
And for my few remaining days, in these,  
And in the last, let thy strong hand upbear.  
I have no hope or resource elsewhere!

And O serene and sweet serenities,  
All full of ruth and spotless tenderness!  
And apt my fiery pleadings to repress  
(I know it now!) in all compassionate, wise,  
Mild speech, instinct with gentle courtesies,  
Yet clear and radiant with honor's light!  
Blossom of goodness! Fount of beauty bright,  
Cleansing the soul of every low surmise!  
The heaven we crave still hovered in that  
glance,  
Now strong to hold all forwardness in check,  
Now comfort giving and sweet countenance  
To one who all his ill desert doth reck.  
Ay, blessed be that noble variance!  
It saved a soul, which else had gone to wreck!

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

## PROBLEMS OF PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

A POPULAR crusade is in progress against the conviction of persons accused of capital crimes on what is loosely termed "merely circumstantial evidence." Several such convictions in cases that have attracted world-wide attention have lately occurred. Mrs. Maybrick's case has risen almost to the dignity of an international controversy. The case of Carlyle W. Harris, in New York, evoked a similar though a more local manifestation of dissent from verdicts involving capital punishment based on pre-

sumptive proof. In both cases the crime charged was murder of the most heinous character: the killing of a husband by his wife in the first, and of a wife by her husband in the second; and in each the killing was done by the agency of poison. Of concurrent interest with these was the case of Dr. Graves, tried in Colorado for the murder of Mrs. Barnaby,—also, as was alleged, by means of poison, sent to the victim through the mails in a form that counterfeited whiskey. The evidence on this trial, again, was what, in a

common but indefinite phrase, is called "purely circumstantial," and the failure of the jury to agree was widely hailed with approval, grounded in large measure upon the repugnance already noted to capital convictions on evidence that is not positive, clear, and direct, — evidence, in fine, that is not free from all doubt. Finally, there is at this writing a case in which the public has taken an extraordinary interest, that of the trial of Miss Borden, charged with the murder of her father and stepmother.

Without discussing the merits of these cases, — all of them, in a sense, still on trial in the irregular court of public opinion, — we may well take some pains to consider how far it is safe to follow the new doctrine, loudly proclaimed by not a few of our leading newspapers, and earnestly advocated by many reputable citizens, that convictions in capital cases should never proceed upon "merely circumstantial evidence." There is good ground for the belief that much of the objection to capital convictions on evidence that is not direct has its root wholly in a repugnance to the death penalty; that is to say, it is not convictions for murder on indirect evidence that are objected to, but the infliction of capital punishment as a consequence of such convictions. This is manifestly true, because we hear no outcry whatever against "merely circumstantial evidence," no popular protest against convictions obtained and sentences passed on "presumptive proof," in cases of forgery, burglary, or arson, for which the punishment falls short of death. Nevertheless, we must consider the argument as it is presented, apart from the penalty, and as one that touches the intrinsic value of evidence that is variously called "circumstantial," "inferential," and "presumptive." There is indeed no other way of logically considering it; for if we once admit that the murderer ought not to forfeit his life on "purely presumptive proof," we must

admit also the injustice of forfeiting the liberty of the forger, the burglar, or the incendiary on the same species of proof.

The question raised is fundamental. It goes to the very foundations of the complex structure which we call "society," and challenges the first securities of civilization. No lawyer of any eminence will be found to doubt this proposition, and that so large a number of laymen are evidently unconscious of its truth is a fact of ominous import. For it is a demonstrable truth that a law prohibiting convictions on criminal charges upon "purely presumptive proof" would, in practice, be a law to exempt the great majority of criminals of every class from punishment, and hand the community over, bound hand and foot, to the unbridled dominion of its most depraved members.

Observe, first, that in every case of murder by poisoning, a form of murder which there is much reason to believe is increasingly prevalent in these days, when the knowledge of deadly drugs is widely diffused and their procurement extremely easy, conviction must be secured by "circumstantial evidence," or not at all. There is not a single case recorded in the law books in which the proof that one person was willfully and maliciously poisoned by another was direct. At some point or other, in every trial for poisoning, the facts cease to connect by the direct testimony of eye-witnesses, and the jury must be left to inference and presumption. For reasons that lie upon the very surface of all human experience, this must always be true, not only of trials for poisoning, but of the great majority of all criminal trials. An eminent English judge (Bayley) has recorded his opinion that "more than one half of the persons convicted of crimes are convicted on presumptive evidence." Hume, the famous Scotch writer, declares that conviction on circumstances "is grounded on reason and necessity." The Chief

Justice of England, in the case of *Rex v. Burdett* (4 B. & Ald. 95), very clearly brought out this point in his charge to the jury. "If no fact," he said, "could be ascertained by inference in a court of law, very few offenders could be brought to punishment. In a great number of trials as they occur in practice, no direct proof that the party accused actually committed the crime is or can be given: the man who is charged with theft is rarely seen to break into the house or take the goods; and, in cases of murder, it rarely happens that the eye of any witness sees the fatal blow struck or the poisonous ingredients poured into the cup." Our own great American justice, Story, laid down the same principle in very forcible terms in the case of *United States v. Gibert* (2 Sumner, 19, 27, and 28).

It needs no brilliant jurist, however, to teach us the plain and simple truth that men do not commit crimes openly and in the light of day, but stealthily and in the darkness of concealment. The very root of the word "murder," taken from the old common law (*murdrum*), conveys the idea of concealment. A man about to forge a note does not call his neighbor and bid him watch the forgery. Neither does a man about to commit a murder announce his intention either to the proposed victim or any of his friends. Burglars are not accustomed to ring the front door bell before picking the lock of the back door, nor do they, as a rule, leave their photographs on the entered premises to assist in their pursuit and identification. So that, until human nature is essentially changed, we may conclude with certainty that the overwhelming majority of criminals must either be punished upon indirect evidence, or not at all; and the more enormous the crime and the more severe its punishment, the more certain it will always be that proof of guilt, nine times out of ten, cannot be direct, and must be presumptive.

While the popular notion is that wrongful convictions on circumstantial evidence have been numerous, the records of the courts and the data afforded by history point to the converse conclusion, and suggest more strongly the perils of what is called direct evidence. The most memorable miscarriages of justice on record are not those in which circumstantial evidence and mere presumptions made thereon led to unjust verdicts, but those in which either direct evidence, or evidence which, though not absolutely direct, was apparently open to no sort of reasonable doubt, led to the conviction and execution of men and women who were afterwards shown to have been entirely innocent of the crimes which were so conclusively brought home to them. A few of them may be here briefly cited by way of illustration.

As fine an example as the annals of the law afford of the fallibility of what is regarded as the best and most conclusive proof is the celebrated Danish case of *Soren Qvist*. This man was the pastor of a little village in Jutland, where he lived, a widower, with a daughter who kept house for him. A wealthy farmer, named Marten Burns, who lived in a neighboring village, had sued for the hand of the pastor's daughter, and had been repulsed in such a way as to fill him with hatred for both the girl and her father. Soren Qvist was, later on, induced to hire a poor brother of the rejected suitor, one Neil Burns, as a farm hand. This man proved to be lazy, impudent, and quarrelsome, and the pastor, who was noted as a man of quick and violent temper, though otherwise of an excellent character, had many angry altercations with him. In one of them, losing his self-control, he seized a spade in the garden where they stood and dealt Neil Burns several blows with it. The farm hand was felled to the earth, but when the pastor, alarmed and instantly sorry for what he had done, raised him up, the fellow (so the pastor

said) broke away, leaped over the garden hedge, and made off into the adjacent woods. After that he was mysteriously missing. Strange rumors began to circulate, and by and by Marten Burns, the rich brother and rejected suitor, came upon the scene. He went before a magistrate and charged the pastor with the murder of his missing brother. He produced two witnesses who swore that they heard Soren Qvist in angry altercation with Neil Burns, heard him say that he would beat him to death, saw the spade swing twice in the air above the hedge-top, and that after that all was quiet. They were near neighbors of the pastor. Another witness testified that on the evening of the day on which Neil Burns disappeared he was coming home very late, and passed the pastor's garden; that he heard a sound as of digging in the earth, and, looking over the hedge, saw the pastor, in his familiar green dressing-gown and with a white nightcap on, busily leveling the earth with a spade. The pastor turned around, and, afraid of discovery, the witness ran away.

At Marten Burns's instigation the pastor was now arrested, and his garden was searched for the body of the missing man. At the very spot pointed out by the witness who had seen the pastor digging at midnight a body was found. It was dressed in the clothes worn by Neil Burns when he was last seen alive; a leaden ring was in the left ear, the same that Neil had worn for many years; the face of the dead man was disfigured by blows, such as might have been dealt with a spade, and the features could not be recognized. Every one except the pastor accepted the body as that of the murdered Neil Burns. The pastor vehemently protested his innocence, but acted as one dazed by the discovery of the body and the other apparently direct evidences of his guilt. A dairy maid in his own employ now came forward, and testified that she, looking from her bedroom window, saw him, in his green

gown and white nightcap, going out into the garden late on the same night that the passing peasant had sworn to seeing him out there in the act of digging. So the unfortunate clergyman was tried, and on what seemed to be direct evidence of the best kind he was convicted and sentenced to death. At the trial two more corroborative witnesses appeared, who swore that, on the same night when the digging in the garden occurred, they were passed by a man, dressed in a green gown and white nightcap, going towards the garden, and carrying a sack on his back, which seemed to contain something heavy. This cumulative testimony not only convinced the court and all who heard it, but convinced even the accused pastor himself. He confessed the crime, saying that he had on several occasions walked in his sleep, and done things of which he was not conscious; and he was now satisfied that, in his sleep, he had arisen and gone out into the woods, had there found the corpse of Neil Burns, who had died of the wounds received at his hands, and had buried it at midnight as described by the witnesses. He duly suffered death by decapitation.

Twenty-one years afterwards, the man Neil Burns reappeared in the village and told the true story. All the apparently conclusive proof was manufactured by the revengeful Marten Burns. The quarrel of Neil with the pastor, his flight after being felled with the spade, his immediate disappearance, and the burial of the counterfeit corpse in the pastor's garden were all deliberately planned. The man seen digging the grave in the garden was Marten Burns, who had entered the parsonage and stolen the pastor's green gown and white nightcap for the purpose. The corpse was that of a suicide, stolen from its grave at the cross-roads, dressed in Neil's clothes, and its face battered by Marten with a spade. Then Neil was sent out of the country with a sum of money and ordered never to return, which he never did until he

heard of his rich brother's death, by which event he hoped to profit.

Here, then, was seemingly conclusive evidence on all vital points: the fatal blows were seen by eye-witnesses; the corpse was fully identified; its burial by the pastor at midnight was also sworn to by eye-witnesses; finally, the pastor himself acknowledged his guilt, and died deeply penitent of his supposed crime. And yet no murder was committed. It is certain that no greater miscarriage of justice than this was ever brought about by "merely circumstantial evidence" or "pure presumptions" grounded thereon.

The English case of James Harris is another illustration of how, by the most direct proof, guilt may be fastened upon an innocent person. Harris kept an inn about eighteen miles from York. A blacksmith named Grey supped and slept at his house, and died there. A man in the employ of Harris, named Morgan, testified that he actually saw his master murder Grey by strangling him, and tried in vain to prevent it; that, after the deed, he looked through the keyhole of the room in which it was done, and saw his master rifle the dead man's pockets. A maid servant, also in Harris's employ, swore that, after the murder, from the wash-house window she saw her master take money from his pocket, wrap it up carefully, and bury it under a tree in the garden. Her evidence led to a search, and in the spot she had described thirty pounds in gold were found to have been buried. Harris was convicted and executed, protesting his innocence to the last. There had been no murder committed in that case. Grey had died in a fit of apoplexy, and never was possessed of the money alleged to have been taken from his dead body. Morgan and the maid servant were lovers. Morgan had resolved to revenge himself on his master for a blow the latter had given him. He accordingly perjured himself by testifying as he did, and his sweetheart corroborated him by testifying falsely as

to the buried money, which they both knew was Harris's own money, and which they had planned to steal when the hoard amounted to enough to set them up in business. After Harris's execution this precious pair quarreled, and the truth then came out. They both died of jail fever on the day before that on which they were to have been tried.

Perhaps the strangest instance of the fallibility of direct proof is found in the weird story of Jonathan Bradford, who kept an inn on the road between London and Oxford. He was charged with the murder of a gentleman of fortune, named Hayes, who put up at his house, and the evidence against him was of the kind which judges and juries have alike agreed to consider conclusive. Bradford was found standing over the body of his murdered guest, whose life was all but gone, holding a dark lantern in one hand and a blood-stained knife in the other. Guests who had heard the dying man's groans rushed into the room, and, discovering Bradford there as described, seized him on the instant, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with the murder. Bradford stoutly asserted that he was innocent, and claimed that he had come to the scene of the murder, like the gentlemen who found him there, because he too heard the victim's groans, and intended to give him assistance. No one believed this story. His conviction and execution quickly followed. Before his death, Bradford confessed to the clergyman who attended him after his condemnation that, having heard Hayes say that he had a sum of money with him, he (Bradford) had gone to his room prepared and intending to kill and rob him; but that when he got there he was horrified to find that his purpose had been anticipated, and that Hayes was already in the agony of death from stabbing, done, as he declared to the last, by he knew not whom. In his excitement over the discovery his knife dropped from his hand on the floor, and, in picking it up,



both the knife and his hands became bloody. His story was, eighteen months later, proved to be true. Hayes had, in fact, been murdered by his own footman, who made a detailed confession of the crime on his deathbed. He had stabbed his master, rifled his pockets, and fled back to his own room in Bradford's inn, only a few seconds before Bradford himself, with the same intent, entered the victim's bedchamber.

Scarcely less conclusive was the evidence in the case of the old Frenchwoman who, about one hundred and twenty years ago, kept a shop in Paris, near the Place St. Michel. She was believed to be rich, and to keep her money in her house. She was found murdered in her bed one morning, having been stabbed to death with a knife. Her only servant was a boy, who had been in her employ several years. He alone, so far as any one knew, had a key to the front door, which was found open. A blood-stained knife lay on the bedroom floor. In one of her hands the dead woman still grasped a thick lock of hair, and in the other was a neckerchief. All these articles were proved to be the property of the boy. He was tried for the crime and convicted, having first, under torture, made a full confession of it. He was executed; but it was conclusively shown, soon after, that he had been wholly innocent in the matter. Another boy had done the deed. He had obtained possession of the accused boy's knife, neckerchief, and hair, and placed them as they were found in order to fix suspicion upon the latter. He had been in the habit of dressing the shopboy's hair, and had saved enough of it from time to time to make the lock found in the dead woman's hand. He had procured a key to the front door by means of a wax impression taken from the one in the shopboy's possession.

In every one of the four cases above summarized, the evidence was not what is popularly called "merely circumstan-

tial." In two of them the convicted persons confessed; and confession is properly held to be the best kind of direct evidence. In all four cases, and particularly in one of the two where there was no confession (Bradford's), the proof seemed to be clear and positive, and, though not absolutely direct, was far from being "purely presumptive." It has been judicially decided that evidence such as that given in Bradford's case is equivalent to direct evidence. Bracton, writing on crown law in the thirteenth century, says there are some presumptions which admit of no proof or defense to the contrary. He classifies them as "violent presumptions," and among them he puts the case of a man found over a dead body, with a bloody knife. Such a man, he says, cannot deny the killing, and no other proof is necessary, — which was exactly Bradford's case. In the other case (Harris's) in which confession was absent, the proof was the direct evidence of an eye-witness. The proof was bad in fact, though good in law, because the witness lied, — an occurrence that has no doubt vitiated the supposed superior value of direct evidence in countless instances. It is a probable opinion that more men have been wrongfully convicted of crimes by the direct eye-witness proof of perjured witnesses than by the indirect proof of inferences drawn from circumstances.

The theory, the philosophy, and the practice of evidence are all alike greatly obscured by the careless use of terms which are of confusing if not conflicting significance. We speak of direct and indirect evidence, of positive and circumstantial or presumptive proof, and there is no doubt considerable haziness as to the precise meanings attached to these different phrases by different persons employing them. It is instructive, therefore, to consult the standard definitions. First, "proof" and "evidence" are not synonymous words. Evidence

is only a means to an end; proof is the end. There can be no proof without evidence, but there may be a great deal of evidence without proof. The object of evidence of any and all kinds is to prove, and, in the words of Mr. Best, "proof is the perfection of evidence." The distinction between direct and indirect evidence is artificial. All evidence is direct so far as it goes; otherwise it is not evidence at all. It must go directly to the proving of some fact. The act of inferring or presuming one fact from another is a separate matter; there must be direct evidence of some fact, however, before any other fact can be inferred or presumed therefrom. The terms "circumstantial" and "presumptive" tend also to fog. They are often used as if interchangeable, but in strictness there is an important difference in their meaning. Circumstantial evidence is that which is made up of circumstances or relative facts; presumptive evidence is that which, as a matter of law, raises a certain presumption or inference. All presumptive evidence, says a standard authority (Wills), is circumstantial; but all circumstantial evidence is not presumptive. There is equally high authority for saying that in strictness all evidence is presumptive; that is, it compels and requires a presumption of some sort. Direct evidence, to be of any value, must be presumed to be true, and the law so presumes it until it is shown to be untrue, or the veracity of the witness is impeached. All trials of accused persons begin with one presumption, namely, that of the prisoner's innocence, and end with another presumption, that the verdict of the jury is in accordance with the evidence. The first presumption must be overthrown by proof before a verdict of "guilty" can be given, and the last presumption must be overthrown by argument or proof before the verdict can be set aside.

What, then, is meant by the phrase

"presumptive proof"? Many authorities of great weight have held that the phrase is a contradiction in terms, that presumption is not proof, that where proof exists presumption has no place, and that a presumption can be possible only in the absence of proof. Sir W. D. Evans holds that "the distinction between presumption and proof is that the one may be false, but until shown to be so must be regarded as true; but the other (the facts upon which it is founded being admitted) cannot be otherwise than true." Lord Erskine, however, holds that "proof is nothing more than a presumption of the highest order." As a practical matter of every-day life, outside of courts as well as inside, all rational men have agreed to this working rule of conduct and procedure: that when we are fully satisfied and convinced that anything is true we hold it to be proved. No merchant could carry on business for a day on any other rule than this; he must and he does, every day and hour, act on the presumption that certain things of which he is fully convinced are true. No case could be tried in any court, or decided by any jury, if nothing were ever to be presumed or taken for granted. Witnesses are presumed to be telling at any rate what they believe to be the truth, even if it is not; accused men are presumed to be innocent, and all men are presumed to be sane, until they are shown to be otherwise. So, then, it comes to this at last, that to prove a man guilty or innocent is simply to convince the jury that he is so: and this may be done by the direct evidence of eye and ear witnesses; by an array of proven circumstances which, taken in their natural relations one to another and as a whole together, amount to proof, because they cannot be explained away on any other hypothesis; or by presumptions of fact and of law drawn from direct or circumstantial evidence, or from a combination of both.

The more the subject is studied, the

more absurd will appear the contention, just now enjoying a run of newspaper popularity, that there should be no convictions on "purely presumptive proof" or "merely circumstantial evidence." Circumstances and presumptions are the raw materials out of which all proof is made, and without which none is possible. We have already seen that so-called direct evidence itself, and the strongest chains of circumstantial evidence conceivable, supported even by the confessions of the accused persons, cannot be depended upon to prevent erroneous convictions and unjust punishments. Full confessions of guilt have ever been held to be direct evidence of the highest and most satisfactory kind that can be offered to a court. Yet Mr. Starkie lays it down, in his authoritative work on Evidence, that a full confession, though one of the surest proofs of guilt, is only presumptive evidence of that fact; resting upon the presumption that no innocent man would sacrifice his life, liberty, or reputation by a voluntary declaration of that which is untrue. Here again the records show beyond any doubt that this presumption, strong as it is, and firmly grounded in human reason, has frequently been wrong. Confessions were undoubtedly made by the hundreds and thousands in mediæval times, simply in order to escape torture. But the literature of confession is rich, even in modern times, in examples of persons self-convicted by admission of crimes of which they were innocent.

There is a celebrated American case which illustrates this point touching confessions, which may here be briefly recalled. In 1812, a man named Barney Boorn lived in Manchester, Vt., with his two sons, Stephen and Jesse, and a son-in-law, one Russel Colvin. Colvin was generally looked upon as a harmless, half-insane man. His habits were eccentric, and he had been known on several occasions to disappear for days at a time. At last he was missing so

long from the town that it began to be whispered that he had been put out of the way. The gossips of the neighborhood remembered that the two Boorn brothers had not been on good terms with Colvin. Shortly after Colvin was missed, one of the Boorn brothers was reported to have said that they had "put him where potatoes won't freeze." Other circumstances were looked up and verified to their disadvantage. Some bones were discovered, and suspected to be those of the murdered Colvin; the hat he wore when last seen was found in a battered state by some children. Finally, suspicion and gossip culminated in the arrest of Jesse Boorn. Seven years had elapsed since Colvin's disappearance, and Stephen Boorn, the other brother, had left the town. There was absolutely no evidence against either of the brothers, but Jesse admitted that his brother Stephen had confessed to him the murder of Colvin; that Stephen said he had quarreled with Colvin, and had killed him by a blow on the head. Stephen Boorn was then brought home under arrest, and, apparently believing that defense was hopeless after his brother's confession, he too confessed. Both brothers, on their own confessions, were tried, convicted, and condemned to death. Jesse, having been the first to confess, was reprieved. Stephen's day of execution was fixed. In an interview with his counsel, the doomed man begged him to advertise for the missing Colvin in the newspapers. His counsel perceived at once that the man must either be innocent or else insane, to make such a suggestion. It was acted upon, and in the Rutland (Vt.) Herald this notice appeared:—

#### MURDER.

Printers of newspapers throughout the United States are desired to publish that Stephen Boorn, of Manchester, in Vermont, is sentenced to be executed for the murder of Russel Colvin, who has been absent about seven years. Any person

who can give information of said Colvin may save the life of the innocent by making immediate communication. Colvin is about five feet five inches high, light complexion, light-colored hair, blue eyes, about forty years of age.

MANCHESTER, VT., November 26, 1819.

Three days afterwards the New York Evening Post copied this notice, and the next day it was read aloud in a New York hotel. A man named Whelpley stood by and heard it read. He had formerly lived in Manchester and had known Colvin, and he told many stories of his eccentric doings. A Mr. Tabor Chadwick, of Shrewsbury, N. J., listened to this talk, and, as he thought it over going home, it occurred to him that a man then living with his brother-in-law, Mr. William Polhemus, of Dover, N. J., answered closely to the description given of Colvin by Whelpley. He wrote a letter to the New York Evening Post stating his impressions. Whelpley saw this letter, went to Dover, N. J., found Colvin, and, after great effort, induced him to go to Manchester and prevent Stephen Boorn's execution. There was great rejoicing in Manchester, Vt., when Stephen was released from prison, and his escape was celebrated by the firing of cannon. Yet both he and his brother had confessed the crime for which he so narrowly escaped the scaffold.

Many such astounding cases of false confessions, made from motives never satisfactorily ascertained, are embalmed in the chronicles of crime: they belong to the mysteries of human experience; they are puzzles in psychological phenomena, which defy solution and mock all our reasoning. Are we, therefore, to conclude that confessions are not the best of direct evidence? We have already seen that the direct evidence of eye-witnesses often results in the gravest judicial errors, because eye-witnesses sometimes swear to what they never saw, and sometimes are themselves the vic-

tims of optical illusion or of a deceit practiced upon them by others. For all that, direct evidence is very valuable; strong circumstantial evidence is valuable, also, and the voluntary confessions of accused persons are the highest kind of evidence, amounting to proof positive. All these rules are, of course, subject to the law of exceptions, by which, however, the rule is not set aside, but confirmed.

The current clamor against the conviction of persons charged with murder by means of poison on purely presumptive proof is no new thing. The crime of poisoning has in all times been difficult of discovery. Excluding proof by presumption, not one poisoner in one hundred would ever be brought within the scope of human law and justice. The most memorable poisoning trial of modern times was that of William Palmer, of Rugeley, in Staffordshire, England. He was tried and convicted in 1856 for the murder of one Cook; but he was believed to have poisoned two other persons, also, his wife and a brother. The motive in each case was the same,—the collection of large sums of money from insurance companies which had issued policies on the lives of the poisoned persons. There never was the slightest particle of direct evidence against Palmer. No trace of the poison which he was believed to have used, strychnia, could be found in the body of Cook. Relying on this serious absence of direct proof on a vital point, Palmer freely boasted his confidence in acquittal by the jury up to the last moment; and even after the verdict of "guilty" was rendered, he persisted in believing he would be pardoned. In the condemned cell he repeatedly said that he was going to his grave a murdered man. Public opinion outside of Rugeley, where his guilt was never questioned, was much agitated as to the possibility of his innocence. On the scaffold, however, he broke down; and while he made no formal and explicit confession,

he used expressions to the chaplain which tacitly admitted his guilt, not only in the case of Cook, but in the other cases for which he had not been tried. The verdict, therefore, though based on pure presumption, was undoubtedly just. One of the presumptive proofs which most strongly swayed the jury was the great fear shown by Palmer at every stage of the investigation, and his efforts to suppress and destroy evidence that told against him. He had, for example, offered the driver of the vehicle in which a jar containing the contents of Cook's stomach was to be taken to the Rugeley railway station *en route* to London ten pounds if he would upset the carriage and break the jar.

The same presumption of guilt from evidence of the prisoner's fear and his efforts to destroy the proofs of his crime was drawn in the celebrated case of Captain Donnellan, convicted in 1781 of the murder by poison of his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton. In spite of the protests of the mother of the poisoned man, he had insisted, before any one else could arrive on the scene, on rinsing out the glass from which the fatal draught had been drunk. He had also interfered, with success, to prevent any medical examination of the body before it was too late to yield clear and positive proof of the cause of death. The weight of the medical testimony on the trial was rather in the prisoner's favor. The most eminent physician of the time, Sir John Hunter, testified positively that there was nothing in the circumstances of the death, nor in the evidence afforded by the autopsy, to justify the "least suspicion" of poison. Four medical witnesses of much less eminence, however, testified to the exactly contrary effect. The extreme fear shown by the accused man, his persistent efforts to suppress and destroy the evidence against him, and the fact that by the death of his brother-in-law he succeeded to a valuable estate, all raised presumptions

against him. On these he was convicted and executed. He most solemnly protested his innocence just before going to the scaffold, and the case is still a favorite theme of disputation in the legal textbooks. The weight of opinion appears to be that the theory of presumptive proof was pressed too far, in this instance; that not only was guilt inferred from indirect evidence, but that a vital fact from which inference was made was itself first inferred, namely, the fact that death was the result of poison. Nevertheless, no one can read all the evidence in the case without feeling that, whatever stretching of the law there may have been to convict Donnellan, it is not likely that any such moral wrong was thereby done to an entirely innocent man as was done in the case of Soren Qvist, already related, where the proof was not "purely presumptive," but almost absolutely direct and positive, and where it was finally clinched by confession.

Mr. Justice Bullen, in his charge in the Donnellan case, laid down this rule: "A presumption which necessarily arises from circumstances is very often more convincing and more satisfactory than any other kind of evidence. It is not within the reach and compass of human abilities to invent a train of circumstances which shall be so connected together as to amount to a proof of guilt, without affording opportunities to contradict a great part, if not all, of these circumstances." Ordinarily, this is no doubt true; and cases like that of Soren Qvist do not invalidate the rule.

As a typical case illustrating the trustworthiness, in most cases, of entirely circumstantial evidence, and the safety and justice of convictions on presumptive proof deduced therefrom, the famous trial and conviction of Franz Muller for the murder of Thomas Briggs, a London bank clerk, in July, 1864, under very singular circumstances, may be adduced. Briggs took the train from the Fenchurch Street station on the North

London railway to go to his home at Hackney. When the train arrived at Hackney, the compartment in which he had left Fenchurch Street was found empty of passengers; the cushions were soaked with blood, and all the signs of a terrible struggle for life were visible. Scattered about the carriage were found a hat, a walking-stick, and a small black leather bag. Briggs's mangled body was discovered some distance back on the line of the road, and he lived for several hours after being so found, in an unconscious state. He had evidently been clubbed into insensibility by a fellow-passenger soon after the train started from Fenchurch Street station, robbed, and then thrown out of the carriage window, from which, also, his murderer must have immediately jumped. The one clue which the police had to work upon was the hat left in the railway carriage, which was not that of Briggs. Here was the narrow pathway of a first presumption, which led on to a succession of other presumptions; and finally, without a jot or tittle of direct evidence by eye-witnesses, Franz Muller was landed on the scaffold. The first presumption was that the hat found in the carriage, not being that of Briggs, was that of his assailant. A label inside the crown showed that it was bought at a certain hat store in Marylebone, London. A few days later, Briggs's gold chain, stolen by his murderer, was traced to a jeweler in Cheapside, who had given another in exchange for it to a foreign-looking man whom he described. The second presumption was now made,—that this foreign-looking man was the murderer. This last presumption was widely made known in the papers, and soon a cabman came forward and told of a lodger who had recently left his house, and who, before leaving, had given to his (the cabman's) little daughter a cardboard box bearing the name of the Cheapside jeweler upon it. This cabman found a photograph of his departed lodger, and it was shown

to the jeweler, who at once positively identified it as that of the foreign-looking man who had brought Briggs's gold chain to him and exchanged it for another. The lodger's name was Franz Muller. The final presumption of the police was then made,—Muller was the murderer. The cabman examined the hat left in the railway carriage, and identified it as one he had bought for Muller at the Marylebone hat store whose label it bore. Then the London shipping offices were visited, and a clerk was found who, being shown Muller's photograph, remembered that a man whose face it closely resembled had sailed on the Victoria for Canada, via New York. Extradition papers were prepared, and detectives and witnesses started in pursuit on a much faster steam vessel than the Victoria. Muller was arrested in New York harbor, searched, taken ashore, extradited, and carried back at once to England for trial. On his head Briggs's hat was found, and among his effects the gold watch of the murdered man. The defense was able and stubborn. Stress was laid on the fact that nothing but circumstances and presumptions were offered against the accused, and the counsel for the crown admitted this to be so. A strong attempt was made to prove an alibi; and if all that was sworn to had been true, Muller could not have been on the scene of the murder at the time it was committed. But the jury proceeded to accept presumptions as equivalent to proof positive. They believed that the hat left in the carriage was Muller's hat, and presumed that he must have been there, or he could not have left his hat behind; they presumed that his possession of Briggs's hat and gold watch at the time of his arrest in New York harbor was the direct result of his crime in the railway carriage; they presumed on the whole evidence, purely circumstantial as it was, that he did assault and kill Briggs, rob his body, and fly to America



with the fruits of the robbery. They found him guilty with scarcely any hesitation. But the efforts made to save him were desperate, and, as in similar recent cases in this country, a large number of persons, swayed by the strong sentiment evoked out of their own imagination of perfect innocence where guilt had been proved beyond all reasonable doubt, cried "Shame!" Muller was a German, and powerful German influences were invoked to save him. The traditional stubbornness of the English official mind, backed as it always is by a wholesome majority opinion in favor of letting the law take its course, and making murder both an odious and a perilous crime, was adequate to the emergency. Muller, who had protested his innocence until the day of his death, broke down at the final moment, and whispered to the German chaplain who shrived him, "I did it."

Whatever may have been the case in former times, there is no reason to fear, in this age of the world, in English-speaking countries at least, that justice will often miscarry in capital cases, except to the detriment of the state. Sir Matthew Hale's dictum, "It is better five guilty persons should escape unpunished than one innocent person should die," is nowadays more than literally fulfilled. It is a maxim of increasing popularity, not only with all accused persons, but with that considerable class of people who find in criminals an irresistible impulse to sympathetic excitement. Blackstone improved on Hale, making it better to have ten assassins escape than to have one innocent man suffer by an error in the jury-room. Starkie improved on Blackstone, and made it "better that ninety-nine offenders should escape than that one innocent man should be condemned." It is a probable opinion that even Mr. Starkie is behind the times in which we live. There is now a constant

clamor which seeks to pass itself off as public opinion, and which practically asserts that it is better all crimes should go unpunished than that any person should by any possibility suffer unjustly.

A glance at our American statistics of homicide for the year 1892 may appropriately conclude this article and point its moral. No fewer than 6796 persons were murdered in the United States last year, as against 5906 persons in 1891, 4290 in 1890, and 3567 in 1889. Innocent persons are evidently not escaping, however the guilty ones are faring. The American victims of homicide have almost doubled in three years. In the same year (1892) that 6796 persons were murdered, only 107 were executed by process of law, — one execution to every 63.5 murders.

The outcry against convictions on "purely presumptive proof" is at once senseless and insincere. If it should ever prevail, an era of free murder would be the inevitable result. It is really a protest against capital punishment, thinly disguised as an objection to the only kind of proof possible in the majority of criminal trials. Wholesome public opinion needs to be rallied in the other direction. It ought never to be forgotten that murder is capital punishment; every person who kills another shows himself a believer in capital punishment—for his victim; and the moment these friends of capital punishment can be converted to more humane views, capital punishment by the state will be abolished; the votaries of the death penalty have only to abolish it themselves, and the state cannot continue it. But the aim of the emotional agitators of the day is to abolish the death penalty first as a public protection, and leave its abolition as a private pastime to await the discretion of the nearly 7000 executioners who are now annually practicing capital punishment in this country.

*James W. Clarke.*

## IF PUBLIC LIBRARIES, WHY NOT PUBLIC MUSEUMS?

THE success which has accompanied the Public Library Act in Massachusetts encourages the friends of science to believe that the time is propitious for establishing public museums in the smaller towns of the Commonwealth. It certainly is time to direct public attention to the importance of the museum as an adjunct to the public library. The tendencies of modern public-school education which introduce Sloyd as part of its work, and ask for pictures and casts to decorate the barren walls of the school-room, are indications that the time is ripe to found, in a modest way, museums of science, art, and history in our smaller towns and villages.

A few devoted students have, in past times, endeavored to establish institutions of this kind, but in most instances their efforts have been abortive. A few larger cities in the country have managed to keep alive the interest manifested, and their museums are now permanently established. The failures, however, have outnumbered the successes ten to one, and for this there must be a reason.

The founding of a museum is far more difficult than that of a library. People are trained to the latter in the development of a private library: any one capable of cataloguing books can establish a small library. The furniture is reduced to the simplest expression in the form of a case of shelves. The material to be put upon them can readily be ordered from the nearest book mart. On the other hand, the building of a museum requires special gifts and special training. Besides, one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of a collector should have charge of a museum, though this is equally true in regard to libraries of any magnitude. The absence of a public demand for museums in the past

has arisen from the methods of public instruction. Lessons from books, and not from nature, have been the tiresome lot of school children. Questions and answers, cut and dried, have tended to deaden the inquiring spirit. That portion of a child's brain which is involved in observation has been reduced to atrophy by the usual public-school methods. A distinguished English authority suggests to school boards, high and low, "that the teaching is out of all proportion in excess of the training, the latter being with difficulty weighed in the scales of school examination." Agassiz said: "The pupil studies Nature in the school-room, and when he goes out of doors he cannot find her." I shall never forget the bitter disappointment I felt as a boy, on my first journey, when the stage driver pointed out to me with his whip the dividing line between the States of Maine and New Hampshire. There was no colored line! There was no change in the color surfaces of the two sides! I felt grieved and rebellious at the imposition which had been practiced upon me. Nor can I ever forget the surprise — my delight was distracted by the novelty of my ignorance — when my father, in one of the periodic family drives, chanced to remark, on a shore road near Portland, that the water expanse before us was the Atlantic Ocean. Had he said that one of the islands in sight was Madagascar, I should not have been more astonished. Every one can recall experiences of a similar nature, and I venture to believe that these two truthful incidents are pertinent examples of the results of pernicious educational methods universal forty years ago, and by no means uncommon to-day, — book-cramming, with no reference to the objects or illustrations in sight from the windows, or within stone's throw of the school door. This

undeniable condition of many schools in the land emphasizes the necessity of museums where the objects may verify some of the lessons learned at school. The book method of education has almost paralyzed public desire for museums, and the result has been that the museum, when instituted, has been in the interest of specialists, and mainly through their efforts. The whole animal kingdom may be epitomized, in a manner, between the covers of a single book; the specimens properly to illustrate such a book would require a good-sized hall in which to be displayed.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has liberally provided a way in which every town may have a collection of books free to all. So successfully has the enactment been carried out that only three per cent of the State's population is unprovided with a free public library, and this remnant will soon be favored with its public stock of standard books. This is all very well, and in the right direction; but is it not possible to create a similar public sentiment for the establishment of some kind of a museum, as a proper accompaniment of the library? If there is the slightest necessity for a museum in the crowded metropolis, why does not the same necessity hold good for the small town or village? In the Public Libraries Act of England and Ireland (1855), provision is made for the erection of buildings "suitable for public libraries or museums, or both, or for schools of science and art;" and a similar act for Scotland (1867) provides for the erection of buildings "suitable for public libraries, art galleries, or museums, or each respectively." Every community, borough, district, or parish exceeding five thousand in population may, by a two-thirds majority, adopt the Public Libraries Act, and a sum not exceeding a penny in a pound may be levied for carrying out the provisions of the act.

Thomas Greenwood, the author of a

special work on museums and art galleries, expresses his belief that "the museum of the future must stand side by side with the library and the laboratory, as a part of the teaching equipment of the college and the university, and in the great cities coöperate with the public library as one of the principal agencies for the enlightenment of the people." Professor Goode, the director of the United States National Museum, says: "I am confident also that a museum, wisely organized and properly arranged, is certain to benefit the library near which it stands in many ways through its power to stimulate interest in books, thus increasing the general popularity of the library and enlarging its endowment."

England discovered that art schools were not sufficient to place her art manufactures on a level with those of her Continental competitors, and was forced to supplement her schools with museums of art hand-work, and the large endowment granted the South Kensington Museum was fully justified by the results shown in the great exhibition of 1867. A museum seems as much an integral part of the public library as are the experiments part of a lecture on chemistry or physics. If the public library is established primarily for educational purposes, surely the public museum should come in the same category. The potency of an object in conveying information beyond all pages of description is seen in the fact that in the museum a simple label associated with a veritable object is often sufficient to tell the story at a glance; the eye seizes the essentials at once.

The rapid development of the modern arts of illustration, and the conspicuous use of these methods in books, magazines, dictionaries, and even the daily papers, attest the power of the pictorial art, barbarous as it is in many cases, in imparting information quickly and clearly. If illustrations are so important in the modern publication, — and to do with-

out them would seem well-nigh impossible,—how far more important it would seem to be to provide an exhibition of the objects themselves in science, art, and history, to which the public might have free access!

A museum adds dignity to a trifle. What seems a worthless object to the minds of the multitude becomes at once endowed with interest when carefully framed or mounted, and clearly labeled. Furthermore, the object is seen to have a definite relation to other equally common objects with which it is associated; a lesson is learned, and sooner or later the observer finds an added interest in his studies, if indeed he is not aware for the first time of regions of thought utterly unknown to him before. The charm that attends the demonstration of the minor factors of natural selection comes from the love of causality,—a desire which, as Peschel truly says, accounts for the intellectual supremacy of Europe over the great Asiatic nations lying east of her.

Charles Kingsley, in an address to workmen, said: "You must acquire something of that industrious habit of mind which the study of natural science gives,—the art of comparing, of perceiving true likenesses and true differences, and so of classifying and arranging what you see; the art of connecting facts together in your mind in cause and effect."

The public museum fosters the art of collecting; and of all habits to encourage, in the young and old alike, the habit of collecting is one of the best. It has been said that one who does not learn to play whist is laying up a dismal old age; the same might be said of one who has not cultivated the collector's spirit. It induces habits of neatness, order, and skill, says one writer. Young people are kept out of mischief, to middle-aged people it is a rest and relaxation, and old people find in their collections a perennial source of pleasure.

Professor Goode quotes an eminent English lecturer as stating that our nation is deteriorating in regard to culture; that where, twenty years ago, five hundred towns supported, year after year, courses of lectures on scientific and literary subjects, to-day scarcely fifty of these places feel encouraged to continue the effort. If there is no apparent reason for this decadence, then it will be well-nigh useless to hope for the establishment of museums. If, however, it can be shown that with the advent of the lecture bureau the market was flooded with poor or sensational lecturers, comic readers, etc., and as a result the lecture platform, as we formerly knew it, became converted into an amusement stage; if, furthermore, it can be shown that the magazine literature of the country gives far greater space to matters of science and art, thus providing the kinds of intellectual food formerly given from the lecture platform, then we may hope that there is no decadence in the culture of the people, and that an interest in public museums may be easily aroused.

A change has certainly taken place in the last thirty years in the tendency of the community toward collecting objects of natural history. Private collectors of shells, insects, birds, etc., were far more numerous thirty years ago than they are to-day. The same is true of England. An eminent authority laments that "private collections are failing in Liverpool and all around; and teaching is everywhere hard and hardening in its results." Yet there is surely no dying out of the collector's spirit in certain lines, as witness the thousands interested in postage-stamp collecting, with their established societies and periodicals.

To awaken a desire in the smaller towns for a public museum, it is needful that a good example be cited. To see examples of any kind, one must go up to the great cities to find them. For New England the fingers of one hand could almost count them, and for the

rest of this great republic, outside of college museums, the fingers of the other hand would be sufficient to keep tally.

If we examine into the character of these museums, we shall find that, with some notable exceptions, they stand where they did before Darwin's time. The museum then, as now, consisted of accumulations of species of animals that were of interest only to specialists in their respective branches of study. The interest attaching to such collections was incomprehensible to the layman. He strayed through a museum bewildered by cases filled with apparently similar kinds of shells, insects, and the like. The insects were always in their mature state. Not a suggestion of the life history of even a single species could be found. Regiments of shells were marshaled in pasteboard trays, with no inkling of the kind of life associated with them. The collection of birds gave no hint of the quaint appearance of the young, or of the infinite variety in the construction of their nests. As to whether the creatures ever laid eggs could be ascertained only by going to some other part of the hall. The school books of the time gave no idea of the way in which these collections might be studied; and if by chance the textbook had a more thoughtful chapter on morphology or other point of view, the museum might be ransacked in vain for an illustration. If one chanced to have a general book on natural history, it told him about the elephant and the kangaroo, which he already knew by name, at least, through the lines of a popular ditty, but not a word of the little creatures that hid under his own doorstep. The museum might have a small collection of mammals, but to find a complete collection of those of his own State he would have to go to the museums of the Old World.

Within recent years a great change has taken place, in this and some other respects, in the large museums of the country, notably in Boston, Cambridge,

Salem, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington; but advances are yet to be made in some of these museums to bring their collections abreast of the knowledge of to-day. Professor Goode insists that the "museum of the past must be set aside, reconstructed, transformed from a cemetery of bric-a-brac into a nursery of living thoughts."

That the importance of a museum of some kind connected with the larger schools has been realized in the past is seen in the custom of every country academy and female seminary which sets apart a room for the purposes of a school museum. But no more ingenious device could have been planned to create a loathing for museums in the minds of the young than these wretched travesties called "cabinets of natural history." With few exceptions they were dismal failures. The scant collections rarely contained anything belonging to the surrounding country, unless it might be a moth-eaten owl, a plethoric paper wasps'-nest, or a horseshoe crab from the nearest seacoast; clutter, dust, and disorder, and poorly executed labels, usually written with a hard lead pencil on the bluest of writing-paper, and all concealed in cases, the wood of whose doors generally exceeded the glass in superficial area. This description applies not only to the class of schools above mentioned, but to many of the large institutions of learning as well. Even to-day there are many colleges and universities that have no museums, and others that would be better off if deprived of the wretched apologies they have. A prominent Western university has a museum literally bathed in soot, the most instructive features of which are the foot-tracks of various insects delicately traced on the soot-laden shelves! I mention these facts not in a way of reproach, but to emphasize an important truth; and that is that the creating of a proper museum requires the services of one endowed with special taste and talent for the work. A man

may be an excellent collector and systematist, but disorderly to the last degree. As a collector and specialist he may have made a record; but museum work demands more than these qualifications. One must have the power of clearly illustrating truths in science by the proper and adequate display of specimens. Labels must be neatly, clearly, and concisely drawn. A hand-made label, if well done, is better than a printed one. Professor Goode, to whom we are greatly indebted for numerous essays and addresses on museum matters, has said with truth that "an efficient educational museum may be described as a collection of instructive labels, each illustrated by a well-selected specimen."

But we anticipate. The importance of the museum as an adjunct of the public library having been indicated, the pre-Darwinian condition of many of the smaller and some of the larger museums having been shown, we come now to consider the question, What kind of a museum may properly be demanded as the working companion of a public library? Museums are almost as varied in their character as human knowledge. There are zoological, anatomical, botanical, mineralogical, geological, palæontological, ethnological, archæological museums; historical museums of art and armor; museums of architecture, terrestrial and marine; industrial museums; museums showing the history of a nation, such as the wonderful one at Nuremberg; museums solely to commemorate the work of great men, as the Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen; museums, again, limited in scope to the last degree, as seen in the unique one at Berlin, illustrating the history and development of the postal service. Obviously, not one of these various museums would answer to parallel the public library, but an epitome of all of them would answer the purpose completely, were it possible to bring the material together. And such an epitome is within the reach of any

well-ordered community willing to spend a portion of its library endowment for such a collection.

Thomas Greenwood, of England, in his work already alluded to, summarizes the main objects of a public museum as follows: first, that it provide rational amusement of an elevating character to the ordinary visitor; second, that it be in the fullest sense an educational institution, easily accessible to all classes; third, that it provide a home for examples of local objects of interest of an antiquarian, geological, or other character; fourth, that a section of it be a commercial museum, containing specimens of manufactures resembling those produced in the immediate locality; fifth, that it be one in a series of institutions whose object shall be to further the education of the many and the special studies of the few. The section that Mr. Greenwood devotes to a commercial museum would be far better devoted to objects of art. The commercial products of a community are always accessible, and every recurring state or county fair makes full display of the material, with the machinery and men producing it in full operation.

In a committee's report made to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, upon the Provincial Museums of the United Kingdom, it is stated:—

"The special objects of a free rate-supported museum in a provincial town should be:—

"(1.) To contribute its share to the general scientific statistics of the country by collecting and preserving specimens of the natural and artificial productions of the district in which it is situated.

"(2.) To procure such other specimens as may be desirable for illustrating the general principles of science, and the relations of the locality to the rest of the world.

"(3.) To receive and preserve local collections or single specimens having



any scientific value which the possessors may desire to devote to public use.

"(4.) So to arrange and display the specimens collected as to afford the greatest amount of popular instruction consistent with their safe preservation and accessibility as objects of scientific study.

"(5.) To render special assistance to local students and teachers of science."

F. T. Mott, Esq., a member of the above-mentioned committee, in a paper read before the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, on the Development of Museums as Public Educators, says:—

"Museums, free libraries, and art galleries have this in common: that they are each expected to fulfill two purposes which are somewhat incongruous, and require to be pursued by different methods and with different appliances. Each of these institutions is expected to minister to the wants both of trained students and of the untrained and ignorant public; and the demands of these two classes of persons are so diverse that they must be provided for separately. The free library must have its lending department for the general public, and its reference department for students. The art gallery must have attractive and interesting pictures for ordinary visitors, but it must also have masterly studies for the instruction of young artists. The museum, however, has a still more complex and difficult part to play. It has not only to provide for the diverse wants of students and of visitors, but it has also to contribute to the general progress of scientific knowledge. Every museum, at least every provincial rate-supported museum, which is a public and in some sense a national institution, has a threefold duty: (1) to the nation at large, (2) to the students of the neighborhood, and (3) to the local public. If museums are ever to be more than a confused compound of the curiosity shop and the peep-show, which is what very many of them are at present, this threefold duty must be very clearly

recognized, and means must be found for the efficient carrying on of each department."

First and foremost, then, the town museum should illustrate the natural products of the immediate region. By natural products is meant, of course, the animals, plants, rocks, and minerals found in the county, or possibly in the State; for a county collection would require but a few extra-limital forms to compass the State. Second, a general collection of similar material from elsewhere, to show the relation of the county to the rest of the world. Anatomical, physiological, and morphological series should next find place in such a museum. The minor factors of natural selection, such as protective, alluring, and warning coloration, mimicry, etc., should be illustrated, as far as possible, from collections made in the immediate neighborhood. And finally, a series of forms to show the phylogenetic development of the animal kingdom should in some way be given. Such a series would require large floor space, and the solution of many perplexing problems as to form of cases and methods of display. Yet a scheme of this sort must ultimately be devised. The importance of developmental series is clearly brought out by a comparison between the famous Cluny Museum in Paris and the University Museum at Oxford under the charge of Professor E. B. Tylor. In the former is a homogeneous mass of beautiful and elaborate objects of mediæval times, each exciting thought so disjointed that fatigue soon ensues from the rich surfeit, and one comes away with the feeling that he has seen a marvelous lot of most exquisite objects in the dim light of an artistic receptacle. Not an emotion has been evoked that will be set vibrating again unless he drops into a choice bric-a-brac shop, and the medley there seen pleases him less in its *ensemble* than that of the Cluny collections; with the advantage, however, that he can buy,

if he has the means, and not burn with envy. The Pitt-Rivers collection now displayed in the Oxford Museum arrests the thoughtful attention at every step; inquiry is provoked at every turn; doubt may be engendered, yet ever after one finds fertile subjects to think about, to discuss, or to impart to one's friends. In other words, the collection has stimulated inquiry; and this is what a properly arranged collection should always do.

This, then, is a general idea of what a public museum should be. It has been attained in part by the Peabody Academy of Science in Salem. The collections comprise, first, a remarkable series of the animals and plants, rocks, minerals, and archaeological specimens collected in the county of Essex. These collections are continually increasing as new forms are added. They occupy upright cases to an extent of over three hundred running feet, or a superficial area for their display of nearly three thousand square feet. Besides this there is an epitome collection of the animal kingdom, brought from all parts of the world, requiring an area of sixteen hundred square feet for its proper display; and finally, an ethnological collection, arranged by countries, filling a hall sixty by forty-eight feet with broad galleries and spacious cases. These collections are all fully and clearly labeled. At close intervals throughout the entire collection special colored labels are displayed, calling attention, by title and shelf number, to books in the public library referring to the immediate group; so that a student or pupil from the public schools need only transcribe on a bit of paper a set of numbers, and present it at the delivery window of the public library, to be provided at once with the books on the special subject desired. Great credit is due to Mr. Robinson, in charge of the museum, for the good taste shown in the arrangement of the collection, and to Mr. Jones, the librarian of the public library, for co-

operating so heartily in the work of the Academy.

Courses of lectures are given in the Academy Hall every year, which are practically free to the public. The city librarian usually supplements these lectures by printed lists of books treating of the subject matter of the lecture, and these lists are distributed to the auditors. A like service is often done for the free courses of lectures given by the Essex Institute. In this manner, these three institutions coöperate with one another in utilizing the collections in their possession in an educational way, and for the good of the general public. The collections thus made available are the results of years of devoted labor by many ardent students and collectors.

Is it to be supposed that other communities may call into existence even a limited collection of objects for a museum, as they might bring together the material for a public library? With any reasonable appropriation of money this can be done. At the present time, there are many reputable firms which stand ready to furnish, at reasonable prices, collections representing the various departments of science. All the mechanical features of a museum, such as cases, adjustable brackets, tablets, insect boxes, jars, etc., can be got from the proper sources. If a public library has its salaried officer and assistants, and buys its books, why should not a public museum be installed under precisely similar conditions? There is no reason, save the fact that most of the museums in the country have had a fortuitous beginning, usually due to a coterie of men directly interested in science, who, bringing together collections of interest, have been generous enough to permit the public to enjoy them on certain days in the year. In some cases, a large endowment has enabled the society to share its treasures with the public more freely. But we are digressing. With

the facilities thus indicated for purchasing material, a definite plan is to be laid out, upon which the collections are to be brought together. An epitome collection of the animal kingdom, large or small as the case may be, is to be secured. This will come to hand properly prepared, mounted, and labeled. Having obtained this, the museum has the models upon which to prepare the local collection. Home talent will have to be looked to for this material; and if none are found competent to do the work, a collector from elsewhere must be employed for the purpose. The initial steps having been taken, the lines are indicated along which it is possible to utilize the voluntary aid of such collectors as the community may possess, although the museum of to-day cannot depend upon voluntary service entirely. Special private collections of shells, insects, minerals, archaeological relics, etc., will naturally gravitate toward the public museum, either by gift or by purchase; and thus, slowly but surely, the foundations of a museum will have been fairly started.

Finally, in the museum of the future the errors of the past should be avoided. Private collections, when given to a museum, must be incorporated with the other collections. Collections should not be accepted with the condition that they are to have separate rooms or cases for their display. There are occasions when an exception can be made; as when, for instance, the collection is far more complete than the one already possessed, though in this case the smaller collection should be merged with the larger. An inconvenience has always arisen from the continual accession of material which necessitates the rearranging of collections for their admission. This

difficulty can be overcome by setting apart a special room or a set of cases, in which the donations can be kept for one year, this receptacle to be plainly marked "New Accessions to the Museum." In this way a rearrangement, and consequent disturbance, takes place only once a year. Furthermore, the exhibition of these accessions separately will stimulate the activity and pride of local collectors and others interested.

Above all, the bane and misery of dubious accumulations should be avoided. A specimen is either of use, or it is not. If worthy of preservation, it should find its place in the collections; if not, it should be transferred to those who will make use of it, or be destroyed. The rubbish which accumulates in many of our museums, and is hoarded from year to year with the hope that it may some time be of use, is paralleled by the collections of junk with which some are inclined to encumber their premises.

That some kind of a public museum, along the lines and in the ways above suggested, is possible for smaller towns there is no doubt. A wholesome spirit of rivalry might naturally arise, and each town having its museum would excel in certain departments, in the same way that each town can pride itself on certain special features, such as a fine park, spacious town hall, public library, or superior high-school building. Unfortunate, indeed, is that town — and there are hundreds of them in this country — that can show nothing but the mere elements of material existence; in this respect not a whit removed from the barrenness of a sheep pasture. To bring up young children in such a town is to stunt their intellectual powers, and to narrow persistently the horizon of their life.

*Edward S. Morse.*

## DE TOCQUEVILLE'S MEMOIRS.

THE publication of De Tocqueville's *Souvenirs*<sup>1</sup> brings an unexpected pleasure, for we had supposed that the last of his posthumous works which his family would allow to appear had long ago been printed. France and Europe have changed their fashion in politics during the past forty years, but in spite of the prevalence of new ideals De Tocqueville remains the foremost French political philosopher of the first half of the century. He was not a system-maker, but the keen and profound critic of systems; not an historian, but the analyst and classifier of principles which underlie those collective acts of a people which, when chronicled, are history. Other men, both during his lifetime and since his death, have enjoyed, as leaders of a political movement, a wider popularity than he enjoyed; but their popularity has been transient, while his opinions endure, and must long endure, to be reckoned with by any one who would acquaint himself with the most significant political thought of our age.

Born in the midst of the Napoleonic upheaval, De Tocqueville witnessed the fall of the First Empire and the climax of the Second, with all that intervened; yet in this environment of revolution and recoil, of decaying old-world order and a chaos of new schemes, he never lost his head. At a time when doctrinaires vociferated, and each day produced its experiment or its formula, he was seduced by none of them. He understood that agitation, though necessary, was but a stage on the road to the reorganization of society, and, instead of plunging into the turmoils of the hour, he devoted himself to discovering the key to the new system toward which all agitations tended.

<sup>1</sup> *Souvenirs de Alexis de Tocqueville*. Publiés par le COMTE DE TOCQUEVILLE. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1893.

He recognized that feudalism was dead; that constitutionalism and democracy had replaced it, but that constitutionalism itself might be the instrument of class supremacy, and that democracy, which, more than any other form of government, presupposes a high degree of popular intelligence and of civic disinterestedness, might, without these, become a terrible engine of despotism. He foresaw, too, that socialism, in one form or another, would insinuate itself into the new order.

Fortified in these views by long study of history, by investigation of existing institutions in America and Europe, and by intercourse with the principal politicians and thinkers of his time, De Tocqueville found himself, at the collapse of the July monarchy, in a unique position both to observe and direct events.

This volume of recollections covers the period from the abdication of Louis Philippe, February 24, 1848, to October, 1849. It is important, whether as a revelation of De Tocqueville's own character, or as the testimony of an authoritative eye-witness of momentous events and the personages who took part in them. In these pages we see De Tocqueville, the political philosopher, brought face to face with practical affairs. He cannot now theorize calmly, but must act quickly; yet his characteristic habit of looking for essential principles does not, even in this emergency, desert him. These *Souvenirs* increase our admiration of his knowledge of political causes and of his perspicacity in reading men. We wish not so much to criticise as simply to call attention to some of the striking passages in his book.

De Tocqueville, like many others, had a presentiment that the July monarchy could not last; but neither he nor any

one else foresaw the manner and moment of the catastrophe. The *bourgeoisie*, which had come into power in 1830, was doomed to a mortal struggle with the lower classes; and the long and barren ministry of the "sanctimonious" Guizot, while maintaining quiet on the surface and while fostering commercial prosperity, did nothing to remove the causes which were leading up to the inevitable conflict. "Very soon," wrote De Tocqueville, in October, 1849, "the political battle will be waged between those who have and those who have not. The great battlefield will be property, and the chief questions in politics will hinge on the modifications, more or less profound, to be wrought in the right of property-holders." The multitude of political and social schemes which doctrinaires had been proposing for half a century all pointed, he saw, toward socialism. Nor did he fail to perceive that the government of the specious Citizen-King, Louis Philippe, lacked a firm foundation, though the king used all the corrupting agencies which his despotic instincts could suggest. The Chamber was packed with his minions; a vast army of office-holders wore his livery; the smallest hamlet had its postmaster and its gendarmes, who owed their places directly to the king; the ministers and their subordinates were his servile followers; and every dissenter who could be purchased was purchased by title or office. Yet when the revolution suddenly burst upon him, Louis Philippe, usually so glib and self-possessed, became speechless, resourceless, dazed, and almost without an effort he abdicated.

"He had passed his life in the midst of revolutions," says De Tocqueville; "and assuredly it was neither experience nor courage nor intelligence that he lacked, though they failed him so completely on that day. I believe that his weakness came from the excess of his surprise; he was floored before he

knew it. The revolution of February was unforeseen by all, but by him more than any one else; no warning from the outside had prepared him for it, because, for several years, his spirit had withdrawn into that kind of haughty solitude where the mind of princes who have been long fortunate almost always dwells at last,—princes who, mistaking good fortune for genius, will hear nothing, because they think they can learn nothing more from any one. Moreover, Louis Philippe had been deceived, as I have already said his ministers were, by that delusive lustre which the history of past events throws on the present. . . . To twist the spirit of the constitution without altering its letter; to play off the vices of the country one against the other; to drown softly the revolutionary passion in material gratifications,—that had been his lifelong idea, and little by little had come to be not only his foremost, but his sole idea. In that he had shut himself up; in that he had lived." This, we believe, is a fair diagnosis of Louis Philippe's case.

He fell on the morning of February 24, 1848, without glory; and so utterly was his hold on France destroyed that in a few hours men scarcely spoke of him. The house of Orleans would have vanished ignobly from the scene but for the courage of the Duchess of Orleans, who hastened to the Chamber in the hope of persuading the deputies to proclaim a regency. She sat at the foot of the tribune, "dressed in mourning, pale and calm. I saw, indeed," says De Tocqueville, "that she was much moved; but her emotion seemed to me that which brave souls feel, readier to be converted into heroism than into fright. The Count of Paris (her ten-year-old son) had the unconcern of his age, and the precious impassivity of princes. Standing beside them was the Duke of Nemours, tightly clad in his uniform, erect, stiff, cold; he was, I believe, the only man who ran a real peril that day.

During all the time he was exposed, I beheld in him the same courage, firm and taciturn." Whilst the royal party anxiously awaited a champion, all was confusion among the deputies. Those who yesterday had been obsequious Royalists dared not speak now. The hall began to fill with the populace. Then Barrot mounted the tribune and advocated a regency. Lamartine followed him in the same strain, but perfunctorily. It seemed as if every one were striving to gain time in order to know what to do. But the invasion of the rabble put an end to this indecision; the duchess and her kin were hurried away beyond reach of danger; and presently a provisional government, of the republican species, was proclaimed.

In this new order, Lamartine held, temporarily, the place of honor. His popularity was immense, but, as often happens, history finds little to justify it; she inclines rather to accept this withering verdict which De Tocqueville passes on Lamartine: "I know not if I have met, in the world of ambitions amid which I have lived, a spirit more empty than his of regard for the common weal. I have seen a crowd of men disturb the country to aggrandize themselves, — 't is the perversity of the time, — but he is the only one, I believe, who seemed to me always ready to overturn the world in order to amuse himself. Nor have I ever known a spirit less sincere, nor that had a more utter contempt for truth. When I say he despised truth, I err; he did not honor it enough to heed it in any fashion. In speaking or in writing he wanders from and returns to it unconsciously, solely preoccupied by a certain effect which he wishes to produce at the moment." Among politicians of supposed honor, is there any who has received a more damning judgment than this? Beside it we will place De Tocqueville's opinion of Ledru-Rollin, Lamartine's colleague in the provisional government, and the parliamentary leader

of the Red Republicans: "Ledru-Rollin was merely a very sensual and very full-blooded big fellow, unfurnished with principles and almost with ideas, without real audacity of head or heart, and even without wickedness; for by nature he wished well to all the world, and was incapable of cutting the throat of any of his adversaries, unless perchance through historical reminiscence or as a favor to his friends."

While the provisional government was busy in attempting to restore order, appeasing the masses by establishing national workshops, which quickly became national Castles of Indolence, De Tocqueville went down to his home in the department of the Manche, and offered himself as a candidate for the Constituent Assembly. The provinces, which had not kept step with the Parisian radicals, did not sympathize with the socialist tendencies of the revolution, and they sent to the Assembly a majority of members pledged to moderate or conservative principles. De Tocqueville himself was elected almost without opposition. Very touching is his description of the loyal affection of his tenants, — a bit of old-world life contrasting strangely with the very modern tumultuous life into which he plunged on his return to the capital. There the baleful effects of Louis Blanc's national workshops and of the policy of concession to masses goaded on by demagogues were already visible. Plainly enough, the real battle was at hand. To those masses, the downfall of Louis Philippe and the change of government meant nothing, unless the new government should gratify the appetites which the demagogues excited in them. Very soon the masses discovered that the new Assembly was too moderate for them, and, feeling that they had been duped, they proposed to sweep it away. How nearly they succeeded, on May 15, De Tocqueville relates with much vividness and *sang-froid*. For many hours on that day the hall of the Assembly was in



the hands of a mob, from which, if infuriated, the deputies might expect no quarter. Most of them kept their accustomed places, agitated, but hoping that some of their number would display energy equal to the emergency. Lamartine saw that the game was beyond him, and so he sat combing his hair, matted with perspiration. On another bench was Lacordaire, the Dominican. "His long and bony neck issuing from his white cowl, his bald head encircled by a fringe of black hair, his pinched face, his hooked nose, his eyes near together, fixed and brilliant," reminded De Tocqueville of a vulture. Buchez, the president, strove frantically to preserve order; but the mob still poured in, noisy, fierce, unmanageable. "Then it was," says De Tocqueville, "that I saw appear in the tribune a man whom I never saw except that day, but the recollection of whom has always filled me with disgust and horror: he had wan and withered cheeks, white lips, a sickly, evil, and unclean air, a dirty pallor, the aspect of a mouldy body, no linen visible, an old black frock coat glued to his slim, fleshless limbs. He seemed to have lived in a sewer, and to have emerged from it. They told me it was Blanqui." Nevertheless, this obnoxious Blanqui and his comrades had dispersed the Assembly, and were about to seize the government of Paris, when the unexpected intervention of national guards restored the deputies to their hall, and prevented further disturbance on that day.

De Tocqueville remarks to how great a degree the revolutionists of 1848 consciously imitated the revolutionists of 1789. Histories, poems, and plays had made familiar to the later revolutionists the acts and even the gestures of their fathers. To succeed, the men of 1848 thought they must copy as nearly as possible their models: hence a revival of old terms; hence, also, a certain staginess. Thus the radical deputies called themselves "the Mountain," and the Feast

of Pikes was mimicked in the Feast of Concord. Nevertheless, the leaders of 1848 knew very well that the conflict in which they were engaged differed widely from that which had crushed the old régime.

Another fact which De Tocqueville makes clear is the almost uniform courage of the men of 1848. He speaks severely of the integrity of many of his contemporaries; he condemns the political principles of some, he discloses the inability of others; but, so far as we recall, he mentions only one as being a coward. That one was Thiers, who, on February 24, took to flight at the first alarm, and who, during the tremendous insurrection of June, threw his arms round Lamoricière's neck and embraced him, when Lamoricière's bravery had rid the Château d'Eau of insurgents. "I could not help smiling when I saw this effusion," says De Tocqueville, "because there was no love lost between them; but great danger is like wine, — it makes men fond." This general courage is the more remarkable, because there can be no doubt that the revolution of 1848 inspired throughout France and Europe greater alarm than had been inspired in 1789. The later generation had the example before them of the bloody excesses of the earlier; they knew that a movement which begins in a demand for reform may end in a reign of terror; they knew, too, the vehemence of class animosity. Their bravery had, in many cases, the aspect of a desperate resignation; and though most of the deputies, at least, were not afraid to die, they were so completely astonished that they could do little but wait for events to come to them. De Tocqueville himself, however, visited the barricades and the posts of peril with reckless nonchalance, realizing, as he did, the folly of jeopardizing one's life for mere curiosity. Thanks to his recklessness, we have in this book many graphic descriptions of Paris during these stormy times.

We cannot review his account of the revision of the constitution, in which work he took a prominent part; nor can we relate the intrigues by which, in June, 1849, Louis Napoleon, who had been elected president in the previous December, strove to form a cabinet of "his own men," but was compelled at last to nominate Dufaure, Lanjuinais, and De Tocqueville. Even thus early, it was evident not only that Louis Napoleon aimed at the supreme power, but also that he could be restrained from attaining it only by the union of disunited and mutually hostile parties. Perceiving that such a coalition could not be arranged, De Tocqueville hoped, by kindling an honest ambition in the president, to keep him true to the constitution. As minister of foreign affairs, De Tocqueville, during the four months he held office, proved himself a skillful diplomatist. Unfortunately, his *Souvenirs* end just as he is on the point of explaining his attitude towards the short-lived Roman republic. We could wish that he had thrown light on that outrageous interference with the liberty of brother republicans.

We cannot conclude more fitly than by quoting the chief traits of the portrait which De Tocqueville has drawn of Louis Napoleon, who had been chosen president "not because of his worth, but because of his presumed mediocrity." He had, "as a private man, certain engaging qualities: a benevolent and easy humor, a humane character, a gentle and even tender soul without being delicate, much steadiness in his relations, perfect simplicity, a certain modesty in person amid the immense pride which his origin caused him. Capable of feeling affection, he could inspire it in those who approached him. His conversation was infrequent and barren. . . . His dissimulation, which was deep as that of a man who had passed his life in conspiracies, was singularly aided by the immobility of his features and the insignificance of

his look; for his eyes were dull and opaque, like those thick bull's-eyes which light the stateroom of a ship, letting the light pass through, but out of which one can see nothing. Very careless of danger, he had fine, cool courage in days of crisis, and at the same time he was very vacillating in his designs, which is common enough. . . . He had always been, it is said, much addicted to pleasures, and little delicate in his choice. . . . His intelligence was incoherent, confused, filled with great thoughts ill digested, which he borrowed now from the examples of Napoleon, and now from socialist theories, and occasionally from his recollections of England, where he had lived. . . . He was naturally a dreamer and chimerical. But when forced to come out of these vague and vast regions, to confine his mind within the limits of some affair, this proved to be capable of precision, sometimes of finesse and breadth, and even of a certain depth, but never sure, and always ready to place a bizarre thought beside a sensible one. . . . We may say, on the whole, that it was his folly more than his reason which, thanks to circumstances, made his success and his force. . . . He trusted in his star; he believed firmly that he was the instrument of destiny and the indispensable man. . . . Though he had a sort of abstract adoration for the people, he felt little inclination for liberty. In politics, his characteristic and fundamental trait was hatred and contempt for assemblies. The régime of constitutional monarchy appeared more insupportable to him even than that of the republic. . . . Before attaining power he had time to strengthen the taste which mediocre princes always have for flunkies, by the habits of twenty years of conspiracies passed among adventurers of low degree, men ruined or tainted, and young debauchees, — the only persons who, during all that time, had consented to serve him as toadies or accomplices. He himself, through his good manners, let something

appear which smacked of the adventurer and the chance prince. He continued to content himself in the midst of this subaltern company, when he was no longer obliged to live with it. . . . He desired above all to find devotion to his

person and his cause, as if his person and his cause could have engendered it; merit bothered him, if it were in the least independent. He required believers in his star and vulgar worshippers of his fortune."

#### COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Travel and Nature.* Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean, by Lee Meriwether. (Scribners.) Mr. Meriwether has lost none of the liveliness which characterized his first book of travels, and he still interests himself in modes of life and cost of living among laboring people; but he is now a more experienced traveler, and gets at his work a little more directly. He has not yet overcome a disposition to persiflage; but on the whole, if one is not a mere carping critic, one can scarcely fail to extract considerable information on the points where Mr. Meriwether is most at home. He will be likely to go elsewhere for his strictly classical reading. — *Abroad and At Home, Practical Hints for Tourists*, by Morris Phillips. (Brentano.) A new edition of a book which is a cross between a regular guidebook and a book of travel sketches. It relates mainly to London and Paris for the European portion, to Southern and Californian cities and winter and summer resorts for the American portion. In effect, it is the chat and advice of a man who has made himself familiar with all the comforts of home in various parts of the world as known to the Americans. — *Our Cycling Tour in England*, by Reuben Gold Thwaites. (McClurg.) A pleasant, plainly written record of a tour through southern England by an American and his wife on their bicycles. Avoiding the railways and beaten tracks, they succeeded in getting many glimpses of rural life and manners impossible to the ordinary traveler, and they seem to have discovered what they went to find out, — "what the hedgerows say, and how John and Mary live in their wayside cottage." The book is made more attractive by several charming pictures. — *Tropical Amer-*

*ica*, by Isaac N. Ford. (Scribners.) This journey through South America fell to Mr. Ford by "the lucky twirl of a penny" which sent him off to get a fuller understanding of the revolution in Brazil. From Brazil he crossed the Argentine Republic and the Andes, visited Chili, and so on to Panama, went to Jamaica and the Bahamas, and took a survey of Cuba. Here his "filibustering" tendencies are shown, for he sees no hope for that fertile and beautiful island but in annexation to the United States. From Cuba he went to Mexico and Central America, and ended his journey at Panama. He returns entirely convinced of the folly of the United States in allowing the benefit of commerce with these countries\* to be resigned. The book is well worth reading, and may prove a decided eye-opener to his countrymen.

*Fiction and Narrative.* *Barbara Dering, a Sequel to The Quick or the Dead*, by Amélie Rives. (Lippincott.) By attaching this book to her previous *Exclamation* Mrs. Chanler intimates the reality of that work to her, and the reader naturally looks with interest to see what development has taken place in a character which must in a measure illustrate the author's growth in thought and art. This book shows an advance in maturity of reflection, but we can hardly say that there has been much gain artistically; for we have now problems rather than persons, and the part of personality most disagreeable in the first book clings to the subject in the second. If Mrs. Chanler will settle all the problems in her own mind, then throw away her solutions as abstract statements, we are pretty sure she will write a book of real persons acting a real drama, not psychological puppets going through their parts. — *I Married*

a Soldier, or, Old Days in the Army, by Lydia Spencer Lane. (Lippincott.) A simply written, sensible account of old times in the army, and interesting chiefly to army people, especially as showing them that they have "fallen in better days," and that the hardships of frontier life are almost entirely done away with. — A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (Harpers.) These stories, some of which have appeared in the magazines, are interesting and well told, and have sufficient variety to save them from being monotonous. A Golden Wedding, a tale of parting and reunion, is very touching, and The Widder Johnsing is full of life and fun. The book presents with great power the loyal, pathetic, and humorous aspects of negro life. — From One Generation to Another, by Henry Seton Merriman. (Harpers.) A story of heredity, in which the author has sacrificed probability, some might say possibility, to the working out of his theories. The villain of the tale, who is possessed by the greed of gain, — gain of any sort, — but has no power of enjoying his successes, is the victim of "the taint of the blood that ran in his veins. The curse had reached to him, in addition to the long, sad nose and the bandy legs;" while the woman he jilts has a *bourgeois* inheritance, and has "breathed the fatal air of Clapham since her birth." Weak and shallow as she is, she is supposed to be capable of a hate so passionate that it is transmitted to her feeble, amiable son; becoming in him, when he is brought in contact with his mother's old admirer, a blind, unreasoning mania, which reaches a tragic climax in the at once sensational and absurd *dénouement* of the story. The author's style is readable, and occasionally bright and epigrammatic, and one feels that he is capable of better work than is to be found in this volume. — Keith Deramore, by the Author of Miss Molly. (Longmans.) The clever, selfish, self-indulgent man of the world who is the hero of this book belongs to the order of woman-subduers, and is, despite certain conventionalities, sufficiently well drawn to make the reader understand in some degree the secret of his attractiveness. He has the usual inconsistency of his class on the subject of honor, and while he has small regard for filial duty, and does not scruple

to make love to his friend's *fiancée*, he has nothing but angry contempt for the girl to whom he is engaged when she confesses to a lie, though he feels that he must risk his life to hide, so far as may be, her falsehood. This deceit on the part of an ill-taught child, tacitly persisted in later, has far-reaching consequences, and forms one of the principal motives of the tale. It is a well-constructed, pleasantly-written story, the characters are distinctly individualized, and the author often shows both insight and humor. That in the end the hero should easily obtain his heart's desire, and be left with the prospect of happiness far beyond his deserts, is only natural. — The Marplot, by Sidney Royse Lysaght. (Macmillan.) Dick Malory, a hot-headed and kind-hearted art student, imbued for the time with various reformatory and socialistic ideas, marries in haste a girl of circus and music-hall training, with the intent to raise her to his own level. But before the wedding-day is over revelations as to her life which are made to him lead to an abrupt and final parting. Dick flies (of course) to America, and, after some years of cowboy experience, returns home, a wiser man. He falls in love with a fair Irish patriot, but his boyish folly has made marriage impossible. The scene shifts to Ireland, where, in an atmosphere fraught with enthusiasm, conspiracy, and unreason, the drama comes to a tragic ending, and we leave the hero, a hopeless wanderer upon the face of the earth. The book shows both cleverness and originality, but also a lack of constructive skill and a fine disregard of the natural and probable. — The Story of John Trevennick, by Walter C. Rhoades. (Macmillan.) The history of a young Oxonian who, struggling with college debts which he is unwilling to ask his father to pay, is persuaded by an assumed friend to assist in a smuggling venture. The tempter proves treacherous, and the heartily ashamed and repentant culprit is cast off by his father, and goes to London to seek and find his fortune, while the evil doer, after a brief triumph, is brought to confusion. It is a spirited and entertaining story, told in a manly, straightforward way, and will be likely to prove especially attractive to youthful readers. — Round London, Down East and Up West, by Montagu Williams. (Macmillan.) Mr.

Williams is not at his best in this book, which is a disappointing mixture of half-told anecdote and general reflections. One constantly supposes he is to learn something of the interior of life, and always stops not far from the door. Most likely Mr. Williams was a good *raconteur*, and his wide experience in all grades of society gave him many advantages; but probably his professional caution embarrassed him when he came to write a book. — *Half-Brothers*, by Hester Stretton. (Cassell.) As novels go, this is fairly entertaining and readable, but by no means as good as Hester Stretton's earlier work. It is an average story, calculated to please and amuse the not too critical reader, who, we imagine, will not be disturbed by the entire improbability of the plot. — *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians*. Written from his own dictation by T. D. Bonner; edited by C. G. Leland. (Macmillan.) A volume in the Adventure Series. Mr. Leland appears in the introduction and footnotes, but no mortal man can tell, as he reads, whether it is Beckwourth or Bonner who is alternately adventurous and prosy. It is singular how monotonous Indian narrative is. One adventure is like another, and a fatal tendency to the melodrama seems to affect them all.

*Religion and Morals.* *The Tongue of Fire, or, The True Power of Christianity*, by William Arthur. (Harpers.) The reissue of a little book which has become quite famous as a fervent, persuasive work on practical Christianity through the power of the Holy Spirit. — *Manual of Natural Theology*, by George Park Fisher. (Scribners.) Less than a hundred pages, in which this author, who is master of the art of putting things clearly, in order, and briefly, passes in review the nature and origin of religion, the cosmological argument for the being of God, the argument of design, the moral argument, the intuition of the infinite and absolute, anti-theistic theories, and the future life of the soul. — *Where Is My Dog? or, Is Man Alone Immortal?* by Rev. Charles Josiah Adams. (Fowler & Wells Co.) A somewhat disjointed, discursive, anecdotal inquiry into man's relationship with other animals. It is not always easy to see what the writer is driving at, but he drives quite

hard, and cracks his whip by the way. — *Mothers and Sons, or, Problems in the Home Training of Boys*, by Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttleton. (Macmillan.) A small book intended, not for boys to read, but for the parents of boys. The author is a school-master who has been made conversant with the defective moral and religious outfit of English boys, and sets himself to making suggestions anent thereto. It must be said that his rambling and rather pointless talk is more clear in pointing out mistakes than in recommending positive means of bettering matters. — *Bible Studies, Readings in the Early Books of the Old Testament, with Familiar Comment, Given in 1878-79*, by Henry Ward Beecher; edited from Stenographic Notes of T. J. Ellinwood by John R. Howard. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mr. Beecher was a poet, not a man of science; but the insight of the poet and the patient investigation of the man of science often coincide. In these lectures upon the persons and events of the Old Testament, Mr. Beecher's vivid imagination and freedom from conventionalism lead him into a certain homely reconstruction of life which is itself an interpretation, and his rough-and-ready encounter of difficulties sometimes is effective in brushing away subtleties of commentators. There is an element of haphazard, to be sure, but one uses one's discrimination in reading this writer. — *Short History of the Christian Church*, by John Fletcher Hurst. (Harpers.) In this encyclopædic work the author has condensed the results of his previous labors as shown in a series of histories of special periods. As a book of reference it has its uses, but Dr. Hurst has scarcely succeeded in imparting to his readers any notion of the interior continuity of the Christian church, or any satisfactory explanation of its multiform character. It is almost entirely an arrangement of external facts.

*Literature and Criticism.* *Reveries of a Bachelor, and Dream Life*, the two sentimental journeys which made Ik Marvel's name known to readers who were later in learning of Donald G. Mitchell, have been reproduced in a pretty little new Edgewood edition. (Scribners.) Was there a period of youthfulness in our literature, when these books, and *Hyperion*, and *Prue and I* were possible, which has gone forever? However it may be as regards production, — and it

is possible that we are now too sophisticated for this sort of thing, — it is clear that the response of musing youth continues; if there are not writers, there still are readers. — *The Real and Ideal in Literature*, by Frank Preston Stearns. (J. G. Cupples Co., Boston.) Studies in criticism by a writer who has read somewhat widely, and has strong likes and dislikes. There are many shrewd judgments, and some that seem to lack a sense of proportion. It is not easy to discover the standards of the writer, but in general he aims at a worship of what he regards as the ideal. His notion of the real and the ideal seems, however, somewhat confused. — *Excursions in Criticism*, by William Watson. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London.) If the putting forth of a book of no really uncommon merit is justified by the fact that its author has done better work in other directions, then these *Prose Recreations of a Rhymer* have ample reason for being. As the work of a hand all unknown, they would naturally lead one to the opinion that their author, probably not an old man, would lose nothing by waiting for something more distinctive to say. Everything he says here is well enough said, some of it indeed very well, but the larger part is reasonably familiar in substance and manner. In the first paper, *Some Literary Idolatries*, Mr. Watson makes an earnest attempt, as in the preface to his anthology, *Lyric Love*, to sift Elizabethan chaff from the wheat. In some of the other little articles, he protests with energy against the violation of the posthumous privacy to which even genius is entitled, speaks a strong word for Mr. Hardy's *Tess*, shows how less a thing is *style* than a *style*, and reports a talk between an interviewer and the shade of Dr. Johnson on modern poetry. From this last paper, less successful as a whole than Mr. Lang's *Letters to Dead Authors*, one bit may be taken. Browning, for the moment, is the subject of discussion, and, with Boswell at his elbow, more clearly than at any other point in the conversation, the sage remarks, "I have his works. The terrors of his style were great, but he that valiantly faced and overcame them had his reward. Yes, sir, Browning could read men. The pity is men cannot read Browning." It must be said that in these *Excursions* one feels one's self personally conducted by a man of some-

thing more than average sobriety of judgment and fullness of equipment. Yet many of the best book reviewers, on both sides of the sea, could collect from the daily and weekly journals as notable a showing for their work, if they should think it thoroughly worth while to save their utterances from the limbo of periodical literature. — *Familiar Talks on English Literature*, a Manual embracing the Great Epochs of English Literature from the English Conquest of Britain to the Death of Walter Scott, by Abby Sage Richardson. (McClurg.) This is a new and revised edition of a book which has deservedly become popular, for its entire unpretentiousness, together with the good taste which marks the selections, commends it to the reader. It is in effect a series of readings from the masters of English prose and verse strung on a line of comment which is natural, gives the slight setting one desires in such a case, and is wholly free from wearisome philosophizing. — Professor W. H. Appleton's *Greek Poets in English Verse* (Houghton) is an admirable book. In the compass of a single duodecimo volume the editor brings together a large number of the best passages not only of Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Sappho, and the great dramatists, but also of some forty lesser poets. He adds to the variety and value of the book by making use of the poetical versions of not less than sixty translators, English and American. That he is not merely a scholar is evident from the four excellent specimens of his own work, renderings from Sappho and Sophocles. The Introduction is an interesting critical essay on the growth of Greek literature, and at the end of the volume there are twenty pages of serviceable notes. — In the series *International Humor* (imported by Scribners) three volumes are devoted respectively to French, German, and Italian Humor: the first selected and translated by Elizabeth Lee, the second by Hans Müller-Casenov, and the third by A. Werner. All are well illustrated and furnished with bibliographical notes, and altogether humor in literature and newspapers and popular sayings has thus its serious setting forth. It is singular how, when the plums are taken out of the pudding, there is no plum pudding, and even the plums have lost much of their taste. — *The Crusaders, an Original Comedy of Modern London Life*,



by Henry Arthur Jones. (Macmillan.) A satire on social reform, in which realism struggles ineffectively with burlesque. The reader is bidden laugh at the hero as a fantastic idealist, and then to accept him as the type of noble, self-sacrificing heroes. What the actor, moreover, might do with such a figure as Jawle we do not pretend to say; viewed from the reader's point, not all the stage business with which he is surrounded can vitalize him into anything but a puppet designed to typify a class easily satirized.

*Education and Textbooks.* History of English, a Sketch of the Origin and Development of the English Language, with Examples, down to the Present Day, by A. C. Champneys. (Macmillan.) An agreeably written book, in which the writer, confessedly drawing from acknowledged masters, seeks to introduce the student into some sort of understanding of the living organism as traceable in its historic changes. It is almost too exclusively English, since the author deals largely with petty local variations which do not greatly affect the instrument which is wielded in Australia as well as in the United States. Indeed, the assumption appears to be that English is a sort of exclusive property of a few persons living on a little island. — *Select Speeches of Daniel Webster, 1817-1845*, with Preface, Introduction, and Notes by A. J. George. (Heath.) Nine speeches, including the Dartmouth College Case, the Bunker Hill Address, the Reply to Hayne, the Plymouth Address, and the White Murder Case. The selection is good; the introduction is a group of testimonials; the preface is unnecessarily weak, consisting in part of a defense of the 7th of March speech, which is not included in the book; the notes are few and of no great importance. The student might have been helped by a good legal review of the principles involved in the Dartmouth College case in application to current problems. — *The Song Budget Series*, binding together *The Song Budget*, *The Song Century*, *The Song Patriot*. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) A reissue in one volume of three popular collections.

*History and Biography.* The Earl of Aberdeen, by the Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon. The Queen's Prime Ministers Series. (Harpers.) No one of the statesmen commemorated in this series will be so unfamiliar a

personage to the readers of to-day as the subject of this biography, who is chiefly remembered as the minister under whose administration England drifted into the only European war in which she has been involved during the last seventy-five years. Sir Arthur Gordon has done his work admirably, overcoming in a remarkable degree the difficulties of the task of giving, within the limits here imposed, a clear, intelligent, and well-proportioned record of a long public life. It is done, too, we may add, with excellent judgment and unflinching good taste. Lord Aberdeen's shyness and reserve, which were probably intensified by the early sorrows which overshadowed his life, made him a man little understood save by those who were brought into very intimate relations with him, and it was well that his biography should have been entrusted to the son, who was acquainted not only with the father's acts, but with the motives from which they sprung. Lord Aberdeen's diplomatic and Foreign Office experiences, including a view of the question of the Spanish Marriages differing from the one usually accepted; his connection with matters relating to the disruption of the Scottish Church; and last, and most important, his unfortunate experiences as the head of the Coalition Cabinet, are all well considered. Fitting mention is made of his wide and ripe scholarship, and glimpses of his private life are given, which win the reader's respect and sympathy for a singularly upright, high-minded, and accomplished man. The book has a distinct historic value, and will probably lead to a truer appreciation of Lord Aberdeen's character and powers than has heretofore prevailed. — *John Wyclif, Last of the Schoolmen and First of the English Reformers*, by Lewis Sergeant. *Heroes of the Nations Series.* (Putnams.) There was no need that the author should apologize for adding one more to the considerable number of recent works on Wyclif. A popular biography was a thing to be desired, and in many respects Mr. Sergeant's book deserves honorable mention. It is well arranged, and in the main well written. To be sure, the writer has not attained to that state of mind commended by Mr. Freeman, when an historian by long study shall become so imbued with the spirit of the age he treats that he shall, as it were, live in it and instinctively interpret

it aright, — a counsel of perfection not to be looked for in the preparation of a volume like the present. Misapprehensions, however, are usually in details rather than in the general outlines. Still, we wish that Ingulfus, Abbot of Croyland, had not been resuscitated as an eleventh-century authority, as it has a disquieting effect upon the careful reader. One observes again how little is really known of Wyclif's life, and how much must be inferred from his writings and from contemporaneous history. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Sergeant's theory, maintained with much ingenuity, as to the identity of the reformer and the lord of the manor of Wycliffe, he has without doubt told the story of Wyclif's life in an interesting and readable manner. The chapter Wyclif the Evangelist is especially well done. In defining the reformer's religious belief, and in giving the history of his time, the biographer is far less successful; but it should be thankfully noted that his sense of relative values keeps the book from ever degenerating, like some of its class, into a mere catalogue of facts. The volume is very fully illustrated, and contains reproductions of six of the reputed portraits of Wyclif, here brought together for the first time. If not authentic, they are of great interest as representing a tradition. — Venice, an Historical Sketch of the Republic, by Horatio F. Brown. (Putnams.) This is the story of the Venetian Republic from its rise till its fall in 1796. The style is lively and forcible, and condenses the history of Venice in such a way as to awaken interest in the subject, and induce the reader to pursue it for himself, or, if time or inclination fail him, to give him a clear and sufficiently full knowledge of the period without further investigation. The writer is evidently fully equipped for his work, and has performed it *con amore*. The book contains an admirable and exhaustive bibliography of Venice and an excellent index. — Some Jewish Women, by Henry Zirndorf. (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.) Sketches of a score of Jewish women from the Apocrypha, the Græco-Roman period, and the Talmudic age. The Christian reader will find a few of his old acquaintances, whom he will look at from a slightly different point of view; but for the most part the characters, historical and legendary, will be new to him.

They serve as illustrations of Jewish ways of looking at life, and occasionally are interesting as exhibitions of common human nature. It is a little odd to find a Jewish writer speaking of the Apocrypha and the canonical books. We notice that the term C. E. (Christian era) takes the place of A. D. — Nullification, Secession, Webster's Argument, and the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, considered in Reference to the Constitution and Historically, by Caleb William Loring. (Putnams.) An interesting study of a hundred and fifty pages, drawn out, apparently, by Mr. H. C. Lodge's statement, in his Daniel Webster, that in the argument with Hayne Webster was on untenable ground.

*Sociology and Hygiene.* Public Health Problems, by John F. J. Sykes. (Imported by Scribners.) A volume of the Contemporary Science Series. Mr. Sykes belongs to that class of scientists that requires first to establish the universal laws derivative from certain fundamental hypotheses, like natural selection and heredity, and then proceeds to make application to the disorders under consideration. After a full consideration, through botanical investigations for example, of the length of time required by light or its absence to produce marked effects on life, one is prepared to understand how much better it is to build houses so that the sun can get full entrance. However, anything, of course, is better than being empiric. — Criminology, by Arthur MacDonald; with an Introduction by Dr. Cesare Lombroso. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Lombroso's name appears to give weight to the book, but, beyond a miscellaneous collection of not very well assorted facts and a tolerably full bibliography, there is not much to be gained from the work. — The Well-Dressed Woman, a Study in the Practical Application to Dregs of the Laws of Health, Art, and Morals, by Helen Gilbert Eob. (Fowler & Wells Co.) A complete demolition of the corset and the artificial shoe, with a disposition toward the divided skirt. After all, the kingdom of heaven is within you, and the emancipation of woman will scarcely be accomplished by sumptuary laws or the ten commandments of dress reform. — How Nature Cures, comprising a New System of Hygiene; also the Natural Food of Man. A Statement of the Principal Arguments against

the Use of Bread, Cereals, Pulses, Potatoes, and all other Starch Foods. By Emmet Densmore. (Stillman & Co., New York.) The author of this work, together with Dr. Helen Densmore, has been preaching the doctrines contained in it quite persistently for a long time and in many quarters. This volume is a more systematic and comprehensive presentation of the subject. There is much that is the common property of all writers on hygiene, and it might be added of sensible people generally, but the author has his special theories besides. — *The Social Horizon*. (Imported by Scribners.) An anonymous volume of the Social Science Series. The author, professedly a journalist, undertakes to show how the great business enterprises of the day — in England, at any rate — gravitate toward a condition where government must take them over; and then, criticising the current state of affairs, he proceeds with suggestions looking toward very much such socialism as the Fabian society advocates.

*Art and Archaeology*. Lectures on Architecture and Painting, by John Ruskin; with an Introduction by Charles Eliot Norton. (Charles E. Merrill & Co., New York.) The public has been put on its guard respecting Mr. Ruskin's vagaries so frequently that it can be trusted to read this little book with caution. What is more to be desired is that readers should catch something of the author's spirit of penetration, which enables him to go on as in a place of light when others are still darkly fumbling about for superficial truths. The book is one of the most inspiring that can be put into the hands of a susceptible reader. — *Cameos from Ruskin*, selected and arranged by Mary E. Cardwill. (Merrill.) A thin volume of brief, pointed passages, grouped under a variety of heads, but all tending to illustrate the ethical spirit of Ruskin's criticisms in art. — *Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Tradition*, by Charles Godfrey Leland. (Imported by Scribners.) Scholars have recognized the deep substructure of paganism in Etruria, and the persistency with which even a pre-Latin society has been perpetuated. Mr. Leland, with a life-long experience in delving among the ruins of language, has set about collecting the folk lore which bears witness to this archaic survival. He has written a lively, rambling book which is a museum of sorcery and

magic bric-a-brac. He makes shrewd guesses in many directions, and writes out of a head crammed with the odds and ends of occultism. We turn the book over to the laborious sifter of evidence, but not before we have extracted great enjoyment out of it. — *The nineteenth year of L'Art* (Macmillan) opened with 1893, and the seven numbers since received illustrate the range and the richness of the resources from which the magazine draws. English painters are represented, Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Simplicity* being one of the large etchings; a paper on Meissonier offers some striking studies, notably one of a dragon; the sale of the Spitzer collection gives an opportunity for the copying of interesting articles of vertu since dispersed; there are some admirable examples of fine binding; one of Rubens's well-fed dames has a proud presentation, and the editor draws generously from current high-class illustrated books. Separate from the magazine issue is a large engraving by Marie Louveau-Rouveyre of Toulmouche's painting *Envoi de Fleurs*.

*Poetry*. King Poppy, by the Earl of Lytton. (Longmans.) Lord Lytton's love of fancy and speculation, his ingenuity, and his well-tuned ear find scope in this mock-heroic poem for a good deal of banter and earnest protest against prosaic misrule. The palace of dreams, enduring when the structures of sense dissolve, is here decorated, as with sculptured ornament, with the fairy tales and fancies which have become imbedded in the human affections. An odd conceit of marginal comment adds to the fantastic structure of the poem; and after one has extracted the entertainment afforded, one is disposed to regard the whole performance as a somewhat overwrought fabric of fancy rather than a piece of high imagination.

*Philosophy*. A Review of the Systems of Ethics, founded on the Theory of Evolution, by C. M. Williams. (Macmillan.) The author's method is first, in not quite half the book, to pass in review the results reached by Darwin, Wallace, Haeckel, Spencer, Fiske, Rolph, and others, and then, in a series of chapters, to analyze the contents of ethics under the light thus thrown; taking up in succession *Intelligence and End*, the *Will*, the *Mutual Relations of Thought, Feeling, and Will in Evolution*, *Egoism and Altruism*, *Conscience*, the

Moral Progress of the Human Species, and finally, after summing up the Results of Ethical Enquiry on an Evolutional Basis, to consider the Ideal and the Way of its Attainment.

*Sport.* Whist Nuggets, being Certain Whistographs, Historical, Critical, and Hu-

morous, selected and arranged by William G. McGuckin. (Putnams.) A volume in the always attractive Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. A miscellany of anecdotes, papers, cuttings from larger books, formal essays, all devoted to the general subject of whist.

### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Hebe near  
the Stage.

If there is anything that is calculated to shake one's loyalty to the modern maxims about putting sex out of consideration in estimating the value of service, it is a visit to a London theatre. One has heard so often that service, to be of the best, must, like college education, be sexless; that any other view seems to savor of retrogression, of a return to the old superstition that women can do with instinct in the place of training. Only a concrete illustration of the attractiveness of feminine ministrations could give one the courage to say what one thinks on the other side of the question. Any one who has watched the young woman who, in London, nightly performs the services we relegate to the neutral, black-coated individual called the usher will, we believe, find it hard to deny that by her genial and domesticated appearance she contributes more than her wages' worth to the æsthetic pleasure of an evening at the theatre.

It is while descending the outside corridor, which, like a comfortably carpeted pathway to Avernus, leads gradually downwards, that the play-goer catches the first glimpse of this pleasing feminine functionary. She is standing, waiting, just outside the door that leads into the subterranean auditorium, above which is rumbling the traffic of the crowded streets. Her costume is the closely fitting black gown that is the conventionally accepted equivalent for the masculine regimentals of broadcloth and swallow-tail. On her head is the ever neat and appropriate white cap. At the sight of this eminently becoming bit of head-gear, one wonders, as always, why the damsel from Erin who graces our own institutions should so resolutely object to confining her errant tresses beneath its light and orna-

mental folds. In the costume of the usheress, who here stands ready to show the visitor to his or her "stall," its effect is heightened by the adjunct of a jaunty apron with pockets, and perhaps also by a frilled fichu across the shoulders. The hands of the personage thus trimly attired are filled with the decorative tasseled booklets by which, in lieu of the crudely printed advertising sheet we are in our own country invited to peruse, the London manager compliments the cultivated taste of his audience.

It is, however, precisely in connection with this tasteful announcement of the *mise en scène* and the cast that the manager may cause the first unpleasant jar to his patron's agreeably anticipatory feelings. If the latter has just placed himself in a stall at the Lyceum or the Garrick, or any other of the theatres that carry out the reformed principle of "no fees to attendants," there need be nothing—in the sternly enforced absence of obscuring bonnet and feathered hat—to ruffle the serenity of his enjoyment of a first glance around the house, from well-filled pit to uppermost gallery. But if he has, on the contrary, chosen a performance at the Criterion or the St. James, where the broom of reform has not yet made a clean sweep of petty annoyance (or light pilfering, if he prefer the term), he will presently be made aware that a trifling obligation still rests with him. Just how he will be made to feel this is one of the neat secrets of the British functionary, male or female. Not a perceptible gesture will be made, still less a word spoken, yet somehow, in some mysterious and altogether indefinable yet quite unmistakable manner, he will be made to know that in return for the programme a fee is expected from him.

Only a trifle, of course,—“anything you please,” in the phrase customary on such occasions. But by what possibility could one please to offer less than a sixpence to a correct person in a diaphanous white apron with a cherry bow on the pocket, and still another cherry bow in the fresh white cap?

At the end of the act, when the drop curtain has fallen, the usheress, who has discreetly withdrawn behind the swinging doors into the corridor, again reappears in the auditorium. This time more than ever she comes in the guise of a typical divinity of the hearthstone, her mission being to offer delicious refreshment to the palate. She has in her hand a small salver, on which there are a miniature ice, a sweet wafer, an infinitesimal cup of *café noir*. With these delicacies exposed to view, she passes up and down the aisles, or between the rows of stalls that the *entr'acte* has emptied of their occupants. You may take your choice of them, depositing in exchange the necessary coin upon the silver tray. Nor need one disturb one's self if the coin deposited has to be larger than the price demanded. In due course of time the change will be accurately returned in the smaller coinage of her Majesty's mint by the careful attendant, who to our mind lends the finishing touch of friendliness and comfort to a theatre in the metropolis of Irving and Tree and Wyndham. She is not necessarily a youthful person, nor is she always fair to look upon. But she is unfailingly sedate and well-mannered, and will relieve a lady of her cloak, or other incumbrance that is to be stowed away for the evening, with alacrity and attention.

In addition to the deft performance of her practical duties, and to the æsthetic touch she lends to the *ensemble* of the evening's entertainment, the usheress may serve to lay the train for the mild reaction of opinion that seems inevitable and desirable. Have we not pushed the logic of identical performance for men and women to illogical lengths? It certainly is a paradox that the generation that has listened heedfully to the pleas of Ruskin and the William Morris brotherhood for the expression in art and handicraft of the individuality of the workman should wish rigorously to exclude the individuality of sex from our humbler industries. If this point of view can be brought

home by them, our notes of a minor difference of detail between our own theatrical arrangements and those of our next of kin across the sea will not have been taken in vain.

A Problem in the Ethics of Childhood. — I have read many accounts of Lucullian banquets, and have partaken of some Barmecide feasts, but nothing in the realm of gastronomic fact or fiction, in the long retrospect since my childhood, has ever approached in sumptuousness or artistic display the repasts afforded on the Boston boats in the days of the old Massachusetts. Even the ill-conditioned British tourist, traveling with the discontent of a permanent stomach-ache, was mitigated into human flesh at the sight of these extravagant banquets. Perhaps these appeared greater to us then because Delmonico's was not, except as a remote corner in Bowling Green, much affected by foreign voluptuaries.

Some lady from abroad, who was at that time condescendingly sojourning among us, — some lady of the Madam Trollope order, — actually withheld the sickle of her satire on contemplating these triumphs of the *cuisine*; regarding them as the one thing in all this weary land of social blunders and misgovernment which she found it in heart or stomach to praise. Her laudations ran as follows: —

“We entered a saloon known as the ‘gentlemen's cabin.’ Tasteful curtains drawn across the berths served as a festooning of the walls on either side of the pretty oval saloon. On the table, surmounted by the whitest of damask, there was spread a meal at once the most picturesque and incomprehensible. Amid abundance of flowers — for the season was summer — there nestled fruits of both tropic and temperate zones: crimson pyramids of raspberries, pineapples garlanded with peach leaves, with various novelties of miniature architectural display. At the tinkling of a fairy bell, the Arab guard, which had stood at respectful attention, — that is to say, the negro waiters, in snowy jackets and aprons, — advanced as soon as the guests were seated. In a trice the pineapples became butter; the other tropic fruits took on the forms of domestic viands; the dark pyramids became boned turkey; the white marble slabs, when tested, resulted in ice cream; and not until hunger had reduced this fairy scene to a

chaos did we realize how the thing was done."

I was a child when I heard this enthusiastic description, but even now it seems scarcely overdrawn. Great was my delight, then, when, one fine June afternoon, I set sail for Boston, by the old Providence line, in the company of some members of the W—— and L—— families. Of course, at that tender age, and being, moreover, endowed with a goodly bump of what phrenologists in those days called causality (and my critics have since termed curiosity), I began to make inquiries as to the ways and means, the why and the wherefore, of the various novel sights around me. Among the many blessings granted to childhood there is probably none more conspicuous than its relish of the present. The future is more than vague; it is not even beset with misgiving; it scarcely exists; and as to the past, I fear it teaches no lesson, not even the much-needed one of prudence. We try to include all life's history within the limits of the present day. And so I turned thoughtfully to the youngest member of the W—— family, an intellectual young man of twenty-nine, who wore spectacles, and was deemed the family encyclopædia.

"We are out at sea, uncle Thomas, aren't we?"

"Yes," said this revered authority, "out of sight of land."

He whispered airily to one of the ladies of the party, "It's dark, you know!"—an explanation at which I was justly indignant.

"Well, then," I pursued, "where did these strawberries come from, if we are out at sea?"

"Why, don't you know," said uncle Thomas, gathering himself for a *mot* at my expense, "strawberries grow on the rocks out at sea?" As I looked puzzled, he added, "Not where you come from; but in our favored land all things are possible, and the finest kinds of strawberries are raised on the New England reefs, and watered by the sea."

He said this with such gravity that I had no alternative but to accept his dictum or believe him capable of base perjury, which, from his social connections, I hesitated to do. There ensued some small remonstrance on the part of the ladies of the L—— fam-

ily, and I noticed tokens of a wordy scuffle, in which my misinformant appeared to be roughly handled. But no adequate solution of the berry problem having presented itself, I was left to pursue my journey thoughtfully, and, it must be added, somewhat discontentedly.

Some seasons later, when I had attained the proud distinction of being head of my class in the Latin School, the question of likes and dislikes came under discussion among a group of boys, most of whom were loud in their praises of Thomas W——; his learning and affability having made him a great favorite with adolescents. I was asked for my opinion.

"Upon my wrong I steadied up my soul."

The fiction of the berries still rankled in my bosom as a masterpiece of monstrous injustice; and while I boldly averred that the subject under criticism was "a liar," I secretly longed for that license which enabled Pat, the coachman, to add double adjectives to such a characterization.

It is agreed that boys demand infallibility in their instructors, as well as fearless rectitude. That such could lie to him for the mere purpose of appearing "smart before ladies" was incomprehensible to the child of whom this history is narrated. Here was a young man whom I, previous to my fatal discovery, believed would have perished rather than tell the whitest of white lies to an adult, yet the same would juggle and mystify when dealing with a child! Readily as we forgive any mistake which proceeds from the overrating of ourselves, we are bitterly resentful when any such error betrays the condescension of one who is underrating our perceptions.

I have observed that the young orator has the same sensitiveness to condescension from others towards himself. I have sometimes even wondered if the patriotically irate Washington was really so much hurt by the actual tax, a penny or so, set upon his tea as would appear from subsequent proceedings; and the rhetorical defiance that breathed from the nostrils of Revolutionary heroes and orators seems to have had no very substantial basis of actual wrong. But this was in the boyhood of the nation. We, as an adult people, bear grievances a thousandfold greater without one murmur.

"A tyrant, but our tyrants then  
Were still at least our countrymen."



The Little  
Red School-  
house.

—I have had occasion more than once, in this Club, to protest against certain reforms, so called, which in my humble opinion are fast destroying the pith and substance of New England character; and now I have a new grievance. The little red schoolhouse is about to be abandoned, — nay, in some townships it is deserted already; its windows are broken, there are holes in the roof, the children have been dispossessed, and the only tenants are spiders, moles, bats, timber-worms, and occasionally a hedgehog. One need not look deeply into the history of this country to discover where its great men received their early education: the master spirits of industry, of thought, of art even, were trained for the most part in the little red schoolhouse, and chiefly in New England. I have traveled about our hill towns a good deal, spending many a long summer's day in walking or driving over lonely highways, and in all my journeys I have seen no object more significant, none more respectable, none more rich in retrospective suggestion, than the little red schoolhouse. I never pass by one without feeling an impulse to raise my hat, and yet I am far from being a sentimental person.

Of course the schoolhouse is not always red; in thriving towns it is often painted a staring white; in remote villages it is usually unpainted, except by the hand of Nature, whose brush is dipped in that exquisite, inimitable gray which is the despair of artists and of architects. Sometimes the little red schoolhouse is made of brick; sometimes it is flanked by sheds or rough stables, where the scholars "put up" the horses that have brought them to school from distant farms. Sometimes the building is on top of a "sightly" hill; and then, again, I remember more than one beautiful spot in the woods, where the schoolhouse stands hard by a rude bridge, beneath which musically tumbles a limpid trout stream. As you drive past it on a hot summer's day, the door and all the windows are open, and you have a vision of children's heads bobbing up with curiosity, and of the schoolma'am, rather pale, sitting at her desk, with a bunch of flowers in a tumbler before her. Perchance, also, there reaches you the drawing voice of some urchin, whose perfunctory tones indi-

cate that his heart is outside with the bees and birds, and especially with that long-sought pound trout which is waiting for him in a deep pool beneath an overhanging bank.

Why is it that the little red schoolhouse is to be abandoned? The scheme (they call it the "reform") is to close all the outlying schools, and bring the children in by wagon and sleigh to the centre of the town, where they are all taught together in one big schoolhouse, fitted with a patent ventilating apparatus which does not work, and with a system of steam-heating. In one large town, not very far from Boston, which I used to visit a few years ago, I was struck by the fact that all the young men, even those of the purest New England blood, spoke with a strong Celtic accent. The explanation was that at school they had associated with the Irish children of the town, and both nationalities had profited by the companionship: the children of Irish birth had cast off a little brogue, and gained a slight nasal twang; whereas, as I have indicated, the children of American birth had picked up just about as much brogue as their Celtic companions had dropped, and so nothing was lost. What is true of school children's speech is true also of their manners, morals, and ideas. When all the scholars in a town are brought together in one huge building and playground, there is a fine opportunity to grind them into homogeneity, as with a mortar and pestle, to smooth down anything peculiar or original in their characters, to elevate the bad children a little, and to debase the good children a little more, — in short, to carry out the great American idea of turning every man into the average man.

Another advantage involved in this method of gathering the school children is that it affords every opportunity for the spreading among them of contagious diseases, such as measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and the like; and we all know how desirable it is that children should have these diseases as early as possible, so as to get through with them, or be killed by them, as the case may be, before entering upon the serious business of life.

However, let us be fair, let us be judicial. Perhaps I have not stated quite accurately the reasons alleged by the reformers for the change which I am deprecating. They

say that in the large schoolhouse the children can be "graded," and all the teachers can be "specialists." In one room, with a single teacher, will be found fifty children, all under ten years of age; in another room, likewise with a single teacher, will be found fifty children, all between ten and fourteen years of age, and so on. Each room can be visited in turn by special instructors in drawing, in music, and in other branches.

There is some force, no doubt, in this argument, and yet I cannot help thinking that it is based mainly on a fallacy. The essential value of teaching, from the district school up to the university, lies, I believe, in the contact of mind and character between teacher and taught; and if this be so, then the little red schoolhouse, with its single teacher and few pupils, is a better institution than the big schoolhouse, with fifty or more scholars to each teacher, and occasional visits from other skilled instructors. Were I a school committee man or an overseer of Harvard College, I would ransack heaven and earth, if possible, to find teachers with some originality of intellect, and with that force and virility of character which impress themselves upon the plastic minds and hearts of young people; and having found them, I should trouble myself very little about "courses" and textbooks and laboratory implements. I venture to state this as a general proposition. Wherever teaching has been recognized as peculiarly successful, whether in schools or universities, the success has been due to the ability of the instructor, and not to the excellence of the system under which, or to the richness of the appliances through which, he worked. The first essential to such success is that the pupils shall be few, so that the mind of the teacher can be applied to the individual mind of the pupil. It may even be doubted if, for young children, the highly trained teacher of the present day is more efficacious than the farmer's daughter who knows the three R's, and has sense and sturdiness. There are strange ideas afloat in what may be described in cant language as "educational circles." Here, for example, is a paragraph which I read this morning in the report of a teachers' meeting:—

"In training the child for this mastery of life, we have to look at his self-expression in order to know his progress; and he can

express himself only through two channels, — by means of the tongue (through language and music), and by means of the hand. The first mode of expression is one whose importance has long been understood and appreciated. We are, however, only just beginning to understand the deep significance of what the hand says. Its language covers a wider range of self-expression than the language of the tongue. It expresses deep-rooted instincts which the tongue does not know how to express; on the other hand, it expresses newly discovered ideals of which the tongue does not know how to speak. It is to self-expression through the hand that we have to look for the fullest revelation of what is going on in the child's inner experience."

Such a vagary as this never found its way into the little red schoolhouse.

The reformers would come nearer to being right in this matter of the schoolhouse if, as they appear to suppose, children really were simply the young of the human genus, with minds exactly like adult minds, except for being comparatively empty. But this is not the case. Children are a sort of "little people," living like foreigners among us, in a world of their own. Their mental processes, their emotions, the manner in which their minds develop, — these things are very slightly understood by grown people, and they are dangerous to meddle with. Hence there is a strong presumption in favor of simplicity in educational methods. Let the child have verge and scope for the expansion of his mind and character; let the teacher know him well enough to adapt herself and her methods to his individual peculiarities. Do not fix him in the iron vise of a schoolroom where he is one of fifty or a hundred.

The reticence of children is in itself a sufficient proof that we cannot twist and turn their minds, fill and empty them, according to the latest invention in pedagogy. I do not wish to be egotistic; and yet perhaps that is what I do wish; perhaps that is the chief value of the incognito which we preserve in this free-speaking Club. Well, then, to take my own case, I remember that, as a child, I lived in a world of my own, the joys and sorrows of which I never dreamed of communicating to any "grown-up" person. I even sounded the depths of orthodox theology, wrestled in prayer, was

stung by remorse, repented, was "converted" and rejoiced, lapsed into worldliness again; and yet no suspicion of all this ever crossed the minds of those near and dear relatives who watched over me. A child is a very sphinx of reserve. His mind is a delicate thing, which has its own law of development; and I believe that it grows better in the little red schoolhouse than in the steam-heated and mentally surcharged atmosphere of the huge primary school.

The Essence of Poetry. — Poetry, distinguished from prose, is the expression of a Living Truth with force and vivacity enough to create an emotional feeling as of actual experience. In the *Iliad*, elementary impulses are put with such truth to nature as to create the responsive feeling. Even in the list of ships, a word or phrase brings before us the home and habits of that old mob before the gates of Troy. Imagine the battle of Gettysburg told with such accuracy and precision of detail that, two or three thousand years after, one could dig up relics marking the respective headquarters of Meade and Lee, or follow the men of each regiment back to their homes, and know their ways of life; and all these details given in less space than they occupy in the formal military reports, and set before us as a moving scene in real life.

We must distinguish a poem from an opinion, like Pope's translation of the poem; for this calls for different faculties, — critical judgment, approval or dislike; the poem only makes us feel.

An error of that kind misled the ancient critics when they rejected lines 433-9 of Book VI. of the *Iliad*, in the scene describing the pathetic parting of Hector and Andromache, because the wife, after her appeal to her husband to avoid unnecessary exposure for her sake, suggests an unguarded post in the Trojan defenses. It was "out of character" for a female to give military advice; but it was finely in nature for her, pursuing her own anxious solicitude, to suggest a post of duty where her husband would incur less hazard than in his usual impetuous valor at the very front of battle. It is really an exquisitely fine touch for the very reason brought forward as an objection; it is a wife's artifice.

Not only a correct appreciation of phrase and incident, but a true sense of the value of words, is necessary to the comprehen-

sion; and even more, because philology, an abstract knowledge of the plain dictionary sense, is of little or no value without the appreciative poetic instinct. An example of error is found in the Oxford translation of the *Heecuba* of Euripides, line 246, in the word *ἐθάρειν*, which the translator renders "numbered," adding in a note that this is the only sense that can be made of it, and that Brunck proposes *ἐνταρναί*. An American schoolboy would give him the true poetic sense in the slang of the playground:

"So scared, my hand [*ἐθάρειν*] froze to your skirts."

An easy comparison of the living force of poetic expression, even under the serious embarrassments of translation, is made in the precise, anatomical, detailed description of the megatherium of geology and the same living animal as the behemoth of Job. It is more perfect, because both dwell on the same parts of the animal, the nose which "pierceth through snares," recognized by "the large bones which descend from the zygomatic arch, along the cheek-bones, and furnish a powerful means of attaching the motor muscles of the jaw. The anterior part of the muzzle is so fully developed, so riddled with holes for the passage of nerves and vessels which must have been there, not for a trunk, . . . but in the shape of a snout, analogous to the tapir." Where the poet declares, "His strength is in his loins. . . . He moveth his tail like a cedar. . . . His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron" (Job xl. 16-18), the anatomist says, "the lumbar vertebrae, in a degree corresponding to the enormous enlargement of the pelvis and posterior members." "The vertebrae of the tail are enormous." A like comparison of the ichthyosaurus, which Boyle calls the "whale of the saurians," with the leviathan of Job xli. 12-34 can be made. This curious monster is described as having the snout of the porpoise, the head of a lizard, the jaws and teeth of the crocodile, the vertebrae of a fish, the sternum of the ornithorhynchus, the paddles of the whale, and the tail of a quadruped. The eyes, sometimes larger than the human head, were fitted with a circular series of thin, bony plates, which served to modify the curvature of the cornea, producing microscopic or telescopic power at will; and the reflections of which, by a poetic touch,

are compared to alternate squares of polished copper and zinc, or other white metal affording the peculiar dazzling quality. In the book of Job we have this tremendous vital engine, strong in the vigor of life; "by whose needings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the *eyelids of the morning*." Can there be an error of recognition? Or can we more clearly distinguish the imagery of the poet, and the carefully exact prose of the anatomist?

I have necessarily been forced into foreign though familiar illustrations to bring into consideration the vital principle of poetry, because the power of rhythm and melody, like the breath of its life, is too strong to be separated in the analysis. But, accepting the distinction, one can, in selecting a poem, understand the full force of the beauty which makes it one living force. In Lowell's First Snow-Fall, with the fine opening, "The snow had begun in the gloaming," the whole scene and its winter sympathies steal upon us. In the sound alone there is an undertone of sadness in the purity and desolation of that "silence deep and white." But we do not know why the heart has been rising and filling until the closing verse comes with its welcome tears, — in the heart, indeed, if not in the eyes; and we know that poetry is the Living Truth common to all nature.

The Poems  
speak for  
Themselves.

— The meeting was over, and the members had gone home. Upon the library table, in the twilight, lay the sole testimony to the afternoon's activity, — a fat volume of Dr. Berdoo's Browning Encyclopedia, Mrs. Sutherland Orr's sturdy little Browning Handbook, and an insignificant copy of the Poems of Robert Browning. The Handbook and the Encyclopedia were silent. Their power for utterance — at least that which was ascribed to them — had already had full play. Not so the Poems. They had suffered much during the afternoon, and, until now, had had no chance to speak for themselves. Therefore: —

"They called me obscure!" cried Childe Roland. "Obscure! And they read that miserable 'explanation,' — the now helpless Encyclopedia shrank between its covers, — an 'explanation' which is far more obscure than I am myself, besides being utterly false."

"What I object to," said the Last Duch-

ess scornfully, "is this thinking that we need any explanation at all."

"Why can't they just take us for what we're worth?" gloomily remarked the Lost Leader.

"No student of Browning ever accepts anything upon its face value. We are all enigmas to be found out, riddles to be guessed," quoth Master Hugues.

"Neither are we to be enjoyed; we are solely matters for study and research," chuckled Fra Lippo Lippi. "But, zooks! we ought to be used to it by this time, though."

"You have an easy enough time of it," grumbled Caliban. "Think of what I have to endure."

"Ah, but there's no denying, Caliban, that your acquaintance is hard to make. First impressions count for simply nothing, in your case. The worst is when they pretend (for it is pretense, nothing else) that so plain a statement as I make is non-understandable."

It was Christina who spoke.

"I never want to hear again the names Corson, or Nettleship, or Mrs. Sutherland Orr, or Dr. Berdoo," solemnly announced Count Gismoud.

"Nor I, nor I," chimed in Abt Vogler and the Patriot.

There was silence for some moments. Then said Andrea del Sarto: —

"Did you see them burrowing into natural history this afternoon? They actually thought that 'eue-owl' was of more importance than all the rest of me put together."

"I'll believe anything of them," said the Pied Piper, "except that they ever once caught at the true meaning of any of us."

"Obscure!" again hissed Childe Roland.

"They once spent a whole afternoon trying to find out something about 'The Eight,'" said Fra Lippo Lippi. "The magistrates of Florence 'was n't enough, — oh dear, no! It must be their names, and how old they were, and the color of their eyes, and" —

"I remember it," interrupted Respectability. "They seized upon me at that same meeting, and such a going over as they gave Guizot and Montalembert!"

"That's nothing!" cried the Statue and the Bust. "Think of all I've put up with from them! I" —

"My friends" — began Rabbi Ben Ezra.

"It's all right," smiled Pippa.

"It will be right some time," supplemented Saul.

"But I don't want to be poetry of the future," complained Childe Roland. "I am poetry of the present, and why people can't" —

"They will some day," continued Rabbi Ben Ezra. "So long, of course, as they view us through a medium merely, we *are* obscure, all of us, even Evelyn Hope. But just give us a chance to be seen in our true colors, let us but once speak for ourselves, and Robert Browning will be no more misunderstood."

"It's sure to come," said Pippa.

"We have only to wait," said Saul.

"Obscure!" again cried the unpacified Childe Roland.

Just here the president of the Browning Club reëntered her library. Unmindful as ever of what the wonder-verse was saying, she picked up the volume of Poems and carefully stowed it away upon the bookshelf. She then returned to the Encyclopædia and Handbook, and resumed her interesting and vital researches regarding Andrea del Sarto's "cue-owl."

An Experience in Cosmopolitan Paris. — The late Theodore Child, in his recent book on Paris, speaks of the Parisians as so cosmopolitan, so experienced in strange sights and the sight of strangers, that even Oscar Wilde, in the bloom of his youth and æsthetic costumes, passed along the boulevards unnoticed. Now Mr. Child undoubtedly knew his Paris, so this statement only makes yet more mysterious to me certain puzzling Parisian experiences of my own. I am not a second Oscar Wilde. I have never been accustomed to consider myself either an æsthete or an eccentric in dress, but I am a woman. Perhaps that had something to do with my peculiar trials in Paris; still, taken in connection with Mr. Child's statements, such an explanation hardly explains.

Here are the facts, and though my details are frivolous, the tale seems to me seriously curious. Three or four years ago I went abroad for the first time, taking with me, indeed wearing on the voyage, a certain dark blue serge gown. This fateful garment was made with a straight skirt and a blouse waist, and was entirely unornamented. Let me say, for the benefit of those with souls above buttons, that at this time straight plain

skirts were "in," — not to the exclusion of more ornate varieties, to be sure, but as a popular style for certain goods; blouse waists, too, were familiar objects to New York eyes, though it may be the New Yorker saw them chiefly during his summer outings. Mine had a sailor collar. This dress was light and comfortable. I was bent upon as much sight-seeing with as little fatigue as possible, and when we were landed in England I continued to wear my blue serge a great deal. I was traveling with a young matron, who also had a blue serge gown, the counterpart of my own; she, too, wore hers frequently.

As for a year I had worn to business in a New York newspaper office an exactly similar costume, and had been at the same time wrapped in obscurity as in a garment, the fact that no one in England, in town or country, paid the least attention to my attire, and that people in general took no notice of me at all, failed to win my conscious recognition of their forbearance or my gratitude. These were to be awakened later.

So far this is a dull story. We went to Paris; there was nothing dull to us in the tale that follows. Those blue gowns, with simple conventional hats, gloves, etc., excited such attention and curiosity as would have made the fortune of a patent-medicine man. People stopped and stared, turned around and stared, came back and stared. The utter simple sincerity of the amazement expressed in their faces was the most unmistakable emotion I ever read on the human countenance. Usually it was quite unmixed with either insolence or mirth; it was too deep for any such alloy. One day a party of gentlemen and ladies stopped very near us, as we happened to be standing near the entrance of the Palais de l'Industrie (we had been visiting the Salon exhibition), and looked and pointed at us as frankly as if we had been made of wax. It was like the experiences that befall Occidental travelers in remote Chinese villages. The really touching embarrassment and hasty retreat of these honest people, when one of our party called our attention to their attitude with a word or two of French, were the most suggestive part of their conduct.

Finally, a lady (such she seemed to be), very civil, though a little stern, came up to me in the Louvre and wanted to know

where I came from, and if I wore a national costume; then taking an affirmative tone, she insisted that I was wearing a national costume; and as I was not prepared to sustain her in this position, after a little cross-examination of my statements, she left me with an air that seemed to say she was too polite to express all the distrust they inspired.

We were not easily crushed, but the blue serge gowns were soon laid aside. Yet our lesson as to the things one cannot do in Paris was not ended. We admired a certain style of cap we often saw worn, especially in the Latin Quarter. It is called over there a *berri*, but it is in shape simply a Tam o' Shanter; it is made of cloth in dark colors, and we thought it pretty. Without a notion that the thing has sex to French eyes, we each bought one at the Bon Marché. I suppose at the Bon Marché they are really so accustomed to the insanities of strangers that they felt an un-French indifference as to what two more lunatics might do. I am sure that if we had patronized a cosy conversational little shop we should have been warned of the impossibility of wearing those caps.

When we made our first trial of them upon Paris streets, we were some time in finding out that it would also be our last. We happened to launch them in a somewhat deserted quarter of the town, and to be too preoccupied to perceive any chance warnings of what was to come. We were a mile from our lodgings when we realized that we could not even return thereto with those terrible caps upon our heads; men were speaking to us, boys were calling to us, every one was stopping to gaze and — this time — to smile.

We were a frugal pair; we did not want to buy a hat apiece simply to wear home; and anyway, how were we to endure all the gallant attentions of the populace till we could find a milliner? A simpler device solved the problem perfectly: we took off the caps, rolled them up tight, and so far as possible concealed them in our hands; bareheaded we went our way all unmolested. Beyond a smile from an observant passer-by at the moment of the transfer (naturally we had sought the quietest available corner for it), we were noticed no more; the Parisian working girl is in the habit of going about at all hours with no other covering

for her head than her own beautifully dressed hair, and we were flattered to find that our own general inferiority of toilette was not so great as to forbid us to masquerade as *grisettes*. But the climax of our adventures was yet to be reached.

I have been applauded at the Théâtre Français, — I myself!

We went to the play, and we had a box and an escort. It was a great deal of trouble to get our tickets from a snuffy old woman who could not make change; it was a great deal more to find our box; and it was, alas for the Americans! impossible to get a glass of water or any substitute therefor in the whole place. But such trials are the joys of sympathetic travelers, and we devoted ourselves to the beautiful performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur with gratitude. Our box was at the back of the house, and very high; I do not remember in what tier, but you could not well be less conspicuous anywhere in the house. The whole place, too (and very proper this seems), is kept in such a dim religious light that to American eyes no one off the stage appears at any time distinctly visible. After the fourth act I rose and moved about a little to rest myself. When we heard the first of those startling knockings by which the rising of the curtain is heralded, I came to my seat in the front of the box and stood chatting a moment with my friends. The clothes I wore had stood the test of French criticism without drawing punishment down upon me, and in the pleasures of the hour I had forgotten fear. Before the second knockings (this ceremony always being repeated before the curtain goes up) I became conscious of a strange commotion all over the house, — applause, laughter, slight incomprehensible calls. I looked about with interest to discover what was the matter. The demonstration increased; from all sides faces were turned to our dingy little box, hanging halfway to the roof; yes, we — I was the loadstone of their eyes. I dropped into my chair, and instantly the fickle public transferred its attentions to the still unmoving drop curtain. Clearly, I said to myself, I am not fitted for life in Paris. I found consolation only by taking myself, my behavior, my gowns, and my French *berri* back to insular England, where I was again the utterly inconspicuous person I am accustomed to find myself in my native land.



I sat in Rotten Row, at the fashionable hours, in the height of the season, costumed according to my mild fancy, and no creature turned a head to glance at me.

—I remember well a certain day, aeons ago, when my own shelf in the old bookcase—the lowest shelf it was—seemed to have no books on it worth reading. The fairy tales were too tiresomely true; more wonderful things came near happening every day in the garden and garret. As for ancient, English, and American history, it was all false; one of the grown people had said at dinner that nobody believed history nowadays. Harpers' story-books, after you knew them by heart, furnished very little meat for the intellect or fancy. There must be some other things in the world to read. Yet the upper shelves looked dead-ly uninteresting; almost all the bindings were black or dingy brown, with little gilt about them, and the few books I had peeped into were appallingly polysyllabic,—solid pages of print quite destitute of the enlivening quotation mark.

But at eight years one has infinite faith in the possibilities of the world ahead; the world behind and about one has proved so inexhaustibly satisfying. I sidled up to one of the grown people, and, in a whining voice, as I plainly recall, asked for "something to read." Now that grown person did not point to the lowest shelf, saying, "There are your own stories; why don't you read *them*?" Not at all. She took in the situation at once. She rose, went to the high bookcase, and, exactly as if she had foreseen the present emergency, laid her hand upon and drew forth from an upper shelf, quite beyond my reach save from a chair, a book,—one of two bound alike in dull lilac, with fine gilt arabesques on the back, and a lovely gilt medallion on each cover. "Here is a picture-book for you," said that inspired grown person, as she thrust into my hand the volume opened at a certain place near the beginning. Then she returned to her work.

I had not time to exclaim, "But I don't see any pictures!" for already was my eye caught and held.

"With blackest moss the flower-plots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all;  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the pear to the gable wall."

Not see any pictures? What pictures had I ever seen before one half so rich and alluring? Pictures set to music, too; such slow-moving, melancholy music! I did not know what it was all about, nor did I ask. I cared not to know. Mariana was in the moated grange,— "the lonely moated grange." Fascinating phrase! She waited there and wept. Somebody would not come. That was enough.

Why she had chosen so undesirable an abode; why she remained there, shedding such seeming superfluity of tears; what on earth she was aware of; who he was that did not come; why he stayed away, and what possible good he could have done had he come, I questioned not. Moreover, I believe I should have resented being told. The abstract is mystery, enchantment; these the concrete kills. Mariana was hopelessness. She had no face, no form. I knew only that she sat and wept. When she looked out, it was "thickest dark." One could not see her then. "He" was yet more vague and negative. All he did was *not to come*. He stood for faithlessness; for the thing you thought was going to happen, and did not happen.

I reveled, all infant that I was, in the dreamy sense of sickening disappointment and despair which breathes through this unspeakable picture, and which every image serves to increase. But how vivid and realistic the images! Those "broken sheds,"—were they not in our back yard? That dark which "did trance the sky,"—whatever that might mean,—it tranced me every summer night when I went to bed without a candle. The "glooming flats,"—they lay across our river, and belonged, so far as I knew, to nobody. The Marquis of Carabas might have claimed them all. Then "the sluice with blackened waters," and the "low moon," the "very low" moon. (Thereafter I felt no interest in commonplace high moons.) Above all, that marvelous sixth stanza, which set quivering every poetic fibre in my small soul. For years afterwards, on cool, sleepy autumn days, when "the blue fly sung in the pane" (flies always looked green to me, but no matter), I would thrill at memory of weary Mariana starting at the shrieking mice, watching fearfully for "old faces" to come and "glimmer" at her, listening for "old footsteps" tap-tapping, creak-creaking, on the "upper floors." Oh, was ever

ghost or fairy tale more weirdly formless, yet more definitely suggestive, or more idealistically realistic?

But the beauty of it all, and the point I now wish to make, is that, without knowing any of these big words, or of the bigger ideas which folks try to cram into the words; without knowing what poetry was, or even that such a thing as poetry (technically) existed, I yet got all the good out of Mariana that I could have gotten out of it had I been a hundred years old, and thrice versed in the principles of belles-lettres. All the good, I mean, that the poet himself felt when he wrote it; all the real, intrinsic good of poetry, whose great end—so Keats tells us—is “to lift the thoughts of man.”

It goes without saying that at eight years I could not have that experience of life or of my own soul which would have enabled me to apprehend the full reality of the human situation depicted in Mariana. Still, though a small human being, I was a whole one and a normal one; in my little life I had not remained ignorant of hope deferred; also was I well aware that people who make promises oftentimes break them, and that sorrow ensues therefrom.

For the rest,—for that strange, close connection of the outer with the inner world, of the nature that we see with the nature that we feel; for the binding though invisible analogy between our tears and the “dews of even,” between the monotony of our spirits and the monotony of Nature’s wastes and her calmly recurrent sounds; for that exposition of soul-moods accordant or non-accordant with “gray-eyed morns” or “thick-moted sunbeams,”—for these and for a multitude more of sensations that were revelations, I had the poet to thank. In a single short song he had shown me the poetry of earth which “ceaseth never.”

And this brings me to my second and chief point, namely (quoting some one whose name and state I wish I could remember), that “that is truly a work of art which may be appreciated simply by being enjoyed.” That I did appreciate Mariana long before I had completed my first decade I cannot doubt; the first impression received from it was too striking ever to be forgotten, or misassigned as to date.

Many a time, in the days following that

important afternoon, did I clamber up and pull down for myself the violet volume, find my poem, read it and dream over it. Reading it again, years later, I have not experienced a single emotion which was not mine in that sweet primeval time. The emotions, some of them, are stronger,—that is all. The work of art had done its utmost—its highest, that is—upon my childish mind: it had gifted me with the appreciation that comes through enjoyment.

This same principle—for I believe it is a principle, and one that can readily be explained—applies to my more recent reading of Dante. I know no Italian. I do not study the *Comedy Divine*; I only read it, soak myself in it, enjoy it. And it stands the test, yielding a power of appreciation which makes me not ashamed before those who are students of its mysteries, delvers in its deepest depths.

Also is this true of all other forms of art. The truly, perfectly great picture appeals, and appeals at once, to those who have not the first knowledge of the technicalities of painting. A moderately educated country girl, who had never read one line upon art, nor ever heard artistic subjects discussed, visited the recent Loan Exhibition in New York. She unhesitatingly picked out *The Gilder* as being the best picture on the walls, and in describing it she used almost the same words as those employed by a certain cultivated person who knows all the galleries of Europe. “You can’t think that paint did it,” said she. Her enjoyment amounted to appreciation.

I have been especially struck lately with the same thing in regard to yet another art. I am acquainted with at least half a dozen people who, knowing nothing of music, caring less for the piano than for any other instrument, above all abhorring “a piano performance,” went, quite unwillingly, to hear Paderewski. Fully expecting to be bored, they were held entranced throughout the long recitals, dreading when the last note should be struck, and they came away the loudest trumpeters of that much-betrumpered artist. It cannot injure the theory I am advancing to say that a large portion of Paderewski’s charm consists in his personality and his magnetic qualities. Of course his personality increases the greatness of what he does,—is an intrinsic

part of it; how could it be otherwise? The performance includes the artist as well as the music he plays. Was not Rembrandt's hand behind the lauded paint, and his brain, or self, behind his hand? At the risk of being charged with triteness, I will say that only great men can do great things. None the less—the more, rather—do the great things speak so loudly, so plainly, that all may hear, and hearing enjoy, and enjoying (for this is the *sine qua non*) appreciate.

A Supplanted Dignitary. —Some one, venturing lately into the labyrinth of international comparison, has said that the crucial difference between an English and an American hotel is that at the former the traveler is at once furnished with warm water for the outer man, and at the latter with iced water for the inner man. This is no doubt a significant divergence of custom, worth following up to the remote psychological diversities of which it is the outcome and the expression. But there is another variation of the arrangements in the American caravansary for travelers from those of its English equivalent which seems even more important in its bearings than the opposite points of view in regard to the use of water. This is the more constant and visible presence at the English hotel of the feminine element. Every one who has read Robert Louis Stevenson's *Across the Plains* will remember that clever gentleman's imbroglio with the clerk and the clerk's colored male assistant at the hotel at Council Bluffs. One laughed, of course, in reading it, as was intended, but one blushed a little, too, if one were open to conviction in regard to one's country's habits,—as was perhaps also intended. To the weary tourist, with reminiscences in his mind of the ample and motherly female who, with reassuring cap and keys, would graciously meet him at the door or in the hall of an English provincial inn, the aspect of the preoccupied business manager, hedged in behind a barrier-like counter, is somewhat chilling and discountenancing. Yet his, it is needless to remark, is the sole reception our national custom ordains for the hotel guest, of high degree or low, in small town or huge metropolis; unless, indeed, one chooses to consider one's self as received by the porters and bell-boys, who do the business for one's self and one's luggage by getting both inducted,

without any nonsense, and as speedily as may be, into the designated number.

It is not only in provincial England, but in good old time houses in the metropolis as well, that this feminine welcome is considered the traveler's due. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that she is a trifle too imposing, this capped and furbelowed house-keeper. Her silks now and then rustle with a richness that emphasizes too strongly one's own travel-stained shabbiness. The laces and bows of her cap and her glittering gold brooch seem to menace a modest purse. But this is not often. The consensus of sensations she gives the arriving guest is, on the whole, agreeable; she represents the settled comfort in things small and obscure that makes the dividing line between civilization and semi-civilization; her supervision is a part of the decorum that belongs to the institutions of our English kindred.

Sitting, one summer evening, not long ago, on the thatched porch of a West Country inn, watching the waves as they rolled in a hundred feet below us and broke against the deep red sandstone cliffs, and chatting over a cigar with an English tourist about the local features of the place, after the fashion of chance acquaintances in unfamiliar regions, my companion remarked upon the undivided sway of our landlady. Her husband, he said, might be seen sitting tranquilly over his newspaper in their small sitting-room off the porch, while she bustled about, attending to the coaching and posting arrangements of her guests no less than to their rooms, their breakfasts, and their luncheons. "And what else should he be doing in the house?" asked our Englishman. "Oh, he might at least send the orders to the stables," I hastened to interpose, fearing that an international comparison was imminent. "Yes, he might do that," was the careless reply; and I breathed a sigh of relief that the catastrophe was averted. To explain laboriously to a Briton of the insular type how New World customs venture to differ from his own is a task unfit for a fair Devonshire evening, when the lingering twilight and the sweet smell from the "heaths starr'd with broom" seem to breathe the very spirit of repose and acquiescence.

The picture of Penelope ruling over her domain in the absence of Ulysses would

lose half its attractiveness without the bevy of handmaidens more dimly outlined in the background of the poet's canvas, and with the tutelar feminine head of the English hotel the case is the same. If her assistants know no secrets of tapestry and of suitors, they are at least thoroughly well versed in the mysteries of those bewilderingly lined and crossed and itemized accounts that contain the records of your bed and board under a confusing multiplicity of heads. But though you may sigh for a decimal system of currency, or for better brains,—according to your habit of finding fault with the world in general, or yourself in particular,—you cannot but approve the manner in which the female clerk has made out your bill: such fair chirography, such faultless memory, and such impeccable arithmetic. They are equaled only by the accent and tone in which you will find yourself answered if you ask a question of this trim assistant of the petticoated major-domo. She is not what one would call a person of general information, as you will find to your cost if you are a tourist of the hurry-skurry stamp, and wish her to tell you how to “do” a castle or a cathedral in no time at all. She may even be put to confusion by a sudden request for a tuppenny-ha’penny stamp, and persist in believing it identical with two ha’penny ones. But then that ever excellent thing in woman, her soft, low voice,—how pleasant it is to ears accustomed to the shriller note of the New World! And

how pleasantly, too, her ready “beg pardon” and “thank you” permeate strictly business discourse! What an air of breeding they give to the sordid transactions of pounds, shillings and pence! It is a pity that we ourselves are so lacking in this small coin of civility. We shall, doubtless, some day come to appreciate its value as a circulating medium, and set it flowing with our characteristic lavishness.

It is a curious reversal of custom that has led us to relegate our public housekeeping to the hand that has always spurned the distaff and the thread. Certainly it is a reversal paradoxical to the spirit of an age that more than any other has put the work of the commercial and business world upon feminine shoulders. A proof that we have lost rather than gained by it is that one finds the prevalence of the feminine element so agreeable a feature of the English inns and hotels. Quite as often as “manager” one sees the newly coined “manageress” figure on advertising cards and bill-heads. The term does not imply anything slipshod or unfinished in the household economy. The butler’s linen is as glossy and his broadcloth as irreproachable under feminine as under masculine supervision. But not the briskest clerk under the sun can impart the touch of homely comfort and domestic refinement that follow in the train of the housekeeper and her young women assistants, and give one the acceptable impression of being a person, and not a “number” merely.

